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Collier's

MARCH 28, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

I Raided Red China with the Guerrillas
By PETER KALISCHER

•

Manager Casey Stengel
Good—or Just Lucky?

•

A Woman's Story:
I Was Called Subversive

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA
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A florist* from Baltimore way
Sends **Calvert** this verbal bouquet:
"It's smoothest by far
In home and in bar."
He suggests you **taste test** it today!

* HENRY C. ESKIN, Florist, Baltimore, Md.

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1. SNIFF ¼-oz. samples of Calvert and any other whiskey you choose. Compare the difference in bouquet *—without knowing which is which.*

2. TASTE each whiskey critically to decide which is *smoother* and *mellower*. Swallow carefully to judge freedom from bite, burn or sting.

3. CHOOSE the right whiskey—the one that *really* tastes better to you. We predict that you will pick Calvert because it is skillfully blended to the taste preference of a "Consumer Jury" made up of thousands of folks like you. But, after testing, if you still like another brand better, stick with it. *Fair enough?*

Compare... and you'll switch to Calvert

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Firestone

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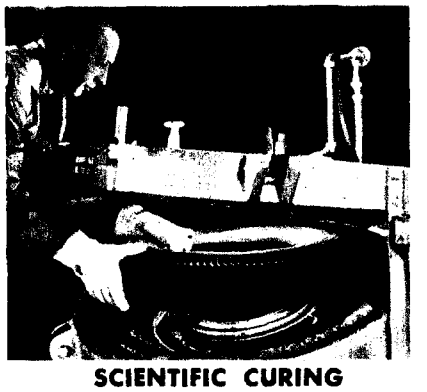

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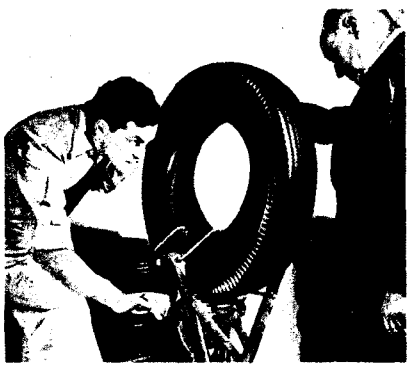

FINAL INSPECTION

The inside and the outside of the tire are carefully inspected to insure safety. Note the sharp, clear non-skid tread is ready to deliver thousands of miles of extra service.

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Every Firestone New-Tread carries the same protective guarantee as a new Firestone tire, your assurance of highest quality and utmost safety of workmanship and materials.

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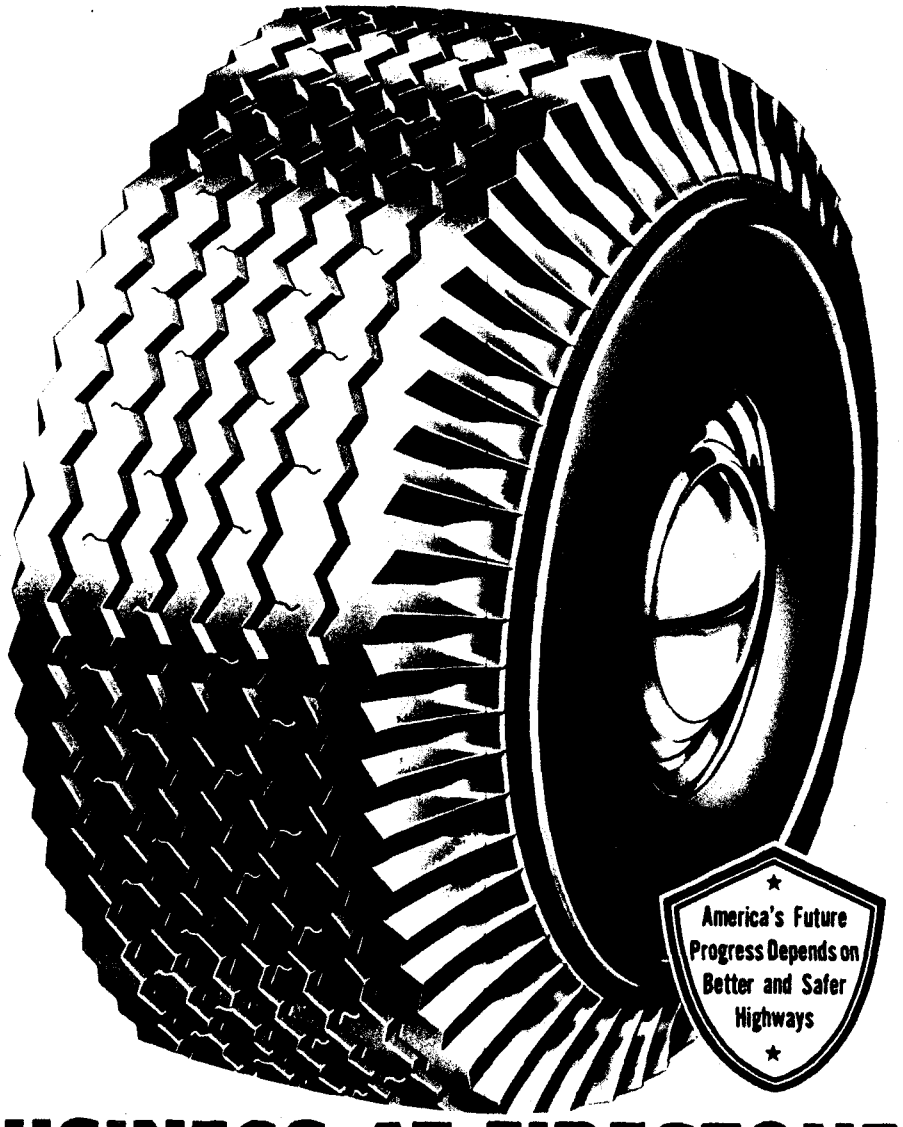

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March 28, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Subscription Department, 204 W. High Street, Springfield, Ohio
Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY. Vol. 131. No. 13. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00; 4 years $12.00. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

Our teen-age percussionist gets his kicks sitting in on a jam session with the aid of the family TV set. Obviously the enthusiastic young redhead is being sent right out of this world. And it's a safe bet that his next-door neighbors wish his feeling of being "real gone" would take a more direct, *physical* form.

Week's Mail

VA Hospital Snafu

EDITOR: I am writing to express my appreciation to Collier's for the timely and splendid article, We're Selling Out Our Disabled Veterans!, by Sam Stavisky (Feb. 14th).

You are performing a real service in bringing to the attention of all American citizens the urgent need for restoration of a full and complete VA medical system.

LEWIS J. MURPHY, Past National Commander, Disabled American Veterans, Dallas, Texas

. . . Being a veterans service officer for many years, I will state that this is one of the finest and most timely articles that I have ever read. You can realize the demand for Collier's on all the newsstands here when I tell you that there wasn't a copy to be had anywhere in the city the next day after the issue was delivered. News dealers tell me that everyone said they had heard about the article and wanted to read it.

REINHARDT N. AUSMUS, Sandusky, Ohio

. . . On behalf of the more than 100,000 New York State veterans who belong to this organization, may I take this opportunity to thank Mr. Sam Stavisky for having the courage to write the article and Collier's for presenting the facts to the people.

WILLIAM J. GORDON, Department Commander, Veterans of Foreign Wars, New York, N.Y.

. . . I don't think the vet hospitals are selling out us vets. In Massachusetts, the Old Soldiers Home in Chelsea, run by the state, examines at least 100 vets daily. This I know because I went there three times for my own examination and twice I drove my downstairs neighbor, and I noted that the patients were being given examinations and tests by at least a dozen doctors.

SAM BORASH, Lynn, Mass.

Reader Borash's report on a state-operated institution's service to veterans is cheering. But the point of Collier's article was that the *federally* operated hospitals are giving inadequate care to disabled veterans.

Modern Lincoln Prints

EDITOR: On the front cover of your February 14th issue appears: Two Lincoln Pictures As You Never Saw Him Before. Permit me to call your attention to the fact that, in 1945, I purchased a book entitled Lincoln, His Life in Photographs, by Stefan Lorant, wherein similar pictures in reduced sizes, showing the broken parts, as in your pictures, are included.

Under the photograph which corre-

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Dim your lights when passing! *The cost of blinding an approaching driver could be your life.*

How much do reckless drivers add to your auto insurance bill?

MOST PEOPLE DRIVE CAREFULLY. A few drive recklessly. That's why a little more than 15% of the drivers on the road each year have 85% of all accidents.

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2. *Mutual benefits.* State Farm is a mutual company. Savings from low claim costs and high operating efficiency are passed on to members, who actually own the company, in the form of low insurance rates. On the other hand, State Farm policies are non-assessable. You never pay more than the established rate for any period.

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"White Label"
and Victoria Vat
SCOTCH WHISKIES

Piper at parade rest
Clan Wallace Tartan

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Famed are the clans of Scotland ...their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

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sponds to the picture on page 21 of your issue is the following statement: "This is one of the four known negatives Hesler made in Springfield. The plates of this and of the preceding photograph were broken in the mail in 1933. The government, after paying damages, gave the broken negatives to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington."

And in the Rotogravure Picture Section of the New York Times of October 18, 1936, appeared the picture of Lincoln, which I have, similar to the small one appearing in the lower left side of your page 20.

SOL D. LEVY, New York, N.Y.

The cracked originals of the Lincoln photographs have of course been reproduced before. But the discovery of the near-perfect duplicate negatives offered the rare opportunity of making prints from them by the latest methods of modern photography. The strikingly lifelike results are certainly the equals, pictorially, of any Lincoln prints in existence. And so we feel justified in titling them Lincoln—As You Never Saw Him Before.

. . . I want to thank you for the excellent article and reproduction of the Hesler photographs of Lincoln, the negatives of which I own.

Any number of persons, after reading the article and seeing the pictures, have asked me about the apparent "crack" which shows rather clearly across Lincoln's shirt.

This is not a crack, as it might seem, on either the Smithsonian negatives or on mine. What appears to be a crack is actually a glasses cord, probably put there by the photographer. It might even be construed as being an affectation worn by those being photographed in that day.

KING V. HOSTICK, Chicago, Ill.

Squelching Discrimination

EDITOR: Thanks for your article Racial Prejudice—How San Francisco Squelched It (Feb. 14th), which points the way for Spartanburg and all other cities to follow.

It is heartening indeed to know that Frisco has voluntarily drawn a civic circle to include Negroes as citizens and humans.

As canvasser for a city-directory company this year I learned that Negroes will not be identified as Negroes in the 1953 edition for this city.

When I had to tell employers that information, you should have seen some of the surprised looks and raised eyebrows! I cite this as one of the little signs of the general advancement of the Negro race.

Another sign I noticed here was a white woman asking a clerk to serve a Negro customer instead of herself because the Negro had been waiting longer than she had.

J. WILSON HARRISON,
Spartanburg, S.C.

. . . Commendations on good features and intentions of San Francisco race relations article. But the article is unfortunately marred by half-truths which will be used by some to impede continued progress. May we set straight at least these points:

1. The Council for Civic Unity at no time tried to discourage the article's publication, rather devoted substantial time to aiding the writer.

2. Even in San Francisco, where the trend is heartening, refusals to sell or rent because of race still predominate, and the locally appointed public housing commissioners persist in Jim Crowing tenants in defiance of city and state public policy.

3. We, too, prefer voluntary action to legislation—where it will do the job in a reasonable time. Fact here is that recent gains in merit hiring stem largely from labor shortages and two near-successful FEPC campaigns, plus Urban League's good work.

4. Hospitals are not all open to Negro physicians, nor are we even close to abolition of patient segregation.

5. San Francisco has made a good beginning. But here, as elsewhere, discrimination is regrettably still the rule, not, as claimed, the exception. Glossing over this hard fact helps thwart available remedies, prolongs injustice and hardship.

Like Collier's, we are all for success stories, and we ask only for the truth—the whole truth.

EDWARD HOWDEN,
Executive Director, Council for Civic Unity of San Francisco,
San Francisco, Cal.

Taking Mr. Howden's points in order: 1. The Council for Civic Unity—and its executive director—were indeed helpful in the preparation of the article. The council was not one of the organizations which attempted to discourage publication of the story. 2. Chester R. McPhee, past president of the San Francisco Real Estate Association, confirms Mr. Gerrity's facts about the trend toward nondiscriminatory housing in San Francisco; the article specifically states that public housing officials have been "strangely out of step with the trend." 3. The threat of FEPC legislation and the work of the Urban League are given full credit in the article for San Francisco's amazing—and voluntary—gains in nondiscriminatory employment over the last six years. 4. Mr. Gerrity's authority for saying there is no color line policy in the city's hospitals is Dr. Ralph A. Reynolds, former president of the Council for Civic Unity. 5. The writer made clear that discrimination has not ended in San Francisco. He did say that it is "much rarer (there) than in many other parts of the country," and that, even in San Francisco, "the fight isn't over."

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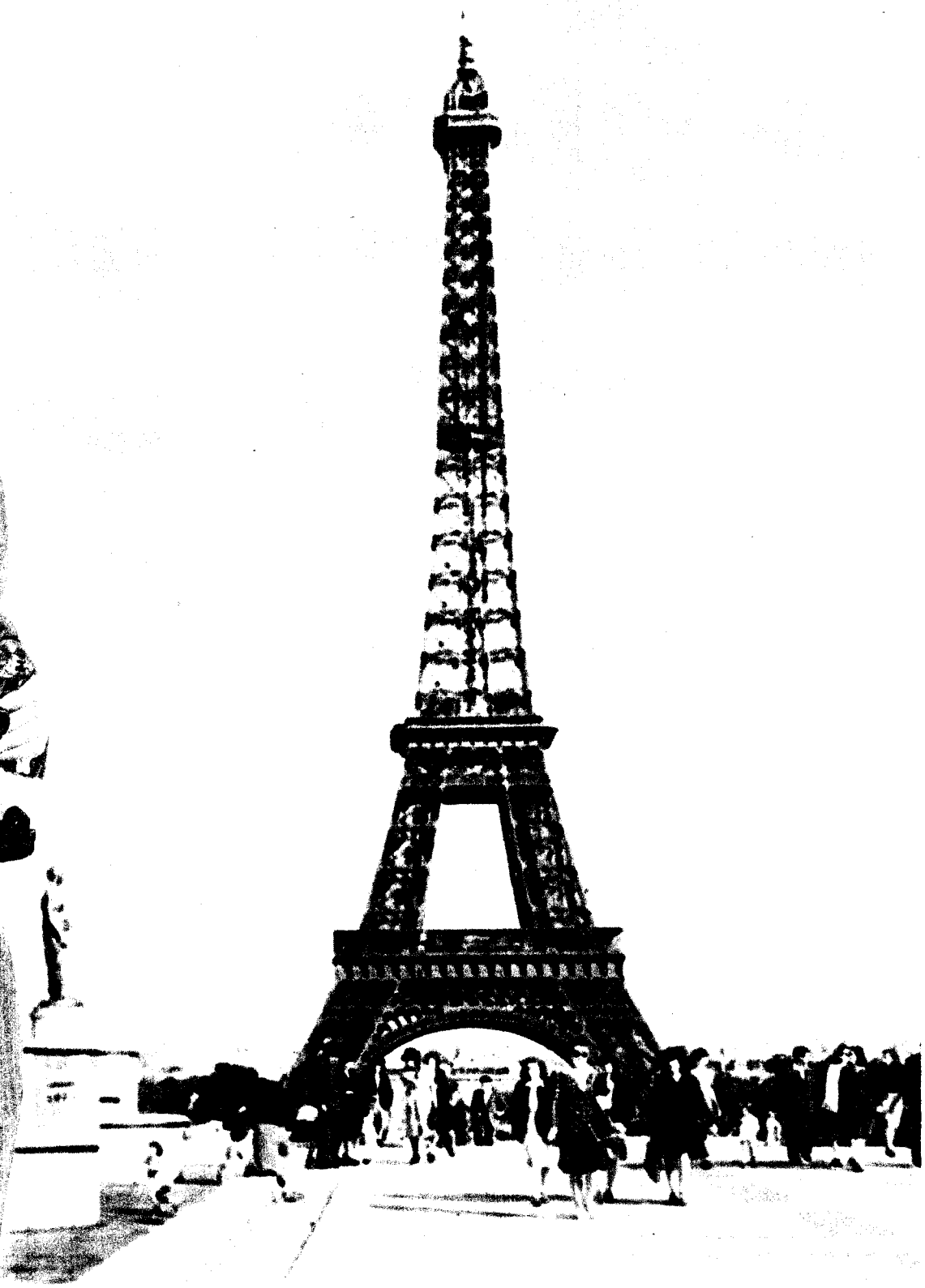

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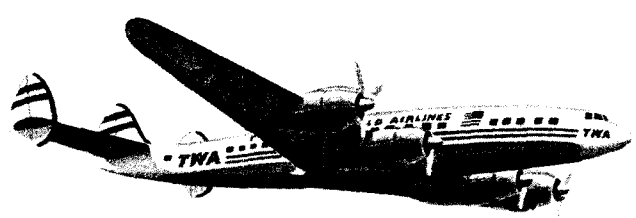
It's hard to believe you're already saying, "Good morning, Paris!" You've enjoyed a pleasant evening and a comfortable night in the gracious TWA manner . . . and here you are refreshed and ready to go. Now your whole vacation lies before you with so much to see and do. And best of all, you know you can stay right up to the last moments of your last vacation day, for by TWA Skyliner you can be home again overnight.



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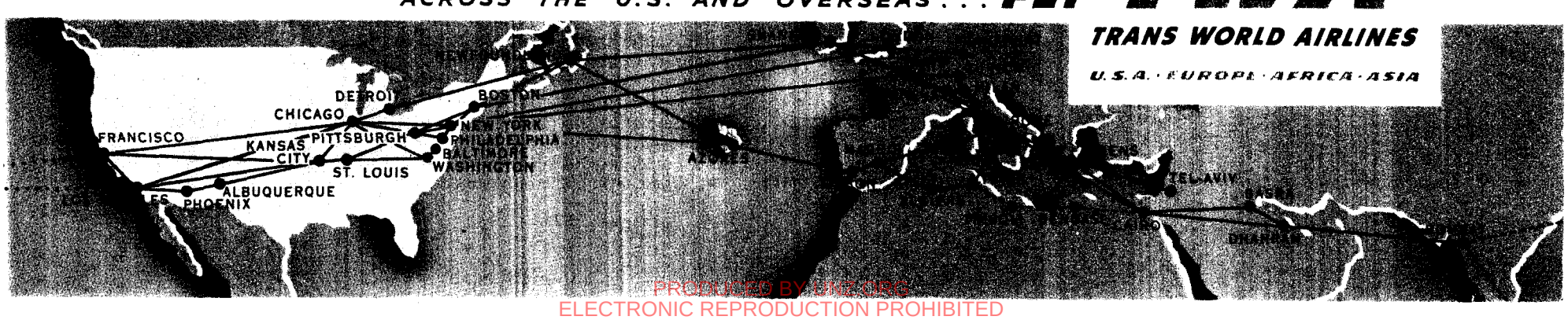

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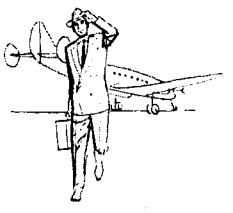

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

After working for railroads for 47 years, Mr. James J. Crowley, of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, has retired. Says he's glad to quit because "I never really liked railroading."

★ ★ ★

Among the gestures we have occasionally dreamed of making is the one reported by Sam Lusky of the Rocky Mountain News (Denver). Large gentleman, important of looks and apparel, ate a large, expensive dinner in a Denver restaurant. Finished, he borrowed the waiter's pencil and with an important flourish wrote "Fooey!" on the check and strode out.

★ ★ ★

A gentleman in Boston has figured out that the reason it takes a girl longer than a man to dress is that she has to slow down for the curves.

★ ★ ★

Job opportunity advertised in a Nashville, Tennessee, newspaper: Salesman wanted—To work eight hours a day to replace one who didn't.

★ ★ ★

Having received no acknowledgment from Washington of our previous suggestions for economizing in government, we feel encouraged to offer another. We urge Congress to create one superrevolving investigating committee to take on all investigations. Everything from the Pentagon to subversive skulduggery in No Lady Junction, Wyoming. There may be objections from headline-hunting gentlemen, of course; but our idea takes care of that. Names of members of the committee never to be mentioned; punishment for publishing or broadcasting same. Committee members to wear disguises at hearings so they won't be recognized. Committee personnel rotated weekly so all members of Congress have a turn at bat. Might start by investigating this idea, including old 48 himself.

★ ★ ★

We hasten to placate His Excellency Hugh White, governor of Mississippi. Mr. White says "there is not a word of truth" in the quotation we attributed to Honorary Colonel Oliver Emmerich, of McComb, Mississippi, in the January 24th issue of Collier's. We quoted Colonel Emmerich as saying Governor White had asked honorary staff colonels who voted for Eisenhower to resign. Mr. White says: "The only statement I made in regard to anyone supporting Eisenhower was that those who attacked me through the press should resign. This not only included colonels, but it included persons whom I had appointed to office." We're glad the governor makes the matter so clear.

★ ★ ★

Dropped in at a gymnasium and watched a dozen prize fighters training. Our attention was snagged by a handsome kid with lots of power but not much defense. Asked one of the handlers who he was. "Dunno," he replied. "New face." Then, as an afterthought, he added: "Won't be new long."

★ ★ ★

This year is the fiftieth anniversary of that great American institution, the movie Western. The first one, The Great Train Robbery, was filmed by the Edison Company in 1903, starting up a line of entertainment beloved throughout the seven ages of man. From Bronco Bill Anderson to Hopalong Cassidy Boyd, the horse opera has been psychological balm to millions of us. And may they never stop galloping. We're off to see one now. Our scholarly neighbor says it's awful. But we know better.

★ ★ ★

In Illinois, the warden asked a newly arrived convict to sign something or other. Convict said he couldn't. Said he couldn't write. Or read either. Naturally the warden wanted to know how come, as the man had been sent up for forgery. "Dunno," said the prisoner. "Musta been I had a lousy lawyer."

★ ★ ★

If we thought you'd be interested to know that a Montana lady named Gumm had her first-born christened Ewing, we'd include it in this week's column. But we know you're too intelligent to enjoy such nonsense.

★ ★ ★

As we go to press, the Battle of the Wild Jackasses is still raging in the California legislature. Assemblyman Stewart Hinckley says the ownerless burro or wild jackass is a nuisance, a

IRWIN CAPLAN

thief and a forage destroyer. He wants to license hunters to shoot them. Senator Jess R. Dorsey counters with a bill to levy a fine of $1,000 for shooting a wild jackass. Mail floods Sacramento, pro- and anti-jackass.

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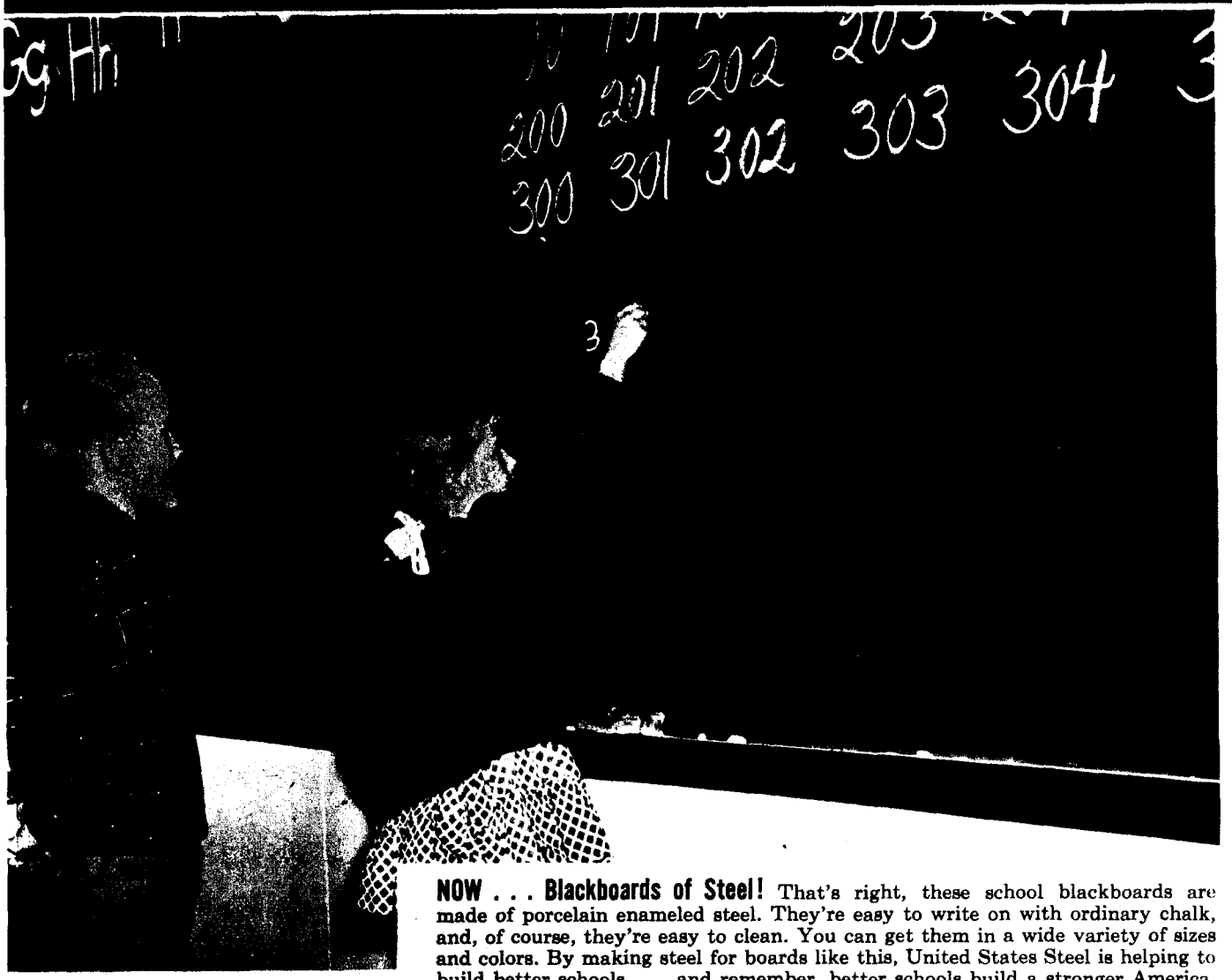
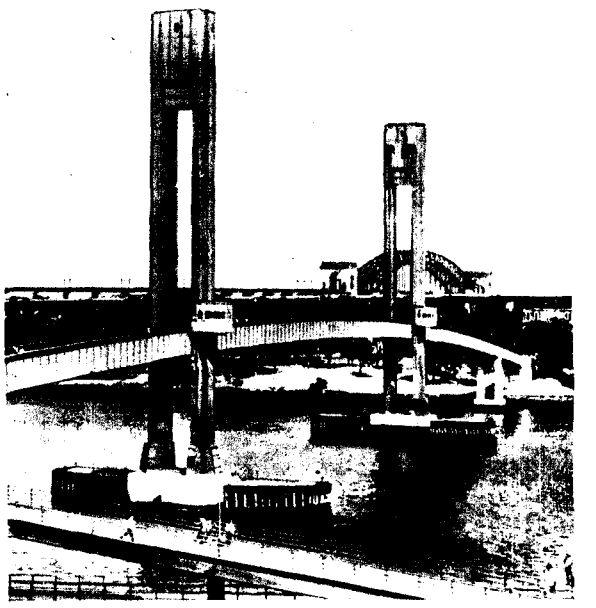


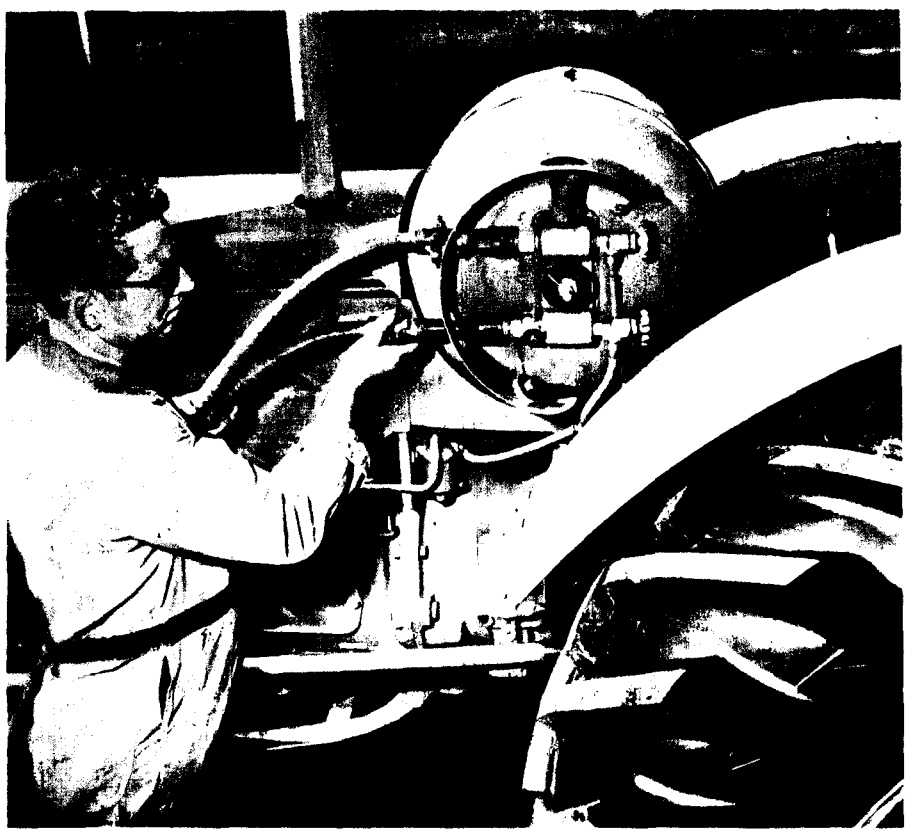
NOW . . . Blackboards of Steel! That's right, these school blackboards are made of porcelain enameled steel. They're easy to write on with ordinary chalk, and, of course, they're easy to clean. You can get them in a wide variety of sizes and colors. By making steel for boards like this, United States Steel is helping to build better schools . . . and remember, better schools build a stronger America.



Prize Winner in Manhattan. This is the Harlem River Pedestrian Bridge joining East 103rd St. and Ward's Island, New York. It's the world's longest girder lift span . . . and in the 24th Annual Beautiful Bridge Competition of the American Institute of Steel Construction, it won a first place award. Steelwork for this bridge was fabricated and erected by U. S. Steel . . . along with the steelwork of two other bridges that also won first awards.

A Pound of Hamburger steak or a pound of steel . . . which would you guess costs the most? If you guess the hamburger, you're right . . . because steel, on the average, sells for only five and one-half cents a pound, despite the fact that it takes an investment of many millions of dollars to make it. The truth is, steel is the least costly and most useful of all metals.

Stainless Steel . . . even for nails! For some nailing jobs . . . especially where you want to protect clean paint against stains and discoloration from ordinary nails . . . you can now get nails of bright, corrosion-resistant U·S·S Stainless Steel. They drive easy, and they hold tight.



What Makes It Go? This tractor is powered by liquid petroleum gas (LP-Gas), a fuel that has long been used by many families for cooking and water heating, and is now coming into use for powering farm machinery. United States Steel supplies a large quantity of the steel used for the manufacture of LP-Gas tanks such as the one being filled in the picture.

MANUFACTURED FROM USS STEEL UNITED STATES STEEL

This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

UNITED STATES STEEL

Listen to . . . The Theatre Guild on the Air, presented every Sunday evening by United States Steel. National Broadcasting Company, coast-to-coast network. Consult your newspaper for time and station.

AMERICAN BRIDGE . . . AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE and CYCLONE FENCE . . . COLUMBIA-GENEVA STEEL . . . CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL . . . GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING . . . NATIONAL TUBE
OIL WELL SUPPLY . . . TENNESSEE COAL & IRON . . . UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS . . . UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY . . . *Divisions of* **UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION, PITTSBURGH**
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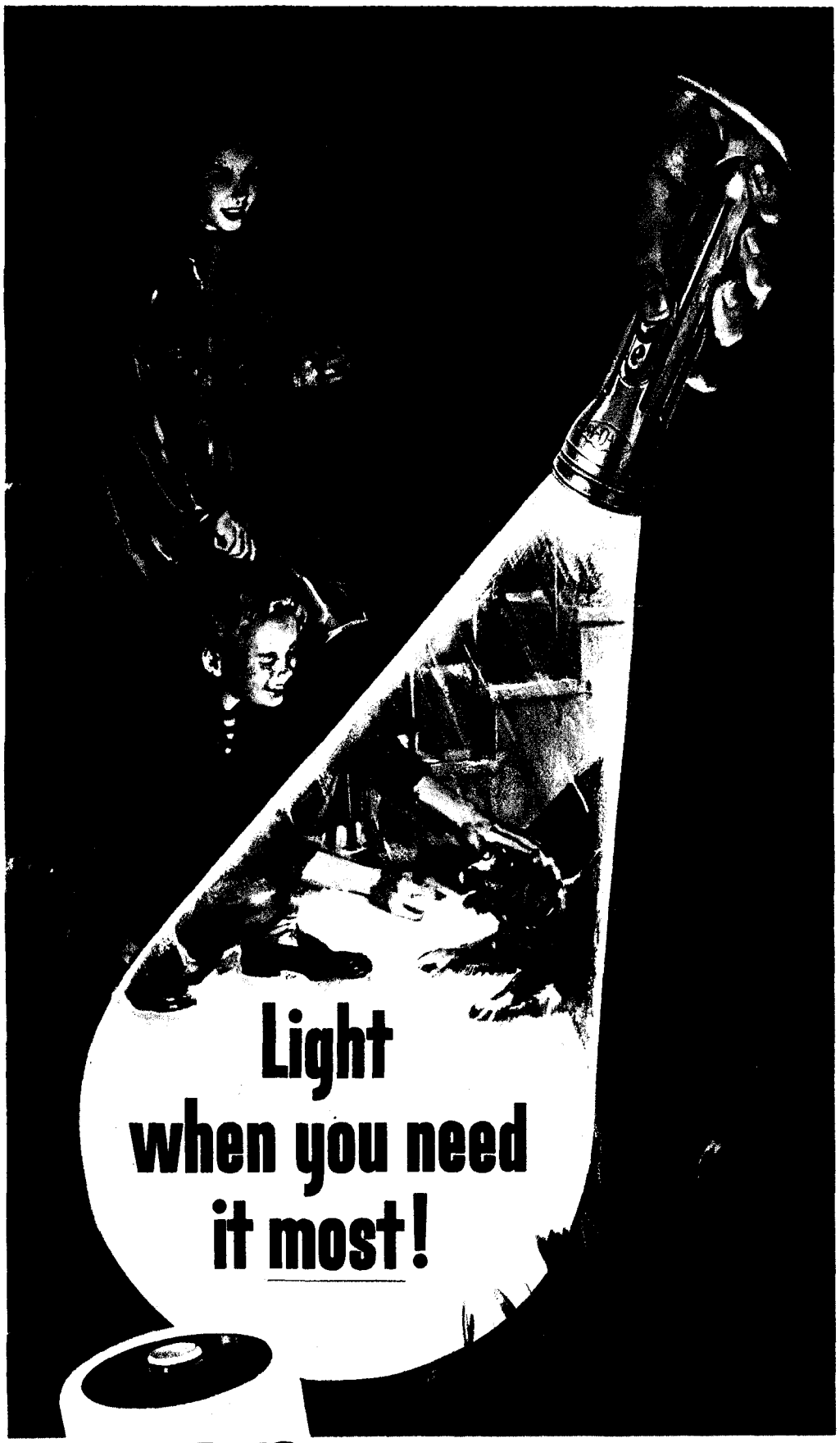
KEEP THIS RAY-O-VAC 2-CELL FLASHLIGHT HANDY IN *YOUR* HOME. STRONG, SPOTLIGHT BEAM.



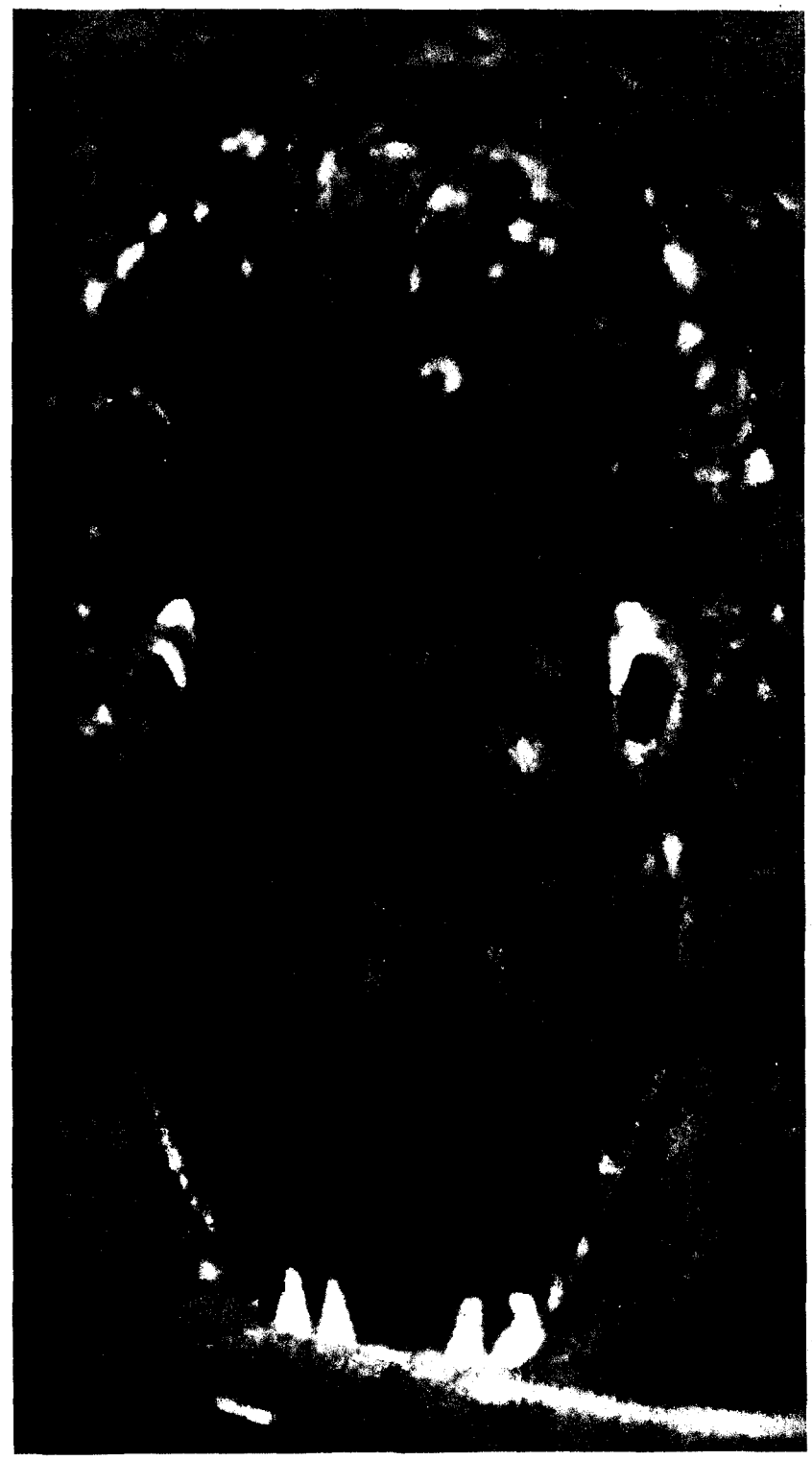
Only Ray-O-Vac is fully sealed-in-steel!

Full steel protection —top, bottom, and sides— prevents corrosion . . . gives lasting power! Ray-O-Vac batteries are LEAK PROOF . . . they never swell . . . are guaranteed against corroding your flashlight.* So buy spares, they stay fresh for years!

*(A new flashlight and batteries are yours, if corrosion occurs.)

Feel the Steel . . . Steel's the Difference!

© 1953 BY RAY-O-VAC COMPANY, MADISON, WIS. RAY-O-VAC CANADA, LTD., WINNIPEG, MAN.



Here Is a Movie Star

Tired of matinee idols? Look at this fellow

MORAY eels are voracious, strong-jawed fish which lurk in tropic waters. Their average length is about four feet and their lives are sufficiently dramatic without fame or fortune. But the eel in the photograph above has had fame thrust upon him. He is one of the stars of The Sea Around Us, a new RKO motion picture based on Rachel L. Carson's best-selling book. The movie—to be released this spring—is a close-up look at the creatures in the earth's oceans.

The moray eel is one of them, and he appears here pretty much as he will on the screen. If he seems upset, it is probably with good reason. How would you like to have a camera poked in your face just as you stuck your head out of a hole in a coral reef? ▲▲▲

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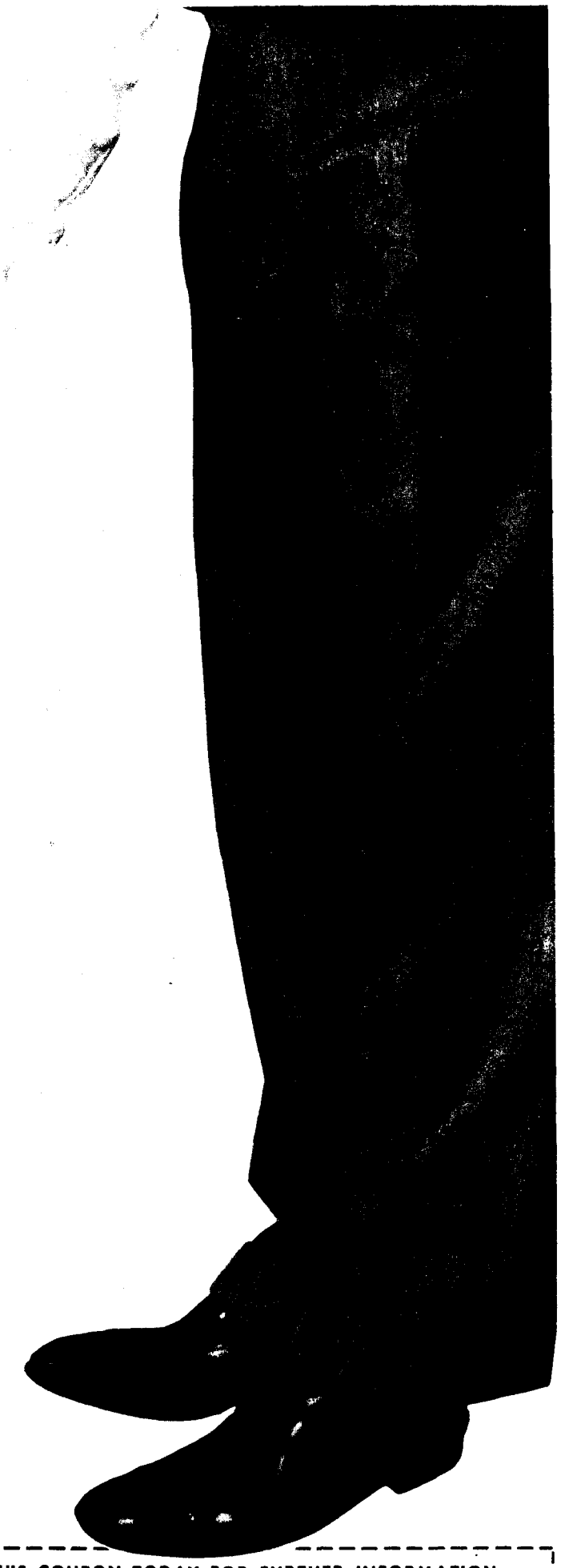
Will your son have to give you a helping hand some day?

Not if you have a MONY RETIREMENT POLICY!



He depends on you now, but what about later on—will you have to depend on *him?* Not if you start MONY working for you right now.

With a MONY Retirement Policy, you can look forward to years of happy independence when you'll have the time—and the money—to do things you've always dreamed about. Gardening, for instance . . . woodworking . . . taking trips . . . going fishing . . . or just plain loafing.

Dreams have a way of getting lost by the wayside—if you don't have a *plan* to make them come true. But a MONY Retirement Policy gives you a plan you can afford and *more*—it helps you *stick* to it.

A MONY representative *can show you why this is the best way to keep your promise to yourself. He's more than an insurance salesman—he's a specialist, and his experience is backed by three years of Mutual Of New York training. You can count on him not only for insurance that's individually fitted to your needs and income... but for continuing service throughout the years.*

MONY TODAY
means money tomorrow

MUTUAL OF NEW YORK
"FIRST IN AMERICA"
The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York
Dept. C-23, Broadway at 55th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

I would like free information about a MONY policy to cover my needs as follows: (Please check.)

( ) RETIREMENT
( ) INCOME FOR MY FAMILY
( ) EDUCATION FOR MY CHILDREN
( ) SUPPLEMENT SOCIAL SECURITY
( ) MORTGAGE CANCELLATION
( ) ACCIDENT AND SICKNESS
( ) JUVENILE INSURANCE

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ County_____ State_____
Occupation_____ Date of Birth_____

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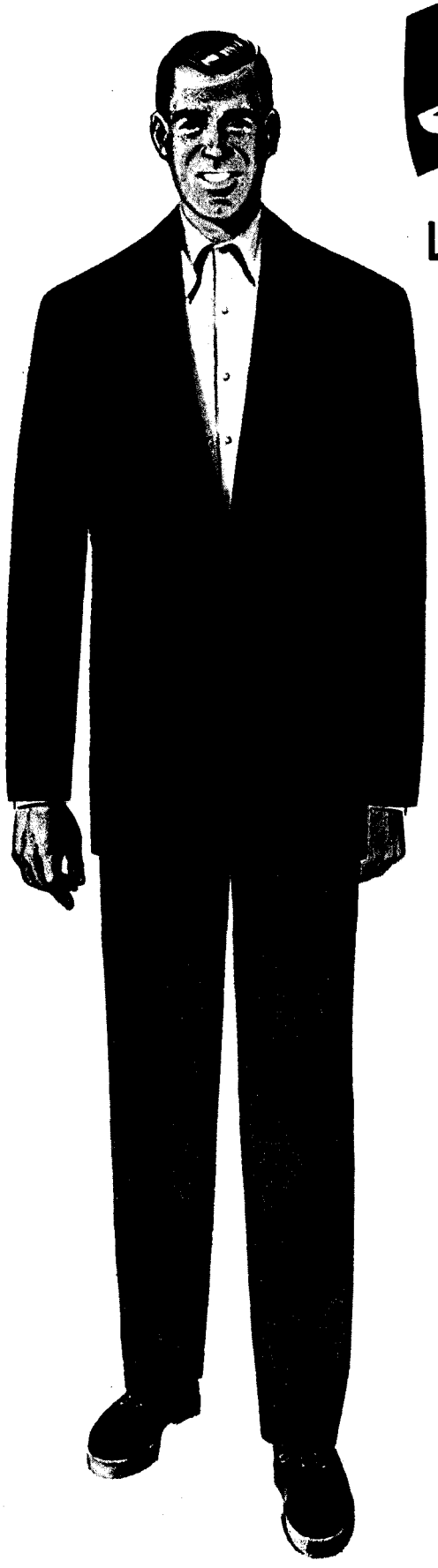
IT'S A GREAT BIG COLORFUL WORLD...

and you're a smart part of it when you're sporting

Saxon

SLACKS and LEISURE COATS



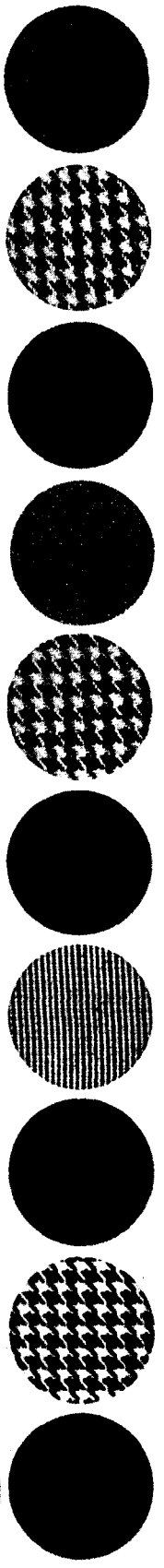
This year the important note in leisure wear is COLOR . . . and Saxon brings you a world of bright, booming colors to choose from, at America's leading men's wear and department stores. They're ready for you now in a wealth of spot and crease resistant fabrics that have the look and feel of the most expensive imports. Select your smartly styled Saxon slacks and sport coat in a matching or contrasting ensemble. They're priced to go easy on your budget.

A RIOT OF COLOR

Flannel Pastels
Slate Blue
Skipper Blue
Saddle Brown
Charcoal Gray
Powder Blue
Fawn Gray
Dawn Gray
Rust
Clover Green
Lagoon Green
Mist Green
Heather
and 20 others

A FIESTA OF FABRICS

Dacron and Rayon
Wool and Rayon
Silk and Rayon
Sheen Rayon Gabardines
Silk Nubby Weaves
Rayon Linens
Orlon and Nylon
Nylons
Tear Drop Weaves
Appleskin Weaves
Doeskins
Indio Slub
Box Cords
Ball Checks
Houndstooth Checks
Glen Plaids
Cool Skin
Waffle Weaves
Many, Many More



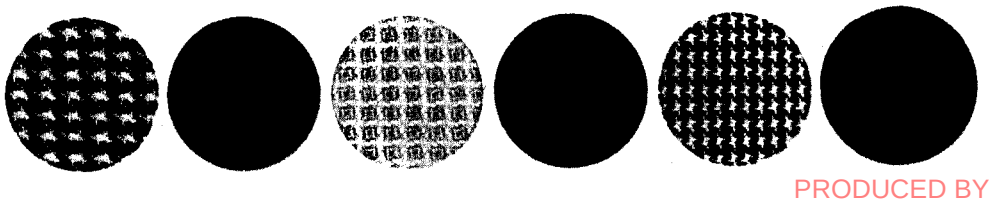
SLACKS — $5.95 to $10.95

LEISURE COATS — $9.95 and $10.95

Saxon Slacks are available in the belted Hollywood model and the new "Relax-in" expansion waist band model.

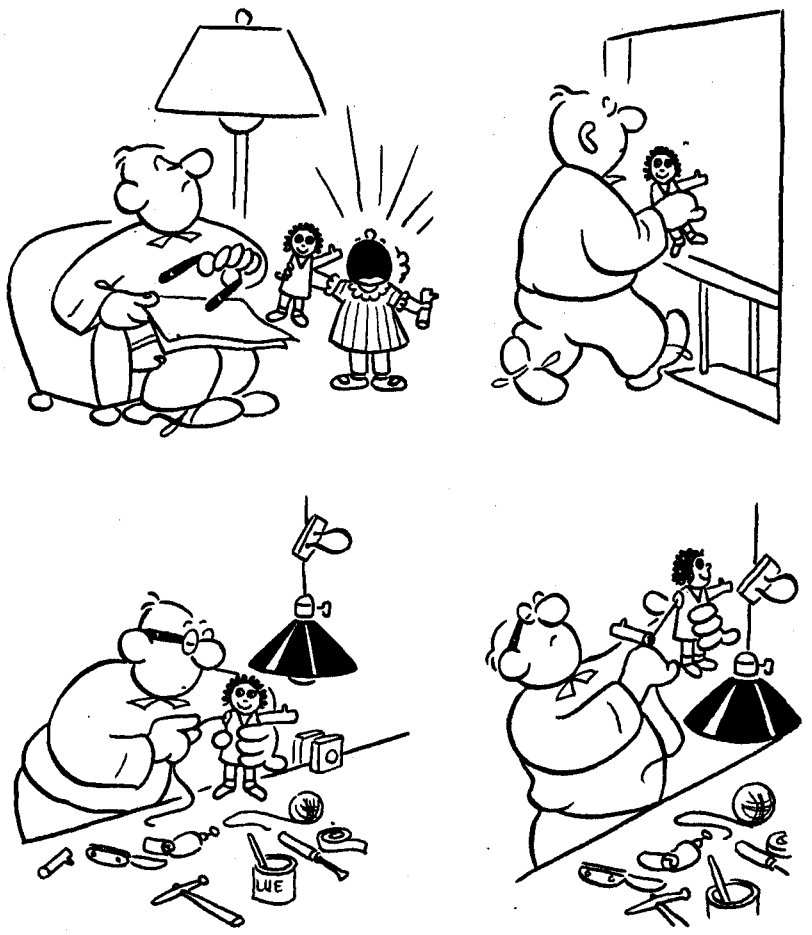
at better stores everywhere, or write

LACKAWANNA PANTS MFG. CO.
SCRANTON, PA.



Peace Work

By EDWIN LEPPER



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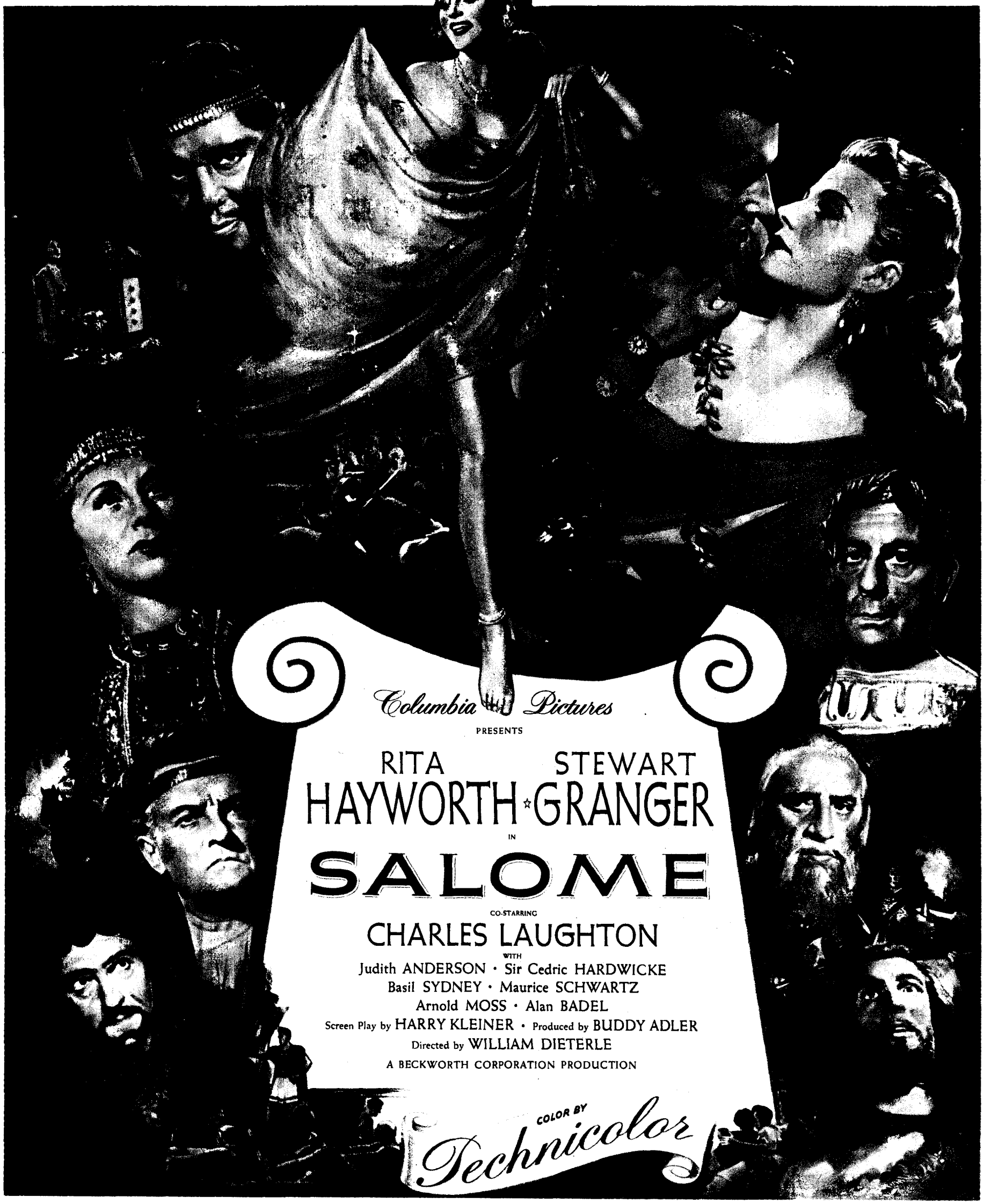
Pomp...Pageantry...Spectacle Unparalleled!



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Spark Plugs that Perform **LIKE THIS**—

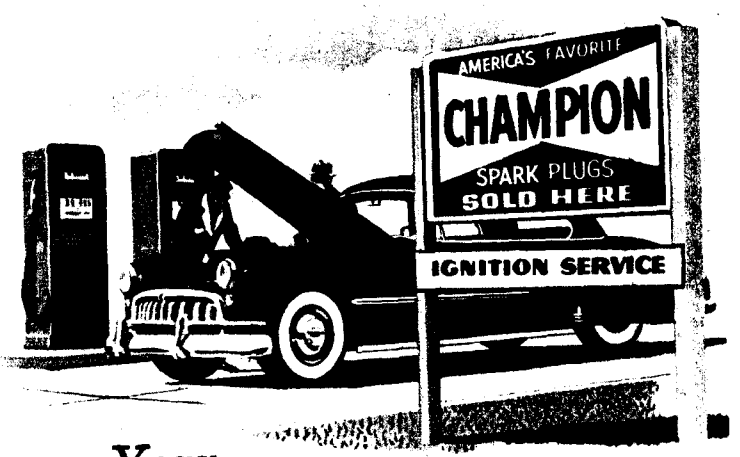
100.31 M.P.H. FOR 7 DAYS AND 7 NIGHTS

Will Make **YOUR CAR** Perform Better!

The magnificent sustained performance of a stock Jaguar coupe, 16,852 miles in one week, was established with Champion Spark Plugs—standard equipment for all Jaguar cars. This car is a duplicate of the Jaguars that have become a familiar sight on American highways.

The Champion Spark Plugs used in this record-smashing endurance run are identical—in materials, design and workmanship—to the Champions available for your car. More overpowering evidence that Champions can give you the best performance and dependability of which your car is capable! So try a set! You will never again be satisfied with ordinary spark plugs.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO



Better by Far for **EVERY CAR** *Regardless of Make or Year*

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Collier's, March 28, 1953

Would You Like a Job Paying $10,000 a Year?

By JOSEPH KOLODNY with SELWYN JAMES

An expert says there's room for 50,000 more general stores in the U.S. Maybe one is for you, if you have about $275, a will to work hard and a desire to be your own boss

NEARLY every young American dreams of getting into business for himself—of being his own boss in an enterprise that will promise him a good living and security.

I believe that any young man who is ambitious, who has a flair for selling, is industrious, with a craving for independence, and approximately $275 in his pocket can make this dream a reality. If you doubt what I say, hundreds of wholesalers of the National Association of Tobacco Distributors—who handle not only tobacco products but thousands of other items made by 50 different industries—are among those who will back up my contention. We have a frank commercial interest in wanting to help 50,000 young men get into a business for themselves—but our interest is, I believe, their interest, too.

What kind of business? It's a relatively new but firmly established part of our retail economy —the modern general store.

I know of no enterprise in America today that offers so much for so little in capital investment and technical knowledge. None in which the zealous newcomer will receive more encouragement, guidance and credit accommodations from the members of his own trade. The newcomer does not have to risk his life savings—or pioneer in a wildcat venture that could leave him either rich or broke. He needs no particular educational qualifications, except the ability to read, write, add and practice common courtesy in his relations with other people.

Within the first 6 months of operation, the owner of the typical modern general store may realize $100 to $125 weekly gross profit, depending on the size and location of his store. After a year or so of solid experience—plus a little extra imagination and enthusiasm—he can make a good living. Many young owners are making $10,000 a year.

But here is a warning: Essential for success is a willingness to work hard—especially at the beginning.

For the first few months, or even years, the young store owner will be toiling all hours—maybe as many as 80 or 90 a week. His wife may have to neglect her housework to help him out at the store. To make ends meet in the early stages

Author Joseph Kolodny is founder and managing director of the National Association of Tobacco Distributors. As unofficial voice of the industry, he has much influenced the form of general stores as we know them today

of building the business, the family may have to live pretty austerely in two or three rooms in back of the store. Moreover, it shouldn't be forgotten that in going into business for himself, the young man invites an element of risk. However, in building a modern general store, the risk is sharply reduced by industriousness and good sense.

What, exactly, is the modern general store? Well, remember the old days when your corner tobacconist sold cigarettes, cigars, candy—and nothing else? Take a look around his store today. While cigarettes, cigars and tobacco attract a steady flow of patrons, he also sells an amazing variety of side lines, frequently running into thousands of items—toys and tooth paste; men's shirts and women's leather handbags; screw drivers, combs and key chains; magazines, playing cards, wrist watches and pens. Merchandise as varied as this is the mainstay of his business.

In the last ten years, thousands of modern general stores have sprung up in small towns and big cities from Alaska to Florida, many of them operated by veterans and others in their twenties and thirties who for years had drifted aimlessly from one dead-end job to another. Today, several hundred thousand such stores are dotted throughout America—fine security for such men as Pat Wallace of San Francisco, Ira Cucual of Elizabeth, New Jersey, John Dressel of Hartford, Connecticut, Julian Solomon of Los Angeles, California, Dave Stanton of New Orleans, Frank Masters of Salt Lake City, to name a handful.

Wholesalers Will Blueprint Stores

Our towns and cities can support at least 50,000 more of these modern general stores. Wholesalers will give industrious young men individualized blueprints for launching them—in towns and cities wherever they live. An investment of $275—a few dollars more or less, according to locality—is the total financial outlay needed.

Running a small store is a tough job, but gradually the fascination of retailing will take effect. If a man is destined for real success, he will spark bright ideas—sales and merchandise ideas that will pay off in dollars and cents, not for any boss but for himself. If he really does hanker after independence and longs for the happiness of watching his business grow by his own ingenuity, the modern general store offers him a real opportunity.

He'll make mistakes, of course—but none need be fatal. He will be under the wing of the local wholesalers who will teach him efficient management, steer him around common retailing pitfalls and allow him to benefit by their wide experience. From the start he'll get help in avoiding the biggest cause of failure among small businessmen—plain inexperience and poor judgment.

Now let's get down to cases. Let's suppose that you have decided to become your own boss in a modern general store. First, you must find a suitable location. The search shouldn't take more than a couple of weeks. If necessary, get your local real-estate agents to help you find what you want. After selecting what you believe to be the best spot, ask the local wholesalers to help you to launch your business. They will try to keep you from falling into the number one trap—that of

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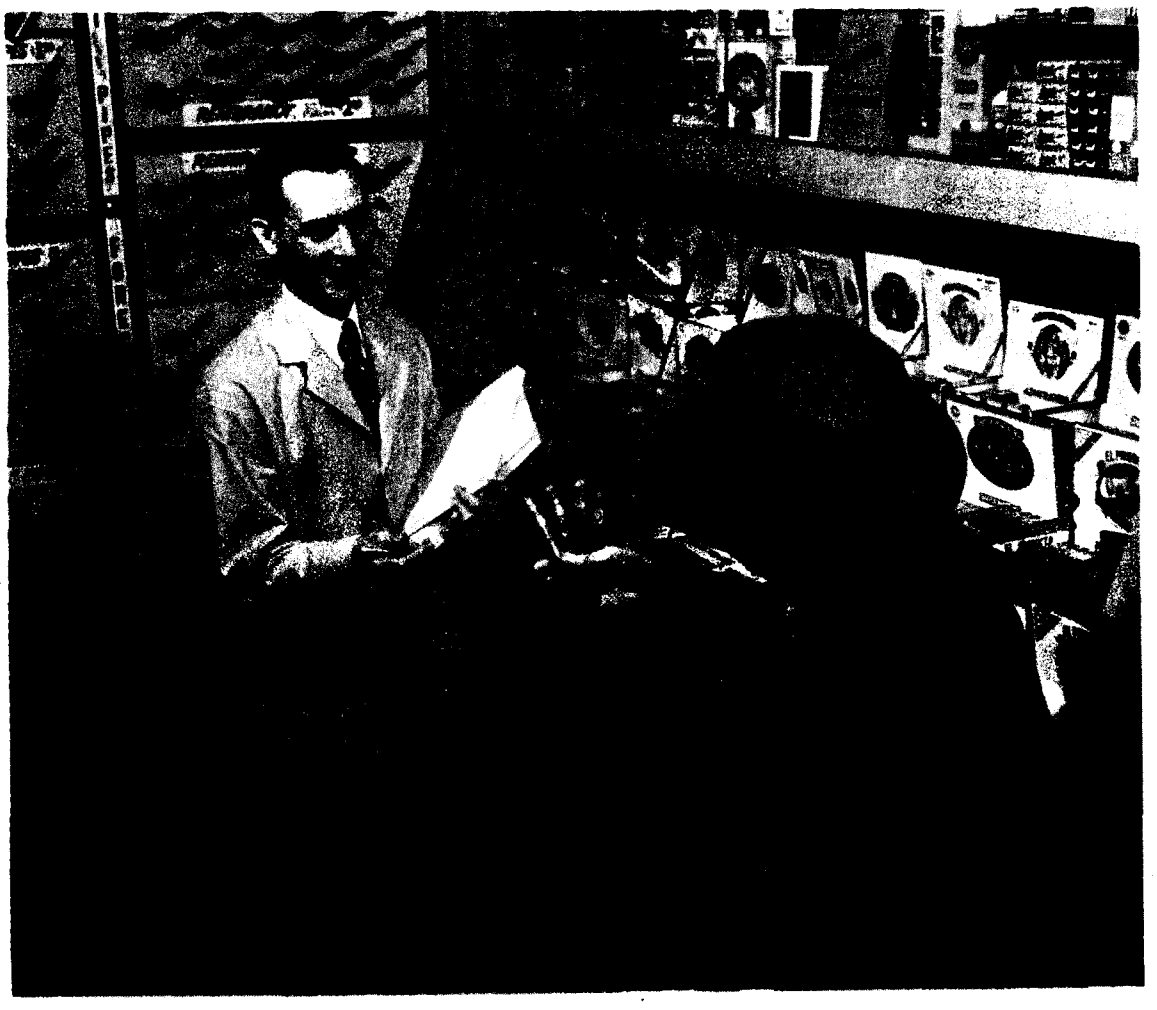
Good display is the big rule in a general store; it can make or break the owner

JOE COVELLO

Jack Conrad's general store in Wilmington, Delaware, employs 15 salesclerks. Conrad, 33, launched his first store with only $100 capital when he was 19, sold out in 1942 for $10,000



JOE COVELLO

Navy veteran Eddie Cox, 38, got a one-third business rise when he adopted self-service methods in his Jersey City store. He designed the cigar case (above) with a built-in humidor

renting a store which is either surrounded by firmly entrenched rivals or is far removed from normal pedestrian traffic.

One young fellow I know of made this mistake when he confidently opened a modern general store opposite a factory employing 800 workers. Reasonably enough, he figured that if only one fourth of these wage earners patronized his store, he would make a tidy profit. Unfortunately, he didn't investigate the factory itself. Inside was an almost identical store run on a co-operative basis by the workers. The man was forced to close down.

A wholesaler familiar with trade in your town will pepper you with questions about the store you've picked out. Examples: How far away is your nearest competitor? Is the store close by a movie house, a school, a bus stop or subway entrance? Is it on the sunny or shady side of the street? Is it located in a heavy-traffic business district? Or a well-populated residential area which shows sure signs of maintaining real-estate values or growing?

With these vital questions satisfactorily answered, the wholesaler will check carefully into the terms of the lease—including the rental—to ensure that you are fairly treated by the landlord.

Temptations That Must Be Resisted

Having signed the lease, you will quickly get down to the basic planning of your store. To begin with, a local wholesaler will advise on fixtures and equipment. Without the hand of experience to restrain you, you might be dazzled by the shiny store fixtures that are available and misled into buying items you can't afford.

The store you rent probably won't be in tiptop shape. Certainly, it will need a thorough cleaning, a cheerful paint job and maybe the floor will need to be scraped and shellacked. If you don't have a counter, a carpenter will build you one for about $50. You can build your wall shelves with cheap scrap lumber.

Suppliers will outfit the store with a small, fully equipped soda fountain for a down payment of about $50, a new soft-drink dispenser and an ice-cream freezer. A greeting-card manufacturer will send you a handsome cabinet to display his wares, and the telephone company may agree to set up a booth inside the store, giving you a monthly revenue of $15 to $20. A famous cigar company will provide the finishing touch—an outside metal sign with your name and its brand on it. After paying for a retailer's permit and a tobacconist's license, it will be time to stock your shelves.

That's when our wholesalers will pull out their order blanks. Besides the full range of cigars, cigarettes and candy—items that bring customers into the store—they will ship a carefully chosen selection of sundry items.

No matter how impressive your IQ is, it would be folly to open your doors without being armed with some essential knowledge of the business. You will be supplied with literature on basic retailing. You'll be sent on training tours to friendly store owners in distant neighborhoods who will point out the fastest-selling merchandise and explain display and sales techniques. You will get a capsuled merchandising course that would take you months to learn by costly trial-and-error methods.

Recently, for example, it was shown that a smile and a few well-chosen words would sharply increase the sale of fountain pens. Studies indicated that one out of four customers who enter a store to buy a pack of cigarettes will also buy pens—if the storekeeper draws attention to them and keeps a scratch pad handy for demonstration. Without this simple sales approach, only one out of 50 will purchase a pen. Similarly, a phrase or so on the virtues of the nylon stockings on sale will make customers of 30 women in every 100 who

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FRED LYON

Patrick Wallace is operating a successful store on San Francisco's Market Street, recently had shop renovated to double the floor space

BOB PURDY

Len Bullions designed and built streamline magazine display racks in his Wilkinsburg, Pa., shop. Magazine sales rocketed 1,200 per cent

intend to buy only cigarettes or chewing gum.

Now the store is ready for business, so let's add up what you've paid out in cash to establish yourself as an independent breadwinner.

Rent	$100
Down payment on soda fountain	50
Store counter	50
Lumber for wall shelves	25
Licenses, utilities & miscellaneous	50
Total	$275

Your initial stock of tobacco and candy should be sold within 15 to 20 days, which is just about when wholesalers will start collecting their bills. You'll reorder on credit, of course. Possibly, by the end of the month you will have turned over your stock of sundry items—pens, pipes, lighters, toys. Reorders can be made on credit.

After you pay your wholesalers' bills, an installment on the soda fountain and next month's rent and utility charges, you should have left, during the first two or three months, a weekly profit of between $40 and $55—if you have run your business well. The intake will mount steadily as you begin to draw regular customers who drop in for cigarettes, a magazine and a bag of peanuts. Whether they linger to buy an alarm clock or a tube of shaving cream depends largely on the effectiveness of your displays and your salesmanship.

Maybe you are wondering why the wholesalers are so willing to set you up in business, as well as to wield their influence in getting other suppliers to extend you the same kind of credit support. Well, they see a limitless future for the modern general store. Obviously it's a future in which they, as well as you, will participate with profit.

How big a success can you make of a general store? If you lack vitality and imagination, it will yield you no more than a nominal living. It may even drive you into bankruptcy. But the horizon is broad if you have the vision to see it. Few businesses respond as quickly to fresh ideas.

Success—From a Shoestring Start

Take thirty-eight-year-old Eddie Cox, a Navy veteran who started on a shoestring a few years back and today runs one of the smoothest operations in Jersey City. What's his secret? None that you can't learn—and imitate. "Before I went into business for myself," he told me recently, "I was struck by the way many storekeepers seemed to hide their merchandise. Ask for a bottle of ink, say, and they would fumble around in a drawer behind the counter for minutes before they located it. I used to wonder how much more ink might be sold if they put it where customers could see it."

Eddie's store has always been a model of effective display, but a short while ago he began studying the swing to self-service in food markets with a view to adapting it in his own store. As an experiment, he designed a beautiful self-service cigar cabinet with a built-in humidor to keep the tobacco fresh. The result was a 300 per cent increase in cigar sales. Eddie didn't hesitate; he introduced the self-service theme throughout his store. It meant plowing back profits, but the idea paid off. Today, not only does Eddie enjoy an over-all one-third increase in business, but a reduction in operating costs as well. Instead of two part-time clerks to help during the late afternoon rush hours, Eddie has only one.

The Art of Invisible Salesmanship

Then there's Ralph (Hap) Snider, a storekeeper of Hamilton, Ohio, with a specialty all his own. In 1948, soon after opening, Hap hit upon the idea of soliciting business by telephone. Last Christmas, for example, he called dozens of Hamilton business executives and suggested a solution to their gift problems—colorfully boxed fruitcakes and plum puddings which he sold by the gross. Any gift-giving holiday period finds Hap on the phone to his regular customers. "I'm Hamilton's invisible salesman," he says proudly.

Or take Len Bullions, whose modern general store in downtown Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, is a fine example of streamlined magazine merchandising. When Len went into business in 1950, he built new display racks of his own design, enough of them to hold more than 900 magazines. Within five months, magazine sales jumped a phenomenal 1,200 per cent. With customers crowding his store to buy their favorite magazines, Len's trade also skyrocketed in cigarettes, candy and other items.

Len Bullions started out with the credit backing of wholesaler Ray Johnson. "I wouldn't have succeeded without Mr. Johnson's wonderful faith in me," Len says. Len recently was able to buy a $25,000 home for his family.

I'd also like to mention Jack Conrad, a thirty-three-year-old American of Austrian descent, who launched his first tobacco and candy store in Brooklyn with $100 working capital at the precocious age of nineteen. Jack sold out for $10,000 when he joined the Army in 1942. On his discharge, he took over a small store in Brooklyn. There, besides selling the usual line of merchandise, he found a profitable outlet for his mechanical turn of mind. He established a cigarette-lighter hospital in the back of the store. With the aid of a few tools, repair work netted him an extra $2,000 a year.

Four years ago Jack sold out and this time discovered a new challenge in Wilmington, Delaware —a rambling tobacco and candy store that had been losing trade for months. Today it's a thriving modern general store with a soda fountain which can serve 50 customers at a time and a staff of 15 salesclerks. Not long ago, Jack bought his second store in Wilmington, and he is currently working 60 hours a week building it into a worth-while business.

True, if you are lazy or ungracious to your customers, you'll be left with plenty of time to count stock and dust the shelves. Neither can you afford to be ill-tempered with the children; if you are patient and fair with them—or better still, kind and cheerful—they will spread the good word to their parents, and you'll win their patronage too.

There are two more errors to avoid in running a modern general store. One is overbuying and underbuying; the other is poor display of your merchandise. Recently, a young man from Houston told me of a costly mistake he'd made with a display of $4.98 dolls. He stacked them in boxes in a floor-to-ceiling display near the entrance of his store—and sold four dozen of them in less than a week. Later, he noticed that a couple of the dolls had been soiled by grubby little hands. He replaced the lids of the boxes on the lower part of the display so that youngsters couldn't touch them —and sold only one doll in four days.

Financial Help During First Year

The wholesaler will nurse you along during the entire first year, extending your credit if you hit bumpy spots along the way. Even after you are well established, he will heed any SOS that you send him.

For serious emergencies, we provide a sort of "rescue squad"—roving trouble shooters who figuratively put ailing stores under the microscope. The cure is prescribed after the squad has analyzed the books, studied personnel, inventory, sales approaches and operating methods.

Sometimes the cure means persuading creditors to hold off, reducing the storekeeper's personal expenditures until the business is placed firmly back on its feet.

Well, that's the story. If it interests you, drop me a line at the National Association of Tobacco Distributors, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Within a short time you will be called in for an interview with one of our members in your area. He will investigate your employment record, of course—but if you have not defaulted on loan repayments or otherwise demonstrated an obviously unfit character, you will be on your way to making your dreams of independence come true.

With your $275, you'll become the owner and operator of a modern general store—the biggest little business America has to offer the ambitious young man.

I wish you good luck! ▲▲▲

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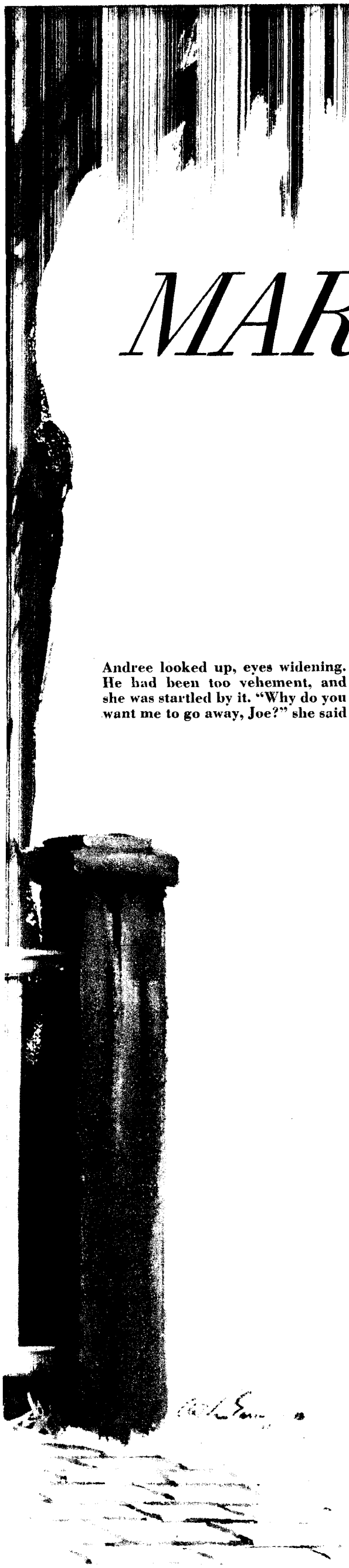
Everybody knew that Will Markham had a Cajun girl. He would marry a girl from a rich family, though, because that's what he had to do. And he'd keep his lovely Cajun—if it killed her

MARKHAM'S GIRL

By ETHEL EDISON GORDON



Andree looked up, eyes widening. He had been too vehement, and she was startled by it. "Why do you want me to go away, Joe?" she said

YOU couldn't keep it a secret long—not in Markhamville, which was too small a town for secrets, not when one of the people involved was named Markham and the other was a little Cajun girl named Andree Mathieu, not when the gulf between these two was so vast that you had to live down there in Louisiana to comprehend it, let alone believe it.

Normally Joe Kendrick would be the last man in town to hear about it, but it finally reached the attention even of Joe, who was a stranger in Markhamville. Being a stranger in Markhamville meant he'd only been living there for the past six years; he'd be a stranger in sixteen, or even twenty-six, years—if he stayed that long—not only because he came from as alien a spot as Bayonne, New Jersey, but because that was the way it was in many small and inbred Southern towns. Joe might even have helped to perpetuate the strangeness, because he was that kind of man, reserved and quiet and contented with his own resources. He probably would never have heard about Jeff Markham and the girl if Markham hadn't told it to Joe himself.

Markham called him into his office at the Markham Construction Company, where Joe was chief draftsman. He offered him a cigarette, swiveling around in his chair for several minutes before he spoke. Joe watched him curiously while he waited. Markham was good to look at, well made, with a strong, handsome head that showed breeding and pride, and he had fine, restless gray eyes. He began tentatively, "You can use some help in your department, can't you, Joe? These two big jobs are coming up this summer, just when some of the men will be off on vacation. I thought," he said deliberately, "we could use someone to do the time-wasting stuff, inking and tracing and lettering."

If Markham suggested taking someone on, it meant he'd already hired him: that was Markham's way, easy and courteous and ready to listen to you; but he didn't want to listen to any objections. So Joe said, "I guess we can always use someone." He added, "Just don't give me any beginners; I don't have time to break in a beginner."

Markham's mouth hardened enough to make two deep furrows in his cheeks; his hand, with the thin gold watch curved around the wrist and the strip of white linen cuff that showed above it, stopped playing with the slide rule on his desk. "You might call her a beginner, but she's had a course at the university." He stopped, flushing, and glanced up sharply, and said, "So now you know it's Andree Mathieu." The single glance showed him that Joe had never heard of Andree Mathieu, and at first he was disconcerted, and then he smiled. "You're the last one in town still in the dark. How do you get that way, Joe?" He stopped smiling. "The fact is, she's a girl I've been seeing. I want her here, working in the office."

"Sure," Joe said. "It's your business."

"She's a tracer. She's had the course at the university. As you said, we can always use someone." Markham began to swivel his chair around again. "Andree isn't the kind of girl to wait on tables for every red-neck with a dime for coffee. She'll have a good job here, good hours, good pay. Look," he said, "there's another angle I happen to be concerned with, that you may as well know now. You're a closemouthed guy, you'll keep this to yourself. I have an understanding with Rhea Patterson, with a great many factors involved. And I want Andree established in this office before I marry Rhea Patterson. *If* I marry her," he said, frowning a little. "It will work out best that way all around."

Joe didn't care if the sudden swelling anger within him showed. So that was the way people like Will Markham worked; Markham probably couldn't see anything wrong in the arrangement. Andree was, well, *Andree,* and the Patterson family was almost as old in the state as the Markhams and a good deal richer. But how do you get that way, that arrogant? He said carefully, keeping up, for his own self-respect, the pretense that what he was saying was important, "If she's going to find a place here, she'll need some ability. The office won't cover her, and there'll be talk."

"Don't worry about her," Markham said. "She'll get along. She'll start on Monday, and I'm counting on you, Joe, to help her find her way." He pushed back his chair and stood up and reached for his hat. It was after five o'clock; confidences were over and Joe was dismissed.

THE anger stayed with Joe over the week end and went to the office with him on Monday. She was there when he came in: he supposed it was she—a slim, dark-haired girl who stared about her uncertainly. Nervous, as damn' well she should be, pushing into a job she wasn't fit for, he thought grimly, and he went past her to his locker to put his things away, conscious of her eyes following him doubtfully. When he came over to his desk at the head of the room, with its brass plate that said he was *J. Kendrick,* she followed him and stood beside him and said, "Mr. Kendrick?"

"Yes," he said, not looking up, unlocking the top drawer and taking out the field books and a rolled profile.

"I'm starting work today," she said. "I'm Andree Mathieu."

Her voice was low and unsure, unmistakably Southern and yet with a difference, a difference that was foreign. He looked up, at the sound of it, and found himself staring, because she was a beautiful girl with big black eyes set in pale ivory skin, and black hair hanging brushed and smooth to her shoulders. Her thin cotton blouse showed her shoulders rounded and delicate as bisque.

He took her to a drafting table; he brought her ruling pens and ink and erasers and a Leroy letterer, and he gave her a site map to ink, and when he left her he was *(Continued on page 48)*

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I RAIDED RED CHINA With the GUERRILLAS

By PETER KALISCHER

The aged, scarred Shengli (Victory) carried 21 Chinese guerrillas—and author Kalischer—on a raid against Communist East China

Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist guerrillas impudently land on the Communist mainland and even pit their ancient, leaking junk against a Red gunboat during a thrill-packed night

Taipeh, Formosa

THE Shengli buries her bow in the black swell of the East China Sea and pushes toward the darkened mainland of Communist China. The Shengli (Victory) is a shivering, leaking, 38-foot junk that hasn't had a fresh coat of paint since the Boxer Rebellion, but she is the darling of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalist guerrilla navy.

Below her scarred deck—eight feet at the widest—beats an ancient American marine Diesel engine.

Above, sitting and standing beside canvas-hooded guns, are 21 Chinese guerrillas—15 crewmen and six raiders who in a few hours will land on the coast of Communist-held Chekiang Province. I am along for the ride.

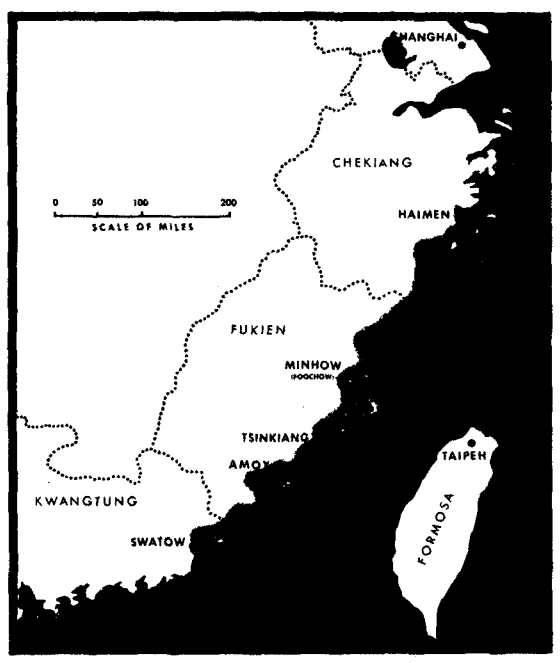
Our mission is pretty much the same as dozens of others the Shengli's men have carried off with impudence: a commando raid for Red prisoners, information, or both; and a sea sweep to capture shipping or harass Communist gunboats.

We had set out from North Tach'en Island, a mound of rock and clay 200 miles south of Shanghai. Tach'en is a Nationalist base that thumbs its nose at the Communist mainland 18 miles to the west. It is one of a score of such island bases—some within rifle shot of Red China—along a 450-mile stretch of coast from Haimen to Swatow. The islands are garrisoned by some 20,000 Nationalist troops, mostly guerrillas.

During the last year alone, the guerrillas claim to have captured 5,000 Communist prisoners, annihilated nine Red battalions totaling 7,000 to 7,500 men, grabbed a dozen islands, staged raids with up to 2,500 men and launched countless hit-and-run stabs like the one the Shengli is making. Along with Chiang's regular army on Formosa, the guerrillas pin down in East China half a million Red troops and militiamen who otherwise might be fighting in Korea or Indochina.

What are the Nationalist guerrillas like—the men who already are carrying the war to the Communist mainland? To find out, I flew from Taipeh, the Nationalist capital on Formosa, to North Tach'en in a Civil Air Transport amphibian. We barreled the last 40 miles to the island at an altitude of only 10 feet above the water so that we wouldn't be picked up by the Reds' coastal radar. Only three days earlier, the Communists had shot down a U.S. Navy patrol plane.

Tach'en has a small detachment of regular army troops and some Nationalist navy gunboats in the harbor. But most fighting men on the island are guerrillas, although it's hard to tell them on sight from the regulars. Both wear the same brown cotton-padded uniforms, fire the same American



AL TARTER

Shaded area shows stretch of Red China coast which Chiang's guerrillas have been raiding

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weapons, are organized in conventional units and even practice close-order drill in goose step.

However, each guerrilla is a volunteer; he wears no insignia or rank; privates and commanders draw the same pay: two Taiwan dollars a month plus 10 more as a supplementary food allowance—a grand total of 55 U.S. cents. (A private in the Nationalist regular army gets 15 Taiwan dollars a month, plus an allowance of 23.) And the guerrillas are not paid by the Chinese government, but by the various guerrilla headquarters —at Tach'en by the Southeast Anti-Communist Command.

How the Guerrillas' Payroll Is Met

Where do the guerrilla headquarters get the money to meet the payroll? From the Communists. Except for rice, clothing, weapons and motor fuel supplied by the Chinese Ministry of National Defense, the guerrillas are financed wholly by the sale of ship cargoes seized from the Reds. It pays for barracks, sleeping gear, the construction and repair of guerrilla gunboats and junks, and the purchase of spare parts from the Nationalist government. The sea guerrillas, as the crews of all gunboats and armed junks are called, also divide among themselves 60 per cent of the proceeds of all enemy cargoes they seize. The remainder goes to the guerrilla command.

Under this system of legalized privateering, an experienced pirate is worth twice his weight in admirals—and I said so at a dinner given by guerrilla officers my first night on Tach'en. Cautiously, the island's chief intelligence officer, Colonel Yang Pin-yung, admitted that a number of former pirates were doing right well for themselves in the guerrilla navy.

Yang introduced me to one of these ex-pirates, thirty-nine-year-old Kao Ching-yun. The crop-haired Kao, who now commands a guerrilla fleet of six motorized junks, made a name for himself as a Yangtze River pirate in the early 1930s.

I had been warned that Kao was reticent about his buccaneering past. But through Major "Bob" Wang, assistant G-2 and official interpreter, I asked Kao what he did in the early thirties. Kao gave me a long sideways squint and a quick smile.

Nationalists were reluctant to let Kalischer (center) go on the Shengli's raid; they were afraid he might fall into Communist hands. When he did go, they sent Col. Yang Pin-yung (left) along to look after him. Liao Ming (right), an ex-soldier, was skipper of the Shengli

Communist soldiers and agents captured in guerrilla raids against Chinese mainland are sent to New Life Camp for reindoctrination. Here a political officer addresses the inmates

This guerrilla aboard the Shengli is typical of the men who almost daily raid Red shore

"I was a sea merchant," he said.

As we were leaving Kao's headquarters, I was presented to another fleet commander, dressed in the usual shapeless brown quilted uniform, who spoke in a soft voice and had large gentle brown eyes. "Don't tell me he was a 'sea merchant' too," I said to Bob Wang.

"No," he replied, "*she* used to be a guerrilla leader on the mainland." The commander, Chang Hsi-ming, is a woman of thirty-eight, and bosses all the guerrilla transport junks. Her hair was cut like a man's under her army cap.

But to get back to the Shengli and my presence aboard the ancient but lethal junk on this guerrilla raid against the Communist coast. The trip had been difficult to arrange. At Taipeh, I was told that the risk was too great; I might fall into Communist hands and be treated as an American spy. "But even worse," one official said, "they would make you say things, or claim you said things, that would be embarrassing for your government as well as mine. From our point of view, you would be better off dead." However, an appeal direct to President Chiang finally brought his government's reluctant permission. Yang was assigned to go along on the Shengli to look after me.

"It is unusual for an intelligence officer to go on a raid like this," I was told, "but responsibility for you is very great. Our hearts will be in our throats until you return." I had an idea mine would be in my throat, too, until I returned.

The Shengli's engine already was running when we scrambled aboard from a sampan. Now a guerrilla with a carbine strapped to his back shinnies up the mast and hauls down the Nationalist flag. We are on our way.

Our destination is near Songmen, on the China coast 25 miles to the southwest. The sea is running easy and we should get there in three hours. The Shengli has a top speed of more than 12 knots, remarkable for a junk, and which if prolonged would probably shake her apart. So after a rackety spurt out the harbor mouth we slow to seven knots.

With the Raiders Aboard the Shengli

Tach'en drops back and disappears in the darkness—which nevertheless isn't black enough to suit me. A half-moon slips in and out of a thin cloud cover, giving good visibility for a mile even to my indifferent eyes. But there is nothing to see except a stationary circle of slate-black swell, the rise and fall of the bow, and the forms of the men pricked out here and there by the glow of cigarettes.

The raiders are not in uniform. They have blue cotton-and-wool fishermen's clothes and conical wool hats nine inches high, like those worn by Chinese along the Red coast. Warned in advance to prepare for a slippery deck and cold weather, I wear guerrilla sneakers, padded cotton pants, a U.S. Army shirt and a blue Air Force flight jacket with a fur-trimmed hood. Rather self-consciously I also tote a .45 that Colonel Yang gave me. One item of guerrilla issue I don't have—a glass vial of poison half an inch long which each civilian-dressed raider is expected to crush between his teeth if capture seems inevitable.

In an hour, a flat-topped mountain island looms

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Some 20,000 Nationalist troops, mostly guerrillas, garrison Nationalist-held islands off the Chinese Red coast. This guerrilla uses hay for camouflage during the training maneuvers

on the right. "Chikushan," says Colonel Yang. Chikushan, a few miles off the coast, is held by a small garrison of guerrillas and a field gun that exchanges shots once a day with a Communist shore battery near Songmen.

The clouds have been shredding and at eight o'clock the moon breaks through, cold and bright, to light up the low hills of the mainland five miles off. The men stir a little, a new helmsman takes over on the high poop, and the captain, who has been napping by a machine gun, wakes up. Captain Liao Ming is a former army company commander who went to sea three years ago. He doesn't give any orders immediately, but the men uncover the guns and bring out box after box of shells from beneath the high poop at the stern.

There are three .50-caliber machine guns and one light machine gun crammed on the Shengli's main deck and one .50 caliber atop her poop. And there is a highly unconventional sea weapon in reserve—a 3.5 bazooka. Little Shengli can spit an awful lot of metal.

I have heard tales of the Shengli's exploits. Not far from where we are now she once tackled a tanker escorted by two Communist gunboats. The Shengli disabled the tanker with a bazooka rocket, damaged one gunboat and was busy fighting the other and attempting to get a line on her wallowing prize when the coastal battery near Songmen opened up. According to Bob, the interpreter we left behind, the Shengli's crew was still trying to lasso the tanker when it inconsiderately turned over and sank.

The captain rings a small bell and the engineer below deck slows the Shengli to a dawdle. We ease to within 500 yards of shore and begin an agonizing crawl around and between islands, some little larger than a boulder. According to my wrist compass, we change course a dozen times in 45 minutes. Clouds obscure the moon once again, and everyone is on lookout. Far to the right, at least three miles inland, a small light twinkles.

The junk draws only three and a half feet, and the captain brings her in another 300 yards, then another 100 until the noise of the engine echoes back, *kapong, kapong, kapong,* from the overhanging bluffs. We no longer can hide from anybody on the immediate shore, but from the sea or on a curve of the mainland we are blotted up in the silhouette of the coast.

We trace the shore line as with a pencil point for a long 15 minutes. Suddenly one of the men with binoculars spots two boats at anchor. We keep on course and lose them behind a bend, then emerge almost on top of them. Our engine idles. Above it sounds the snapping of machine-gun and carbine bolts.

We drift down on the first boat, a small fishing smack whose waist is covered by canvas. Two guerrillas grab her anchor rope. Another with a .45 in his hand leaps lightly aboard and rips off the canvas.

My nerves are so taut by this time that the sight of four fishermen scared out of their sleep is an anticlimax. Three more fishermen are uncovered in the second boat. We cut our engine and drop anchor.

The fishermen are obviously frightened of us, but they seem more frightened of what will happen if we rouse something or somebody around the next bend. One old man keeps making shushing gestures with his hands.

Old Man Awed by Author's Uniform

In desperation, he leans over from his boat to ours, sees my Air Force jacket and appeals to me in Chinese. I don't know whether he knows I am an American, but I have the most flamboyant uniform aboard and that, to him, means I'm in charge.

"What's he saying?" I ask Colonel Yang.

"He says Communists have many troops near here and big gun," Yang replies. "But I don't think so. I think they trying to cheat us."

I'm all for believing the old man—after all he does live here—but the Shengli's men are skeptical. After 10 minutes of loud discussion, much hawking and spitting, and noisy pumping of the bilge, six raiders board the sampan and take off.

Colonel Yang ducks into a small hatchway where there is room for two persons to stretch out on straw mats, and falls asleep. The two fishing smacks are tied alongside and the fishermen brought aboard—prizes and prisoners, I think. I stare into the dark where the raiders have disappeared around the bend; then I go below and try to catch some sleep, too.

An hour and 40 minutes later, there's a bump alongside and voices. I pop out the hatchway and there are the raiders back. I wake up the colonel and he listens to their report. They are apologetic. They checked into the village where two of the men have relatives and found that the fishermen were right: the Communists have brought up two infantry battalions—about 1,600 men—and have an artillery battery about 2,000 yards from where we are. Furthermore the villagers had heard the noise attending our arrival, a fact that doesn't surprise me. So we decided to move on.

"I suppose we'll take the fishermen and the boats back with us," I tell the colonel.

"No, no," says the colonel. "They very poor people and boats too small. They tell us truth. We give them money."

Sure enough the fishermen are put back aboard their boats and the two smacks are disengaged. There is a loud argument when the guerrillas try to give the old man Communist currency. "He don't want," says the colonel—but they give it to him anyway. Probably the fisherman is afraid he may have to explain his wealth to the Communists when he goes ashore.

It seems to take an interminably noisy time to tidy up, haul the anchor aboard and get going. But finally the captain rings his bell—a sound that must carry at least 2,000 yards—the engine coughs into life, and we are on our way. This night's mission is over, I think—but it isn't, quite.

The outward journey through the maze of

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heir big gun in a naval battle—a bazooka. The Red gunboat replies with a mortar

coastal islands seems to lack the menace of the inward trip. The men open cans of pork and eat.

To me the gentle handling of the fishermen by the guerrillas is the most significant fact of the evening's operation so far. I am sure it was not staged for my benefit; I had told Colonel Yang that returning with prisoners and prizes would make a wonderful picture.

Moreover I recall that the guerrillas mete out the same benevolent treatment at Tach'en's New Life Camp, a reindoctrination center for Communist soldiers and officials who fall into guerrilla hands. There were once more than 750 prisoners on Tach'en; now there are only 118 men and 10 women. Of the rest 450 had elected to stay on Tach'en as fishermen, farmers or guerrillas. Some 60 hard-core Communists were sent to Formosa for further indoctrination in prison camps. And the remainder? "They wanted to rejoin their families," I was told, "so we took them back to the Communist mainland—about 130 of them."

If these incidents are unconventional, so is nearly everything else about the guerrilla war along the China coast—particularly sea battles.

Instead of heading back to Tach'en, the Shengli is cruising at half speed due north, along the coast. Captain Liao is carrying out the second part of his mission: a sea-sweep to intercept Communist shipping. My first inkling that he is about to succeed comes a little after midnight.

I am in the below-deck cubbyhole, groggy from Diesel fumes. Suddenly there is a scrape of feet on deck and a change in the pitch of the engine. A crewman drops down the hatchway and grabs something from the bulkhead next to me. It is the bazooka.

Wide awake I scramble topside. It is drizzling and the Shengli is barely making headway in a 1,000-foot slot between a small island to our right and the mainland. We are crowding the island to stay within its protective shadow. The night has turned 10 shades blacker, but through binoculars I barely make out a dark shape moving toward us, about half a mile ahead and 500 yards nearer shore. "See?" asks Colonel Yang.

"Sure," I reply. "What is it?"

"Gunboat," says the colonel. "Two gunboats behind him."

A half mile to our right I note a tabletop mountain rising out of the sea. It is Chikushan, the guerrillas' outpost island. Despite the legend of the Shengli's invincibility, I decide that Chikushan undoubtedly is the place to swim for if the junk comes to a sudden end.

Guns on Junk Ready for Shooting

A well-ordered chaos grips the Shengli's crew. The man with the bazooka takes a position atop the poop. The machine gunners lay out their ammunition belts and swing the guns to port. The rest of the guerrillas crouch along the port rail with carbines.

The oncoming vessel materializes. Behind it comes another and then another. They are not junks, but low-lying ships about 100 feet long that could serve either as cargo carriers or gunboats. They must see us by now but nothing happens—a tiny, slow-moving junk like ours 1,000 feet off shore is evidently presumed to be friendly.

An argument in Chinese erupts between the captain and Colonel Yang. The captain wants to fire but the colonel, mindful of his American passenger, is against it. The first ship slides by, then the second. The gunners leave their guns and start griping. The captain makes one final impassioned plea and Colonel Yang is carried away. "We going fight," he says happily. "We going fight, fight, fight."

The captain shouts to the man at the wheel and without increasing speed the Shengli begins to slide imperceptibly flat broadside to the third vessel, abreast of us 500 yards inshore.

Now the gunner's mate takes over—a stocky man Colonel Yang previously had identified as a former "very nice pirate who gave all his money to poor people."

"Kaichiang!" shouts the seagoing Robin Hood. "Open fire!"

Five machine guns, one of them two feet away from my left ear, open up with a long, head-splitting burst. Tracers wing out across the water. A tiny fireball whooshes up and down and goes out —our bazooka has fired and missed.

A Classic Naval Battle Maneuver

The Shengli's venerable engine uses up six months of its remaining life in a mighty surge of power that sends us foaming toward and behind our target. Captain Liao may never have gone to Annapolis but he is going to complete the classic naval battle maneuver of crossing the T—staying broadside to the enemy but making him fire across his own stern.

At our first burst, the gunboat lets out a bleat for help—a wailing siren just audible through the racket. As we close in, turning tighter and faster, he gets off his first return fire, probably a light machine gun. Then there is a loud crack and a big white flame. My reflexes pull me down into the hatch—that sounded just like a mortar. It was. "Mortar!" yells the colonel in my ear when I stand up again.

We close to about 100 yards, the gunboat running at an angle away from us toward shore and the other two vessels. Our machine guns are firing as rapidly as they can be fed. So are the carbines. The deck is littered with shell casings.

In the weird engagement we cannot seem to land a lethal punch with the bazooka, and the Reds are even wilder with their mortar—a land weapon never meant to go to sea. The mathematical possibility of scoring a hit with a lobbing shell from a moving base on a moving target is remote. But if a mortar shell should hit us, it wouldn't have to explode; a dud would sink us.

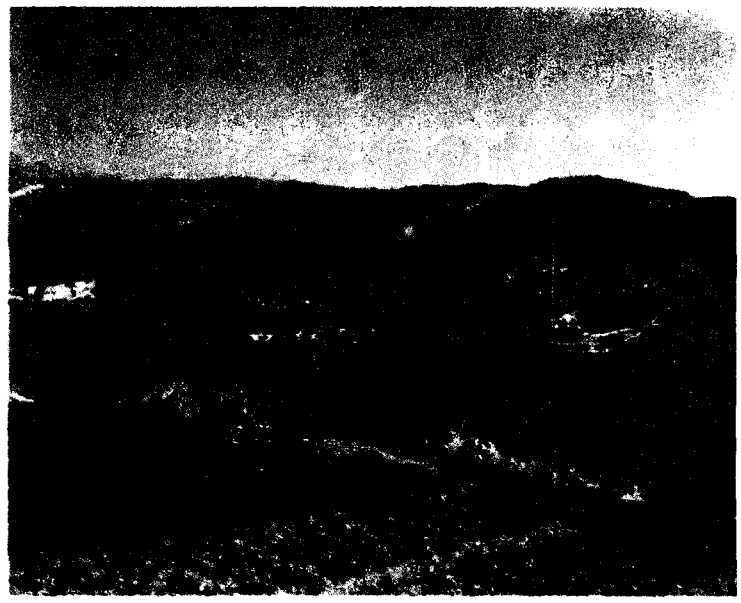
Just as I think we are about to board the Communist ship, the Shengli veers north. The guns go quiet. The men laugh and joke and retell their part in the 15-minute battle. No one has been hurt and no damage done. For all I know, the enemy can say the same, but we must have hit something, considering all the stuff we threw at close range.

Colonel Yang points to the hills on shore. "Communist battery—Chikushan," he says. We have been scrapping under the nose of the guns that fire on Chikushan, a consideration, according to the colonel, that deterred the Shengli from pressing the fight any longer. That and the proximity of the other enemy vessels. But even so, he says, if I had not been along . . .

The drizzle turns into a downpour and the guns are covered, but the Shengli patrols three hours more before she turns the painted dragon eyes on her bow toward home. We drop anchor at Tach'en at seven in the morning and the tired guerrillas hurry ashore to catch up on their sleep.

This has been only one raid in a long series. The guerrillas have been hitting the Communists during the past year just as hard as their resources allow. More important than the limited arsenal the Nationalists have assembled, however, is the spirit they—or at least the guerrillas I saw—have developed. They like a fight and are spoiling for a bigger one.

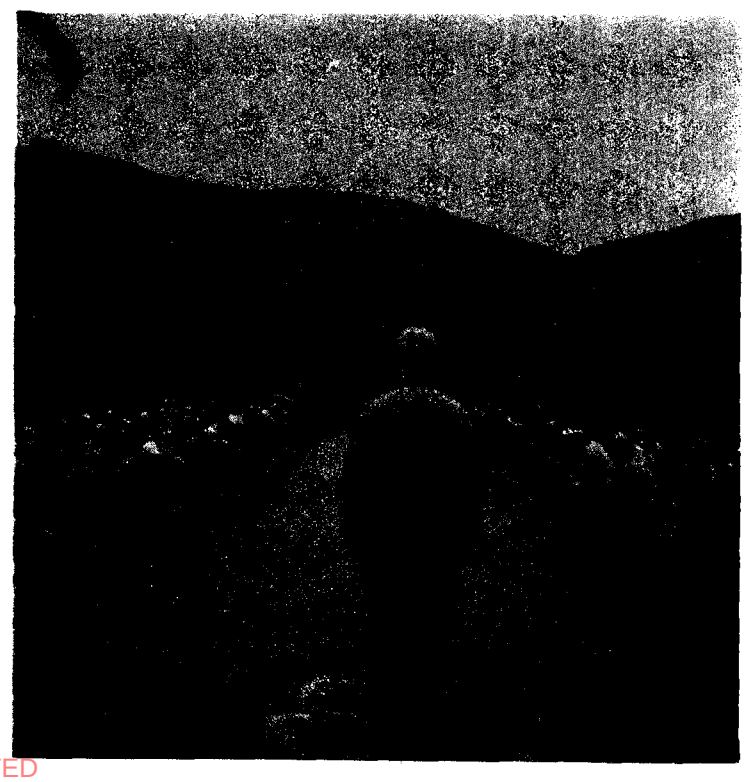
But after the bitterest kind of lesson—losing the mainland to the Communists—they realize that you can't "conquer" 400,000,000 mainly nonpolitical people by military action alone. Adopting the same politico-military tactics that won for the Reds, they are trying to show the people on the mainland how much better life is in "Free China." On the one tiny segment of the front I saw, they are winning. ▲▲▲



These boats at anchor in Tach'en Harbor are part of the fleet used by guerrillas to raid Red coast

Fleet leaders (l. to r.): Kao Ching-yun, a former pirate; Chang Hsi-ming, a woman; Yuan Kuo-hsiang

Guerrillas prepare their weapons for inspection during Nationalist training exercise on Tach'en



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CHARLES HAWES

All Whip used with Lydia was a technique he'd picked up in a basic psychology course

The Superior Male

By DON STANFORD

I WILL not go so far as to say that I think higher education is wasted on women, but I do believe that men get more out of it. It seems to me that the masculine mind is essentially clear-thinking and capable of comprehending, while the feminine is generally fuzzy and bemused, in so far as formal learning is concerned.

Certainly a good college education does a man a lot of good—some men, especially. Take Whip Whipple, for example.

Whip and I roomed together all through college, and we shared an apartment after we graduated and went to work as junior engineers for Mills Petroleum. He was a big, good-looking guy; an easygoing type who'd lend you his last clean shirt even if it meant he had to break a date himself; an all-around athlete; probably the most popular man in his class, and a very successful operator—without seeming to try very hard—on the women's campuses. *And* with all that, he had a retentive, analytical mind that absorbed all the classroom guff and has known, ever since, how and when to put it to use.

I mean, for instance, who but Whip could have handled Lydia Taylor the way he did? And all he used was a little technique he'd picked up in a basic psychology course. A woman wouldn't even have been listening in class; she'd have been powdering her nose or something.

We first met Lydia at a cocktail party. We'd just dropped in for a few minutes, because we didn't really like Joe Friar, who was throwing it, and we'd have declined the invitation except that we were taking little Kathy Cannon out for a spaghetti dinner, and Kathy loved parties. So Whip insisted that we drop in for a quick drink to let Kathy have a look around. We did—and there was Lydia.

Now Lydia Taylor was everything Kathy Cannon was not. Kathy was simple and sweet and decent and sincere, and that was it. Kathy had never gone to college at all, and she didn't pretend to be smart; she thought Whip Whipple was the greatest guy in the world, and the cleverest; and the thing Kathy liked to do best was just sit and bask in the light of Whip's presence and wisdom. She didn't have a thing to offer Whip, you know, but she sure was grateful for all he gave her.

Lydia Taylor was Whip's kind of woman. I have never seen a more strikingly beautiful girl in my life, but it wasn't just beauty she had. It was a cool poise, an arrogant assurance, a proud knowledge that she was better than anybody else.

That attitude of hers would have scared *me* off right away, but not Whip. I knew she presented the sort of challenge he had to take up, and so I listened when he asked Joe Friar casually who she was.

"Not for the likes of us," Joe said wistfully. "Rich girl, rich and snooty. Got everything. Fresh in from Chicago for a year in New York, studying something. Champion skier, champion horsewoman. Traveled everywhere, speaks four languages. Got three degrees. Old man owns a bunch of banks, or something. Thinks she's too good for anybody alive."

"I see," Whip said thoughtfully, and left Kathy with me while he went over to talk to Lydia. I couldn't overhear anything Whip and Lydia were saying, but I did notice that he kept playing nervously with a loose button on his coat and looking embarrassed every time her eyes followed his hand and observed it. And I noticed—and so did Kathy—when Whip and Lydia disappeared into Friar's bedroom for a few minutes. And when they came out, Lydia had a delicate bit of color in her face and her eyes sparkled. She seemed even more pleased with herself, and she was looking at Whip as though he were the only person there she'd looked at really to see. I knew Whip hadn't made a pass at her—that wasn't the way he operated—but I didn't guess then just what he had done.

We left pretty soon after that, Whip and Kathy and I, and Whip was entirely himself all through dinner, and we had a good time. Nobody mentioned Lydia, and it seemed that Whip had forgotten her already, until we'd taken Kathy home and were saying good night.

"Oh, by the way, Kathy," Whip said then, as an afterthought, "you mind lending George here a hand during the week? We're throwing a little cocktail party at our place Saturday, and you know I'm going to be in Washington all week, and George will louse everything up for sure, if either you or I don't stand by."

Of course Kathy said she would, but that was the first I'd heard of any cocktail party Saturday, and I knew Lydia was mixed up in it somehow. But I didn't say anything, because Whip didn't. He went to Washington, and Kathy and I got a party together. Whip came late to his own party. And he arrived with Lydia in her Cadillac convertible, and made a big thing of introducing her around so she'd know people in New York, while she clung to him as if she didn't really want to bother with knowing anyone else.

FROM then on, Whip didn't have to fight any competition; he didn't even have to call Lydia. She called him, and darn' near every night, too, and she took him to theaters and parties. Believe me, that was way out of character for a girl like Lydia, who was really a match for Whip in every way. She was smart and as well educated as a girl can be, and she could keep up with him on skis, and so on. She wasn't dead weight like Kathy, you know; he didn't *have* to help her along, and he *couldn't* condescend to her.

One night he came home and asked me to cover for him because he'd told Lydia he couldn't see her that night, he had to go to a club dinner. That's when I asked him, and he told me, how he'd handled Lydia in the beginning.

"A girl like that, who's used to being pursued," Whip said thoughtfully, "you have to switch, George. Make *her* pursue instead, make her feel possessive, or proprietary, toward you. Yank a button loose and then fiddle with it until she can't resist sewing it on for you; then ask her to a party while she's still in the mood to say yes. Call her up the night before the party, from Washington, and tell her you've got to take a later plane back and you can't make it—unless she feels like meeting you at the airport with her car. Keep her off balance, don't ever give her a chance to ask herself why she's chasing you, until she's so used to it she doesn't care any more. There's always one giver and one taker in every marriage, and it's the giver who's really hooked."

"And loves it," I put in.

Whip nodded and looked at me queerly and said in a puzzled tone, "Yes. And loves it."

He went on out then, to keep his spaghetti date with Kathy, and I just sat there thinking admiringly of what a brain that guy had and how he had really learned to put his education to use. I mean—how's that for basic psychology paying off?

It didn't occur to me then, though, that Whip would ever marry Kathy Cannon, as he did, nor that Kathy had somehow made herself to Whip what Whip had made himself to Lydia: the one to whom it is a privilege to give, the one toward whom it is irresistibly sweet to feel proprietary and possessive. And Kathy, without ever having learned it at college, knew, all the same, how to get Whip back, and keep him.

The hell of it is, a woman seems to be born knowing most of the things a man sweats out four years of college to learn, and, fuzzy and bemused as her mind may be, that knowledge is there from the beginning. But I still say men get more out of higher education than women do—and they sure need it! ▲▲▲

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CASEY STENGEL
Good—or Just Lucky?

The Yankee manager's rivals are split all over the lot. They do agree that he's not a genius. But they can't say just what it is he does to beat them—except get more runs

By COLLIE SMALL

IN THE waning days of the 1952 baseball season, Charles Dillon Stengel, a man of vast incoherence, uttered what was undoubtedly the most thought-provoking *non sequitur* of the year. He had been asked to give his opinion of the strategy employed by Cleveland manager Al Lopez, who used only his three best pitchers in starting rotation instead of the customary four during the late-season drive for the American League pennant. The sixty-two-year-old manager of the New York Yankees leaned back, flopped one stumpy leg over the other, tipped his cap over his eyes, pulled at an ear, clasped his hands behind his head and said thoughtfully:

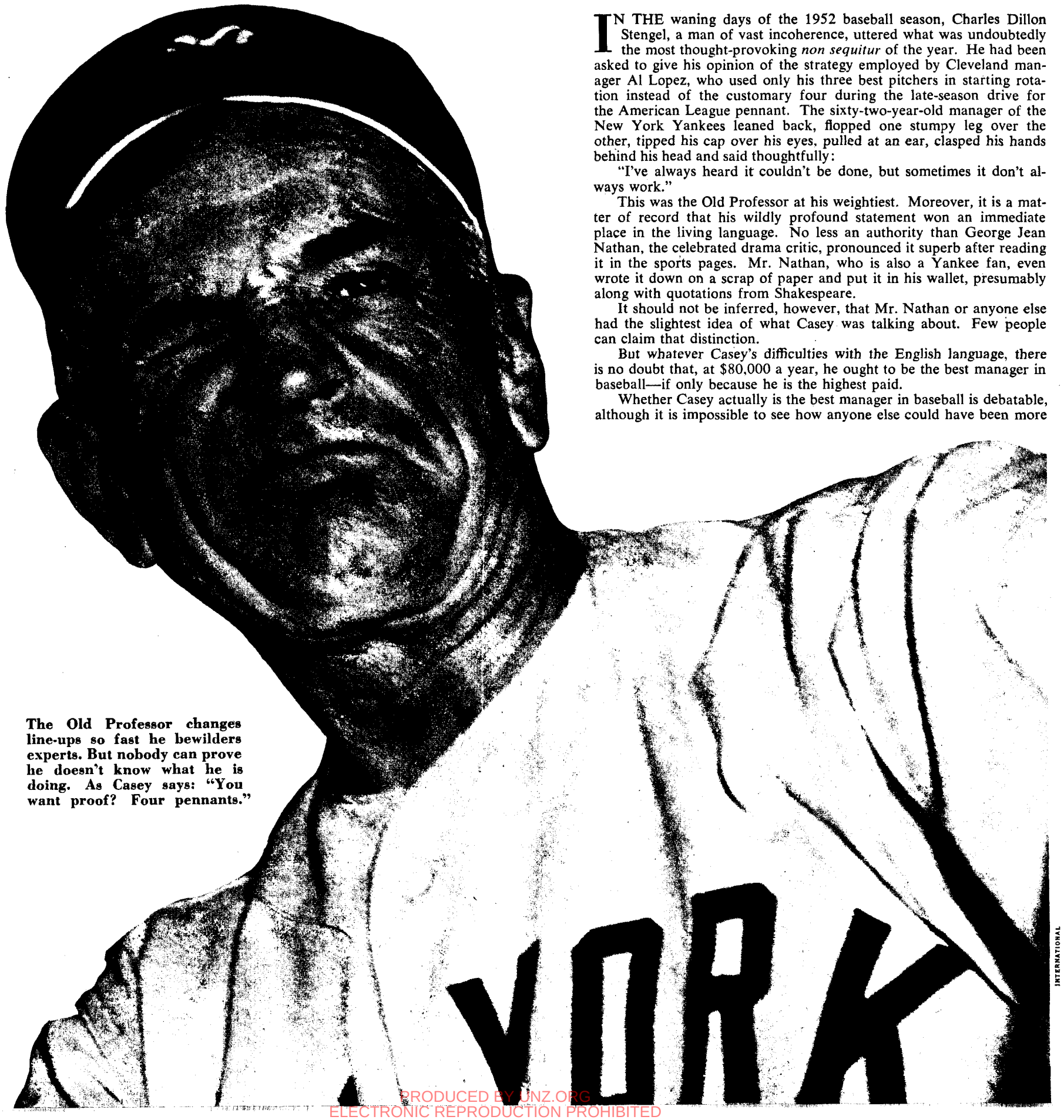
"I've always heard it couldn't be done, but sometimes it don't always work."

This was the Old Professor at his weightiest. Moreover, it is a matter of record that his wildly profound statement won an immediate place in the living language. No less an authority than George Jean Nathan, the celebrated drama critic, pronounced it superb after reading it in the sports pages. Mr. Nathan, who is also a Yankee fan, even wrote it down on a scrap of paper and put it in his wallet, presumably along with quotations from Shakespeare.

It should not be inferred, however, that Mr. Nathan or anyone else had the slightest idea of what Casey was talking about. Few people can claim that distinction.

But whatever Casey's difficulties with the English language, there is no doubt that, at $80,000 a year, he ought to be the best manager in baseball—if only because he is the highest paid.

Whether Casey actually is the best manager in baseball is debatable, although it is impossible to see how anyone else could have been more



The Old Professor changes line-ups so fast he bewilders experts. But nobody can prove he doesn't know what he is doing. As Casey says: "You want proof? Four pennants."

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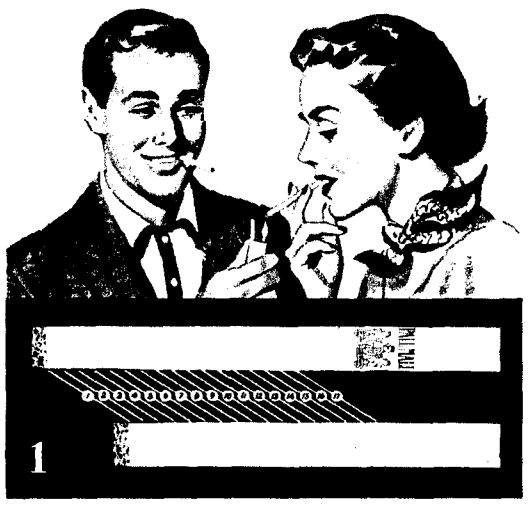

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Al Lopez says Stengel wins principally because he takes chances with youngsters

successful than he has been with the New York Yankees.

Only two other managers ever won four pennants in a row—John McGraw of the New York Giants and Joe McCarthy with another group of Yankees. Only one other manager—McCarthy—has won four consecutive World Series to go with his four pennants. And not even McGraw or McCarthy compiled his record in his first four years at the helm, as Stengel did. The awesome fact is that, in the four years Stengel has been managing the Yankees, they have been out of the first division a total of only 22 days.

On the other hand, it has been a scant 10 years since Ed Barrow, the old Yankee empire builder, snorted that Stengel was nothing but a "clown" when the rubber-faced gentleman was first proposed as a possible future manager for the dignified Yankees. In 1944, Bill Veeck nearly blew one of his cylinders when Stengel was hired in his absence to pilot Veeck's Milwaukee club in the American Association. And Hank Greenberg, general manager of the Cleveland Indians, insists even today that the Yankee manager is overrated. With the Indians usually running second these days, it is possible, however, to detect the redolent aroma of sour grapes in some of Greenberg's thrusts at the Old Professor.

No One Thinks He's a Genius

Nevertheless, since baseball is the sort of game where a missed bunt on an ordinary June afternoon can cause more second-guessing than Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, there are a thousand and one different ways to look at Stengel as a manager. The other managers in the American League know him best. But their opinions conflict because each sees Stengel in action only 22 times a season, and then under widely varying circumstances. Only one fact seems sure: no one in baseball assumes that Stengel is a genius. The debatable points are whether Stengel is smarter than most managers, luckier than most, or is simply riding a tide, since he obviously has had the players he needed to win each season over the long 154-game haul.

But curiously, none of the managers who regularly mastermind against Stengel can say specifically what it is he does to beat them except get more runs. The final game of the 1952 World Series, however, found various managers in various attitudes of hindsight after a typical bit of Stengelian flimflam. The incident is worth relating in detail because it emphasizes the divergent viewpoints of different managers on one simple maneuver.

With the Series tied at three games each and the Yankees leading Brooklyn, 4-2, in the seventh inning of the last game at Ebbets Field, Vic Raschi, the usually reliable New York right-hander, began listing dangerously. After walking Carl Furillo to open the inning, he got pinch hitter Rocky Nelson on a pop fly; but Billy Cox singled, sending Furillo to second, and the roof started to sag. Raschi then walked Pee Wee Reese, filling the bases. With the power-hitting Duke Snider coming up, the grinding of gears in Stengel's head was audible in the farthest reaches of the park, even above the swelling roar of the crowd. Like a sea captain on a pitching deck, Casey came rolling out of the wheelhouse and motioned for Bob Kuzava, a left-handed reliever.

The second-guessing began instantly. Kuzava, it was true, had performed heroically under similar circumstances in the 1951 Series against the Giants, but he still was not a particularly distinguished hurler, and his previous managers on other clubs had found him frequently undependable in rough going. Moreover, he was coming in to face the big guns of the Brooklyn batting order, predominantly right-handed, in a bandbox park. There was murder in the offing.

Snider, one of the two left-hand hitters in the Dodger line-up stepped to the plate. Throwing only fast balls on the outside, away from Snider's main strength, Kuzava labored to a full count. Then, as Stengel sighed gratefully for the favor, Snider popped to McDougald. There were two out. Now Jackie Robinson was up. Kuzava threw and Robinson hooked a savage liner into the left-field stands—foul.

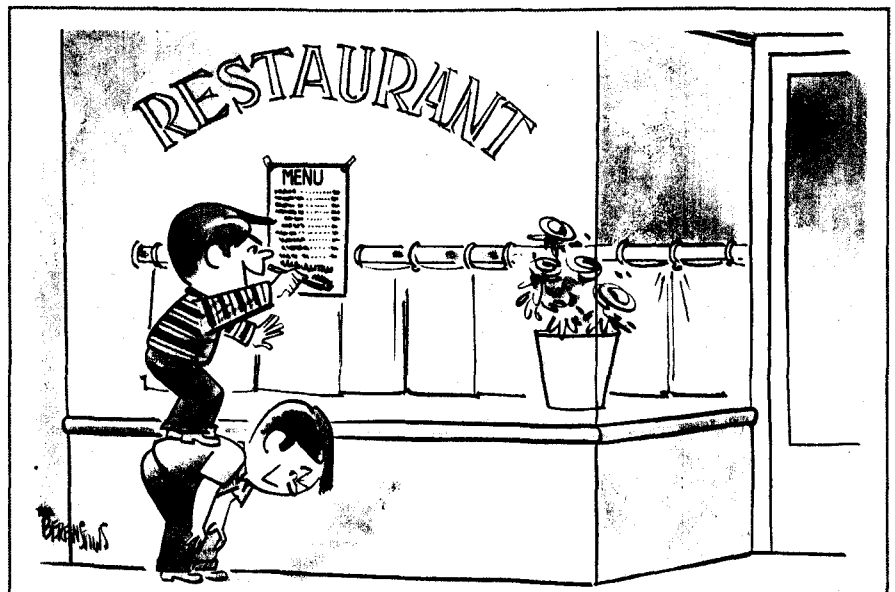
The Old Professor signaled frantically to Yogi Berra, the Yankees' catcher. At this point, Kuzava threw the only curve he ventured during his entire stint of 2⅔ innings. Set for another fast ball, Robinson was grievously hoodwinked by ol' Case and succeeded only in lofting the famous wind-blown pop which Billy Martin finally collared behind the pitcher's mound for the third out.

As history has noted, Kuzava breezed through the last two innings as though his name were Robert Moses Grove; there was no more scoring, and once again the Yankees took it all.

After the game, Stengel chortled, "We always win on the road. We can't win at home. The ground's too smooth." Someone asked him about bringing in Kuzava. "I used them three old guys first," he said, referring obliquely to the fact that Eddie Lopat, Allie Reynolds and Raschi had all been in the game. "I knew money wouldn't scare 'em. Them guys don't start counting their Series money until it's over." Asked again about Kuzava, Stengel winked broadly and, astonishingly enough, said nothing. Presumably, he had said it all the year before when Kuzava came in with the bases loaded with Giants in the ninth inning and retired three hitters in a row—throwing only one curve then too—to sew up that Series.

Nevertheless, Stengel's use of Kuzava again in 1952 is still debated among managers. Lefty O'Doul, who suffered a series of notable collisions with the Stengel intellect for three years in the Pacific Coast League, feels that Stengel is a great manager, but he also feels that he's lucky. "He reaches out in the seventh game and comes in with Kuzava," O'Doul moaned recently. "Do you mean to tell me Stengel knew Kuzava was going to stick their bats in their ears?"

On the other hand, Charley Dressen, the Brooklyn manager, insists that Stengel was playing percentage when he called for Kuzava and that he, Dressen, would have done exactly the same with Snider at bat. Leo Durocher, who drank from the same glass of poison the previous year, recalls that Stengel confessed he was gambling with Kuzava in that Series, and Leo suspects that he was gambling again. Lou Boudreau, manager of the Boston Red Sox, says he would never have thought of summoning Kuzava, even though it was cloudy enough to make Kuzava's fast ball more effective than it otherwise would have been.



COLLIER'S **"We'll hang around and see what happens when somebody orders the 85-cent steak"** STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

What Is His Success Formula?

Baseball is that way, and while the Kuzava maneuver was only one decision in a World Series game, the formula Stengel uses during the regular season to stimulate the Yankees to pennant after pennant is also analyzed differently by various managers. All of them naturally agree that he has good ballplayers, which is the first requisite for any winning manager; but they disagree on what he feeds them.

Bucky Harris, of the Senators, who was replaced as manager of the Yankees by Stengel in 1949 after Bucky had won a pennant and finished a close third in successive seasons, might reasonably be expected to express disenchantment with the Yankees. But Bucky has nothing uncomplimentary to say about his successor, although he doesn't see anything mysterious about the way Stengel wins pennants. Al Lopez, who played under a losing Stengel in Brooklyn in the early thirties, thinks much of Casey's success stems from his willingness to take a chance with youngsters like Billy Martin and Gil McDougald and Mickey Mantle.

Paul Richards, manager of the Chicago White Sox, sides with Harris. "Stengel doesn't do anything different," he said recently. "He just makes a bigger act out of it. Any time a winning manager does something slightly unusual, it sticks out like a sore thumb. A losing manager can do the same thing and nobody will notice it. I do think, though, that Casey used his pitchers very well last year, at least against us. And nobody ever accused him of being dumb, even when he was losing." Richards paused briefly, then added succinctly, by way of reference to Stengel's outside investments, "Of course, a manager can work with considerably more abandon if he owns several producing oil wells."

The Greatest Sunday Manager

And so it goes. Boudreau thinks Stengel, because of the way he juggles players, probably comes closest of all managers to being unorthodox. Jimmie Dykes of the Philadelphia Athletics can't see that Casey does anything unusual. (Stengel, incidentally, is a great admirer of Dykes from certain points of view. "He's the greatest Sunday manager in the world," Stengel observed not long ago. "They got a curfew in Philadelphia and he always manages to beat you about two minutes before closing time.")

Rogers Hornsby, who managed the St. Louis Browns before moving over to Cincinnati in the National League last year, is a man who keeps a jaundiced eye on club executives, and, as he looks at it, "Casey wins because he's got no front-office interference. He knows the capabilities of his players and he's a good enough manager to improve them, and his front office doesn't get in his way. Front-office interference beat Cleveland last year." Charley Dressen probably sums up the whole argument when he says, "Why ask about Stengel now? He was a good manager twenty years ago."

Stengel's career has unquestionably been one of violent fortunes and misfortunes. For most of his career, he could look up and see only the crows flapping their wings over him; it is only recently that he has been able to count on finding bluebirds. From 1925, when he started his managerial career at Worcester, Massachusetts, in the Eastern League—and, incidentally, met Yankee general manager George Weiss for the first time—until he came to the Yankees in 1948, Stengel had won only three pennants in 23 years: one at Toledo in the American Association, one at Milwaukee, also in the American Association, and his third at Oakland in the Pacific Coast League.

When he managed Brooklyn for three years starting in 1934, he had no players worthy of their uniforms except Van Lingle Mungo, the fireballing right-hander. Stengel suffered the ignominy of being paid $15,000 *not* to manage the Dodgers in 1937, having been released at the end of the 1936 season with a year to go on his contract. In 1938, he began a melancholy six-year stretch with the hapless Boston Braves that was capped on a drizzling,

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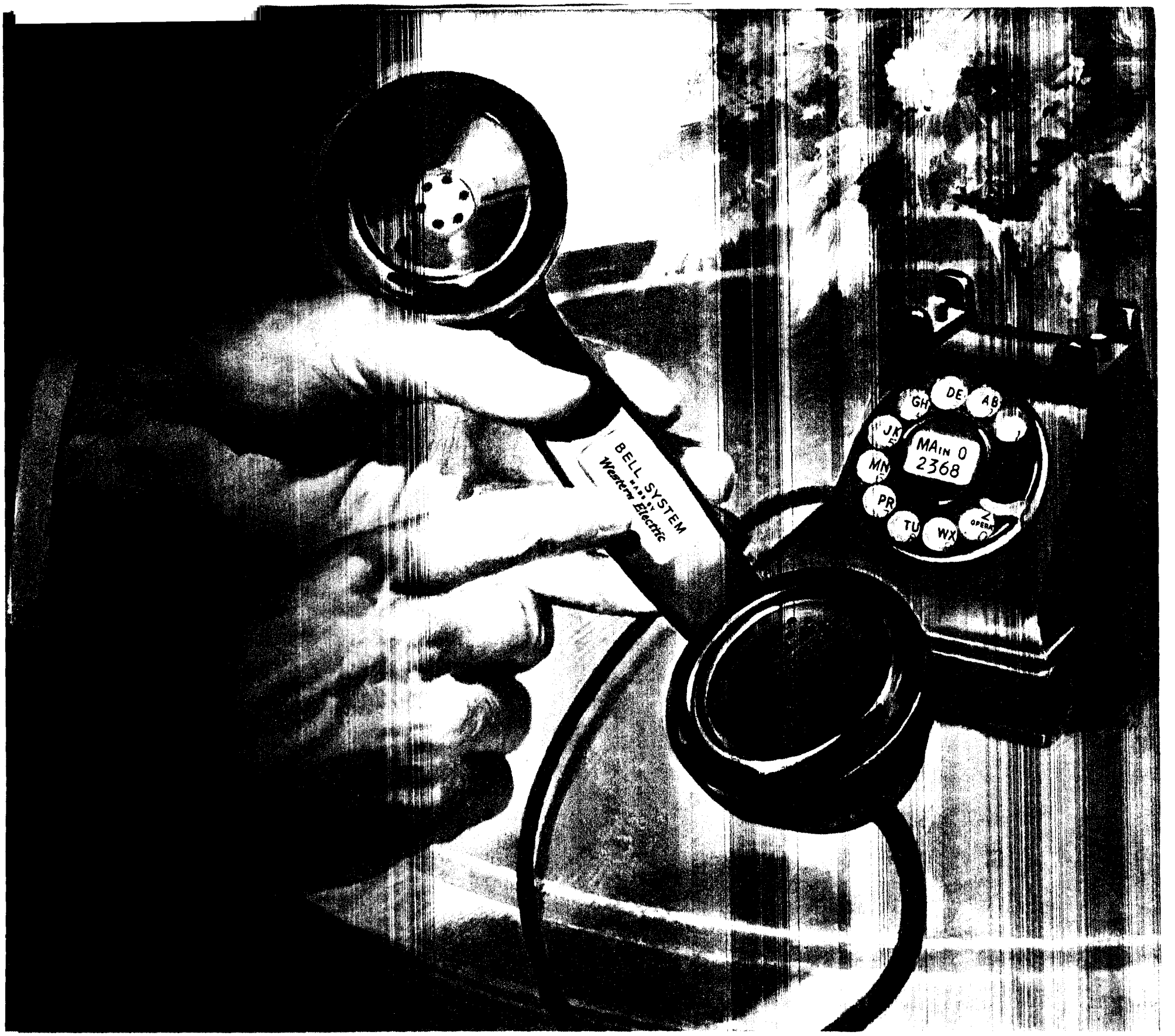

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Paul Richards says Casey does nothing different—he just puts on "a bigger act"

foggy night in April, 1943, when he was hit by an automobile while crossing a Boston street and his leg was broken. When the 1944 season opened, the battered Stengel was out of a job and had had about enough. Then the Cubs called Charley Grimm up to the parent club from Milwaukee, a Chicago farm, and Grimm suggested Casey as his replacement. When Bill Veeck, the head of the Milwaukee organization, heard about the appointment while serving in the South Pacific as a Marine, he exploded into a frenzy of protests by mail.

But as the season wore on, Stengel kept winning, and Veeck was subdued by the reports of continuing Brewer victories. Nevertheless, after he had won his first pennant in 17 years, Stengel resigned with alacrity at the end of the season, since he had been tipped off that he was scheduled to be fired anyway.

Stengel next turned up at Kansas City, where he finished seventh with a poor club. With that painful season over, he was determined once again to hang up his cap. But Brick Laws, an old friend and president of the Oakland club in the Pacific Coast League, talked him into managing the Oaks, using the dubious argument that Casey would be close to his home in Glendale, California. Actually, of course, Stengel needed precious little persuasion. Baseball has always been his life. It was after his three years in Oakland that George Weiss, the canny Yankee general manager, presented Stengel with baseball's finest managerial job.

Skeptics Credit Farm System

Stengel has risen to the occasion with his usual aplomb, but a good many observers persist in regarding him with the sort of skepticism one might expect if Whistler's Mother turned up in the Yankee dugout. Mostly, they claim that Stengel is successful only because he is able to tap baseball's finest reservoir of farm talent whenever one of his regulars runs out of gas. The charge is not entirely justified, of course, but the club's rich farm system certainly contributes heavily to Casey's success at Yankee Stadium.

Not only have the Mickey Mantles and Billy Martins and Whitey Fords already given the opposition fits, but the present crop of rookies waiting to be harvested and tossed into Mr. Stengel's hopper is equally choice. Of the Yankees' 10 farm teams, six wound up in their respective first divisions last season, and a total of 38 Yankee prodigies won all-star honors in 1952.

There is more to Casey's success than the farm system, however. When Stengel took over the Yankees for the 1949 season, he inherited anything but a powerhouse. Joe DiMaggio was out a good part of the year with a heel injury. Tommy Henrich broke a toe and suffered a cracked vertebra in his back. Phil Rizzuto had a shoulder ailment. All told, the Yankees survived 71 cases of injury and illness while Stengel, getting yeoman help from relief pitcher Joe Page, steered them to the pennant over a tough Boston team that held the lead in the last week until the final two games.

None of Stengel's triumphs has been easy. In 1950, DiMaggio had almost run out his string. Henrich and Page were about through. Still, the Yankees won. In 1951, Stengel did not have a single player who batted in 100 runs, Yogi Berra being high at 88; and only Gil McDougald hit over .300. But the Yankees won again. Last year, DiMaggio had retired. Johnny Mize and Phil Rizzuto, to name two veterans, were another year older. And Cleveland, which turned out to have three 20-game winners on its pitching staff, looked like a shoo-in. Nevertheless, the Yankees did it once more for Stengel.

Stengel's success in handling young players has been outstanding because he is willing to spend endless hours with them, and if their ears hold up they can learn a great deal listening to him. Mickey Mantle, a shortstop when he came up to the Yankees after only two years in organized baseball, got himself skulled trying to catch his first fly ball in an exhibition game, but Stengel stuck with him and eventually made him into a brilliant outfielder. Gil McDougald was a second baseman who hadn't been able to make his high-school team, but Stengel brought him up from the Texas League and immediately made him a combination second baseman-third baseman for the exalted New York Yankees.

Everything considered, it hasn't been a soft job for a man in his sixties. Once, after he had spent over an hour trying to teach Billy Martin how to hit to right field, Stengel came back to the dugout and dropped wearily on the bench. "That kid doesn't think I know how to do it," he complained. "He thinks I was born sixty years old."

One of the criticisms of Stengel has always been that he didn't know how to develop young players in the minor leagues. Actually, Woody English and Bill Knickerbocker, two fine infielders, were molded into presentable form by Stengel at Toledo. In 1946, he had Frank Shea at Oakland, and Shea did much to help the Yankees win the pennant the next year under Bucky Harris. In 1946 and 1947, Stengel managed Gene Bearden at Oakland, and Bearden went on in 1948 to win the play-off game for Cleveland's pennant. Billy Martin was a kid kicking around a sand-lot clinic in Oakland when Stengel discovered him. The one mistake that has lived to haunt Casey is the time in 1936 he sent a kid named Phil Rizzuto home from a tryout at Ebbets Field because he was "too little."

The Old Professor has been just as successful with the older players. Some of the veterans on the Yankees were doubtful about Stengel when he arrived on the scene in 1949, and Tommy Henrich was one of those who had heard a lot about him, "but mostly funny stuff," as he later put it. After the season was over, Henrich confessed: "I don't know of any manager who could have done a better job with us. I rank him right up there with Joe McCarthy and you know what I've always thought of Joe."

During his stewardship of the Yankees, it has been Stengel's machinations with his line-ups that have bewildered more than one baseball expert. Stengel picks out batting orders the way a woman chooses a hat, trying one on for size, rejecting another, and finally winding up with the third or fourth one. Last season he used a total of 99 different line-ups, which is undoubtedly a world's record for managerial indecision. One afternoon, shortly before a game with the Athletics, Jimmie Dykes met Stengel at the plate to trade batting orders and glanced quickly at the card Stengel handed him.

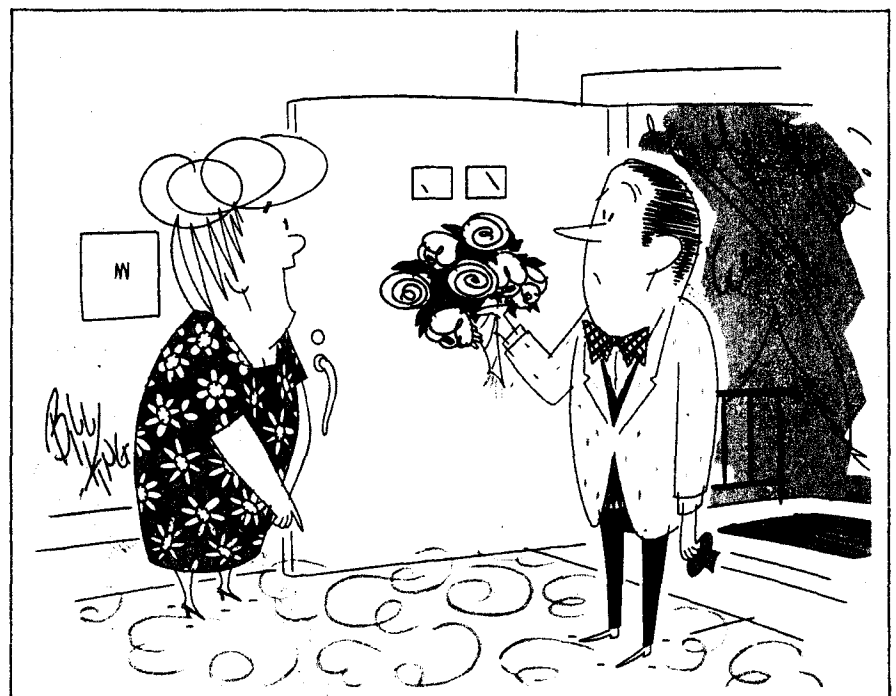
"You got the wrong line-up, Casey," he said.

"What do you mean?" Stengel demanded. "It's the same as yesterday's."

"I know," Dykes said. "That's why it must be a mistake."

As always, of course, there is a reason for Stengel's seeming madness. For one thing, he is presently without a dependable fourth-place hitter, and for another thing, he is a devoted slave to the time-honored baseball theory that left-handers do not hit right-handers, and vice versa. Stengel started his two-platoon system in Oakland before Earl Blaik exploited the football version at West Point. Over the season Nick Etten, a left-hand hitter who played first base for Oakland and never faced a southpaw pitcher all year, had one of the best years of his career, thereby convincing Stengel of the efficacy of his system.

When the Old Professor really starts to juggle a line-up, players tumble out of the deep recesses of his mind like beans spilling out of a bottle, but nobody can prove that he doesn't know what he is doing. As Casey himself puts it, "Four years, four pennants. You want more proof?"



"My daughter's blind date? Oh, that's nice—she has always wanted a date"

COLLIER'S — BILL KING

Why Book Idea Was Abandoned

George Weiss is also so convinced of Stengel's infallibility that he began thinking not long ago of having someone in the Yankee office take down Stengel's remarks on the art of managing, with a view toward compiling the pearls in a book which would be the "compleat word." Unfortunately, the project has now been abandoned, but only because Weiss discovered he could not spare anyone to stand around long enough waiting for Casey to get to the point.

Casey delivered one of his classic speeches after the second game of the World Series last fall. Beaten by Brooklyn in the first game, 4-2, the Yankees had evened the Series by giving the Dodgers a resounding 7-1 hiding in the second game, and Casey was now asked about his line-up for the following day.

"I'm going to start the old feller (Johnny Mize) at first base tomorrow," Casey said. "I figure with that soft left-hander (Ed Lopat) going for us, them other fellers (Brooklyn) will be pulling the ball away from the old guy because they're all right-hand hitters except that center fielder (Duke Snider), so I don't have to worry about the old feller's fielding. Besides, my other first baseman (Joe Collins) can't hit left-handed pitchers and that skinny left-hander (Preacher Roe) figures to be going for the other club. With the old feller (Mize again), it don't make no difference how them pitchers throw. He hits 'em all."

The logic behind this proposed maneuver was incontrovertibly sound. So what did Stengel do? The next day, he started Joe Collins at first base. Collins, moreover, gave full support to Stengel's theory that he wouldn't be able to hit Roe by going hitless in four attempts, whereas Johnny Mize, finally introduced as a pinch hitter by the wildly thinking Stengel late in the game, promptly hit a home run. It was too late, however. Largely because of a double steal by Pee Wee Reese and Jackie Robinson and a Tom Gorman pitch that got away from Yogi Berra, New York dropped the third game, 5-3—but went on to win the Series.

For all of Stengel's weird shifts in strategy and weirder use of the English language, he is the Compleat Manager. No man lives who has a more consuming devotion to baseball or knows more about the game. Del Webb, one of the Yankee owners, said it all when Stengel was hired shortly before the 1948 Presidential election.

"Casey may not know much about the issues President Truman and Governor Dewey are arguing," Webb said, "but if they ever in their lives played baseball, Casey knows exactly how to pitch to them." ▲▲▲

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Brass-Bound SECRET

By VAN CORT

Was this awesome device, capable of infinite speed, a great discovery? Or was it a hoax, the result of deliberate and terrible treachery?

GEARS whining, the jeep crawled over the desert floor like a bug on a carpet. For minutes, the colonel at the wheel had said nothing, but now he did a strange thing. He spoke, turning to glance at me, and something too casual in his tone told me that his question was not as idle as he wanted it to seem. "Let's see, now, Rich"—he smiled reminiscently—"we were in sixth grade together, weren't we?"

"That's right," I said. The inane question irritated me. It was fearfully hot under the high canvas top, and I could feel the moisture of my body being pulled through my skin to evaporate before it could even moisten my shirt.

"Fifth grade, too, weren't we?" he said, and he frowned as though he weren't quite sure.

"Yes."

"And the fourth." This he added as though it were one fact he was sure of, hardly making it a question at all.

"For God's sake, Jake, you know as well as I do my folks didn't move to St. Paul until I was in fifth grade—twenty-nine years ago last summer."

He glanced at me in amused compassion; my face, I know, looked flushed and hot and showed my annoyance. Jake's the same age as *I*, but thin as ever, his face long, hollow-cheeked and pale even now.

He's stubborn as ever, too. He stared through the windshield, lower lip under his teeth, frowning as though trying to remember. "What was our fifth-grade teacher's name?" he said.

I sighed. "Mauer," I said. "Miss Mauer. 'Mauer, Mauer, your face is like flour; you're twice as big as the water tower.' "

"Yeah." He smiled, and the fear and worry left his eyes. "Okay, Rich," he said, "I'm sorry."

I put a hand on his arm. "Jake, what's wrong? Of all people, don't you *know* it's me? Just by look—"

His face suddenly twisted, and he turned to me, shaking his head as though to clear it. "Rich, I'm losing my judgment!" he said. "I just don't *know* any more—about anything. I don't know what's true and what isn't; I can't seem to tell." Staring at the wheel-track road, he was silent for a moment. When he spoke again, his voice was defensive. "But it's possible; it's certainly not *im*possible, anyway, that with plastic surgery—very skilled, I mean; the best—someone could be made to look exactly like . . ." His voice trailed off as he realized the absurdity of what he was saying.

I didn't answer, but my silence spoke for me.

"All right," he said irritably, "all *right*." Then he added sullenly, "But it doesn't hurt to make sure."

We were grinding up a slight rise, and now as the jeep nosed over its top, Jake pointed ahead. A line of heavy steel fencing, topped with an inverted barbed-wire V, cut across the desert, studded at intervals with concrete pillboxes. "Believe me, Rich," he said, "I've *got* to be sure."

It took ten minutes to get past the sentry; we drove on for another mile; then the road tipped down into a shallow valley, and there lay a group of concrete buildings. We pulled up beside one, into the blue-black shade. Jake cut the ignition, and the heat waves rose shimmering over the flat jeep hood.

Placatingly, he put a hand on my knee. "Now I need a promise from you, Rich," he said gently. He nodded at the building beside us, a big, ugly, concrete box with heavy wire-covered windows; it looked like a fort. "I swore seventeen kinds of oaths never to tell anyone, let alone a civilian, what's going on in there. But to hell with that; there are other things more important."

"What do you want me to promise? That I won't blab your big secret all over town?" I asked.

"No," he said evenly, humoring me, "I won't bother to ask that. I want you to test a machine with me."

I waited, but he didn't say any more. "What kind of machine?" I said.

"I can't say, till I know you'll do it."

I tried to think about that. "Well, why me? I'm not in the Army."

"I know," he said gently. "And there are Army officers I've known twenty-odd years. But you're the only person I've known practically all my life; the one person in the world I *know* is just what he seems to be."

"Well, damn it, Jake," I said helplessly, "what kind of machine, or— What does it *do?* What *can* you tell me?"

He blew his top. "Rich, I didn't bring you here to refuse!"

"All right!" I stood up, then stepped down to the sand. For a moment, I could have hit him. "All right, but it's the damnedest promise *I* ever made."

Jake swung his legs over the side, then led the way to the building entrance, pulling a ring of keys from his pocket. Not smiling, not joking at all, he said over his shoulder, "It'll be the damnedest thing you ever did, too; that I'll promise *you*."

Inside, the place had the silent, deserted feeling

"Don't you see?" he said. "Any effort would be worth while if it fooled us." I stared at the dead world before us

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of an office building on Sunday, and we walked across the anteroom and into a linoleum-floored corridor, hearing no sound but our own footsteps. Twice, in the corridor, we came to bank-vault doors, and each time, at Jake's request, I stood with my back turned while he worked the dials of combination locks. Then we turned into what seemed an ordinary office.

Then I saw, set into one wall, a large, heavy sheet of glass, and on the other side of it, three men in shirt sleeves sat at a table playing cards. Their collars were open, and two ash trays on the table were filled; they had the look of men with a great deal of time on their hands, and several tennis balls and two rackets lay on the floor against the far wall.

JAKE sat on the edge of a desk, facing the glass, and I came over and stood beside him. The men didn't so much as glance at us, and Jake said, "One-way vision. They can't see us."

"Whose bid?" a voice squawked in the ceiling, and I jumped.

"They can't hear us, either," Jake said, "but there's a microphone in there, their dining room, bedrooms, bathrooms, workrooms, and down the length of every hall and corridor they ever use.

I looked at him questioningly.

"Those are the scientists in charge," he said and he smiled.

"You're too trusting, Jake, too gullible; it'll get you in trouble someday."

He didn't answer directly. "Three men," he said, "that's all. This isn't the bomb project where we needed dozens or thought we did. Except for armies of technicians who were never told what they were working on, these are all we needed, and"—he shrugged—"all we could get." He turned to me. "If ever we ought to be certain of the unimpeachable loyalty of men, this is the time. Yet who are they?"

"Two spades," the loud-speaker said, and Jake pointed at the man who had spoken: a bitter-faced black-haired man in his early thirties. "Beauchamp," Jake said. "An Englishman, in spite of his name. We checked his life history, but there are gaps of weeks and months that we can only take his word for. And his attitude is: trust him or not; so far as he's concerned, we can go—" and Jake added an unprintable expression.

The bidding went on—I realized that they were playing three-handed bridge—and Jake nodded at a tall blond man wearing glasses. "That's Gilbert, an American. We've talked to everyone who ever knew him, I think, and I guess he's all right. He has the opinion, however, that the scientists in charge of the Manhattan Project should have sabotaged the atomic bomb and reported failure—for the good of humanity. We hired him anyway, because we had to." With a contemptuous jerk of his thumb, Jake indicated the third man, young, thin and bald. "And we hired that one, too. Seamans, a man with a record of extreme emotional instability." He stood up suddenly and glared at me. "He's supposed to be okay now, but I'm not so damn' sure."

Jake turned on his heel as though he could no longer bear the sight on the other side of the glass and began walking about the room touching things: a pencil on a desk, a Venetian blind, a calendar pad. "But it is almost certain," he went on more quietly, "that they are the only three men in the world whose brains combine the qualifications essential to this project. So there they are. They live in confinement, have absolutely no contact with the world. They agreed to it, for more money than you or I will ever see. And that's how I've taken care of security. Come on." Jake stepped to a door and twisted the dial. "Meet the boys."

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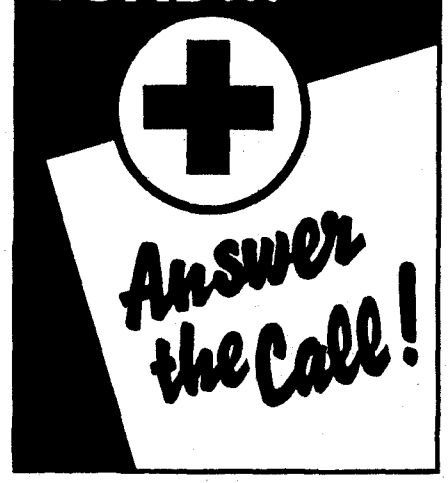

Answer the Call!

The game stopped when we entered the room, but the men didn't stand as Jake introduced us, and we each simply nodded, no one smiling or speaking. Fingering their cards, they sat staring at the tabletop, waiting for Jake to speak again.

"I want him to see it," Jake said, and Beauchamp just nodded.

Jake pushed open an unlocked door. "Watch the steps," he said, and I followed him, the others after me, down two stone steps into a tremendous, nearly empty room. It was far more than a room; it was a vast enclosed area, concrete-paved, the walls curving up into a vaulted roof nearly invisible in the shadows four stories or more overhead. There were no pillars or obstructions; it was like an enormously oversize Quonset hut, lighted by a continuous band of fluorescent tubing all around the walls about ten feet from the floor. Below this, ranged solidly around every wall except at one end of the building, lay tons of machinery, an incredible array of enormous switch panels, banks of tubes, signal panels. I couldn't begin to guess what it all was, or what it was for.

The huge floor was well lighted, and in the center was an object—the contraption, I knew, whatever it was, that we had come to see—and we all walked toward it. It sat not on the floor, but several feet above it, and I couldn't see what supported it. It was square in shape, the corners rounded, and on top sat a transparent dome. No one spoke, and our footsteps were loud and echoing. The closer we got, the larger I realized the object was, and as we drew near, I saw it was fifteen or sixteen feet square—the size of a large living room—and several feet high. The dome was clear, heavy plastic, reinforced with a steel rib, and the dome, too, was large—perhaps five feet across. We stopped beside the machine, and I saw that the entire surface, except the dome, was smooth blue metal, like a gun barrel.

"Look underneath," Jake said, and I stooped and saw a heavy copper ring set flat in the concrete, but nothing else; the machine seemed to sit in the air over the ring, and I glanced questioningly at Jake. "That's right," he said, "it floats." He took a pole that lay near and swung it over the machine. "Nothing holding it up, either. Good trick, eh?" He continued to look at me for a moment, then turned to Gilbert. His voice was flat and expressionless. "Tell him what it is," he said.

"Antigravity," said Gilbert. "We've solved it."

"Give him lecture A," said Jake, "the condensed version."

GILBERT studied me for a moment, then puffed out his cheeks in a little sigh at the difficulty, apparently, of explaining this to me. "A year or so ago," he said wearily, a group of scientists announced a new theory: the gravity-time theory. Maybe you read about it; it was in all the papers."

I nodded.

"Did you understand it?" he asked maliciously.

"No." I shook my head.

He glanced at Beauchamp and Seamans, and they looked at him sardonically. "Well, maybe you remember one of their predictions; they said that a way would be found to counteract gravity. The papers loved that, especially the cartoonists."

"I saw something about it."

"So did the colonel here. And his boss. Which is when and why they hired us. Well"—Gilbert reached out and tapped the side of the object hanging before us—"I can't explain the

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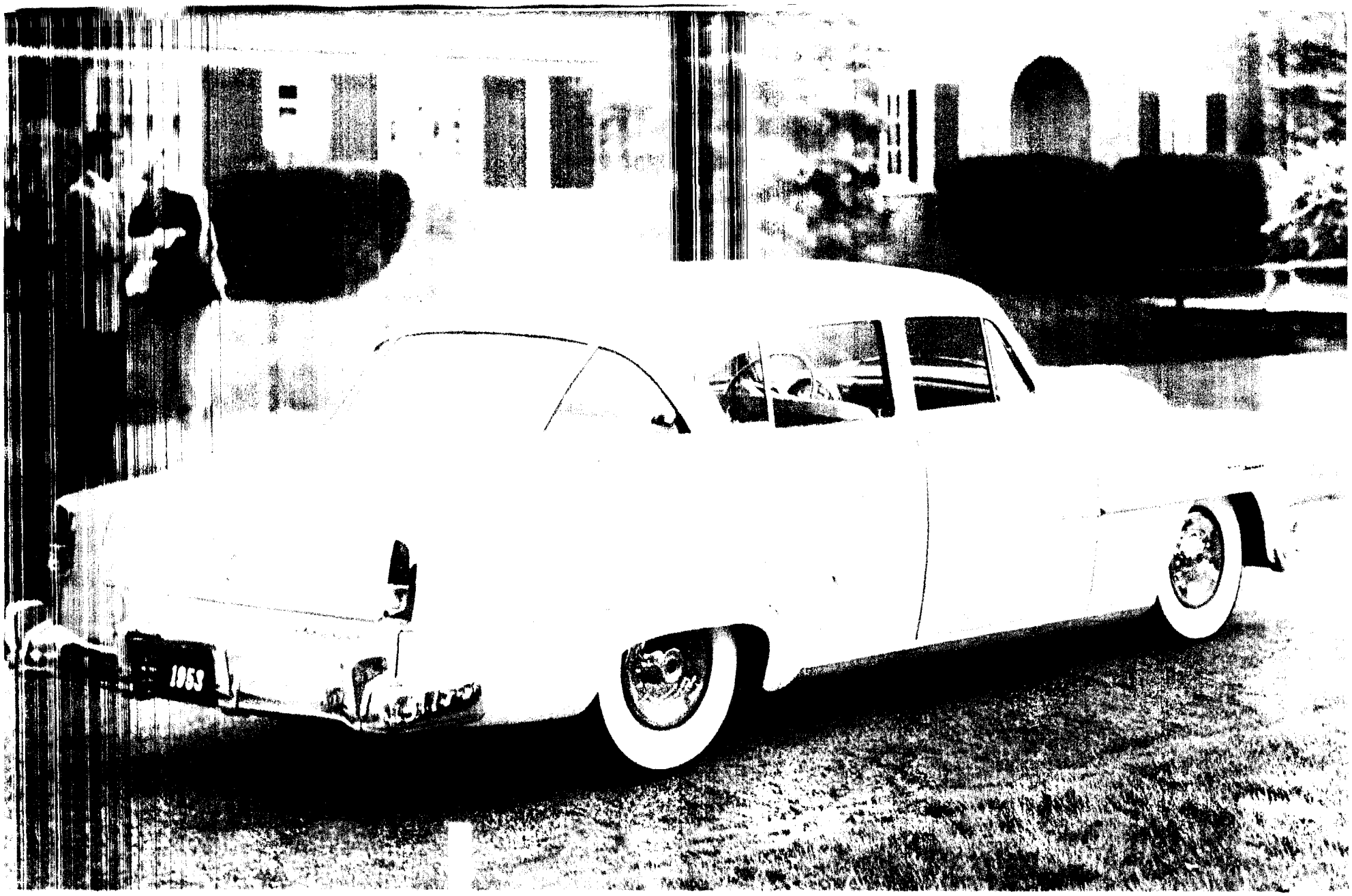

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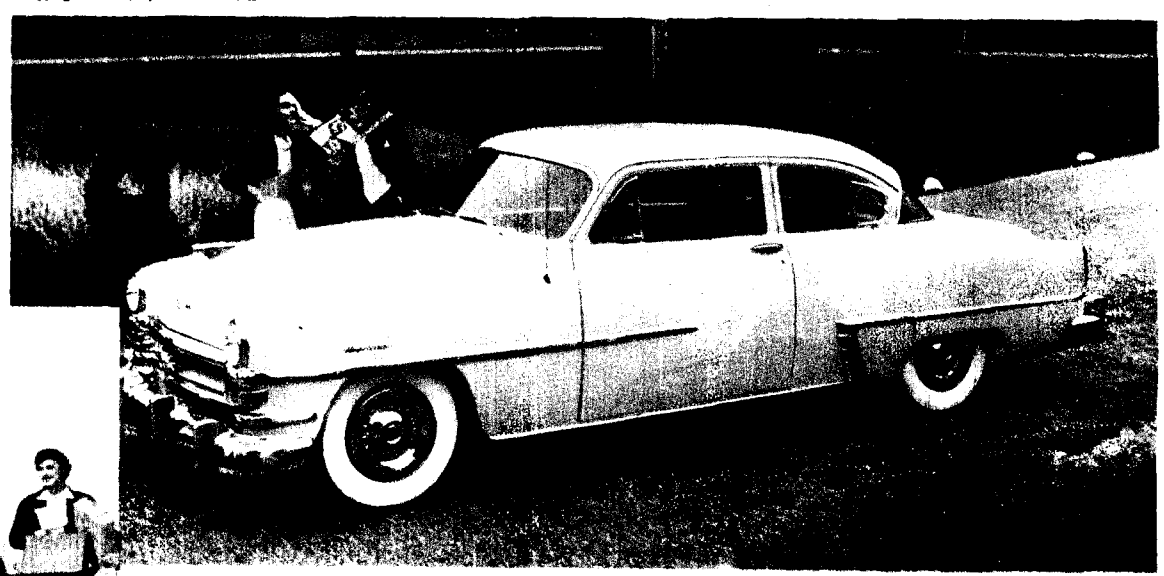

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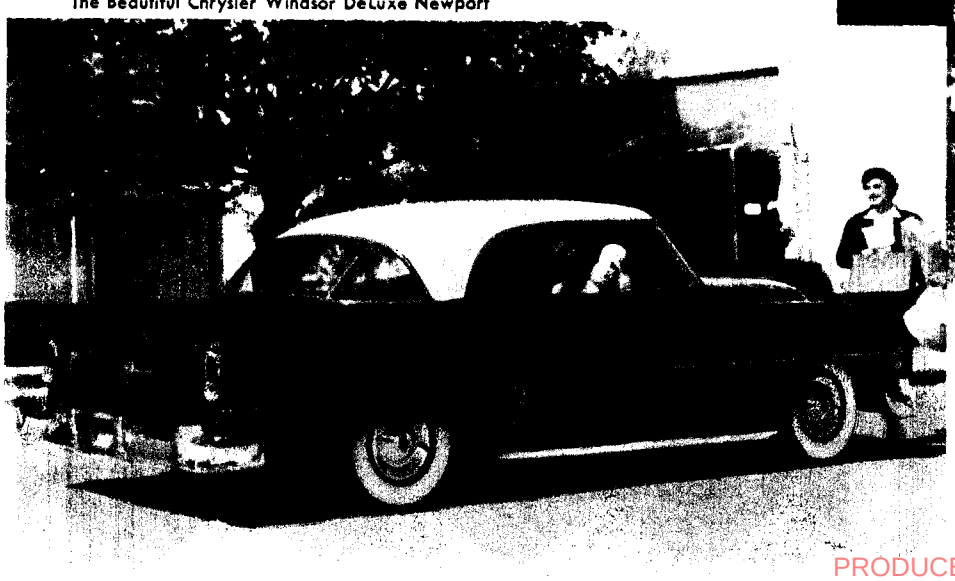

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gravity-time theory in five minutes. Or years. But it means what it says. All previous theories—relativity, for example—have been unified, combined into one. And what does it show? That just about everything—gravity, space, time, matter—are not separate at all, but one and the same thing; different but interdependent aspects of one fundamental electrical force."

GILBERT took off his glasses and twirled them by an earpiece, staring at me, trying to gauge what I was getting out of this. Then he said, "Look; my hand isn't my foot and my nose isn't my ear, but they're all connected. And when you add them all up, they're all *one* thing: me. Well, that's the new theory: that nearly every fact of the universe is only a different aspect of the same thing, all connected, all one and the same, actually, and they've finally showed us how and why."

He put his glasses on, blinked and said, "And once you know what a thing is, gravity or anything else, it's just a matter of time and work to figure out how to control it." He glanced at Beauchamp and Seamans. "To people like us, that is. Not you. And not the colonel. And not anyone else, in Washington, the country, or the whole damn' world, probably, including the gravity-time guys. They drew the road map, but they don't know how to drive."

Gilbert ran his hand over the smooth blue surface in professional admiration of his own work. "Anyway, there it is: signed, sealed and delivered with a price tag bigger than a battleship. It doesn't float"—he glanced contemptuously at Jake—"and there's nothing holding it up. The point is that nothing's pulling it down. A nice job, if I do say so, but I don't think the colonel believes it, though he's tested it himself. Personally, I think he's afraid to."

Jake turned on him, the hostility naked and out in the open now. Quietly he said, "You're damn' right I'm afraid to believe it, test or no test." He turned and, striding rapidly, walked to a small workbench in among the machinery against the wall. He took something from the bench and came back with it, holding it out for me to see: a long varnished wood stick. "A meter stick," he said, stopping beside me. "Like a yardstick, only it measures in meters." He looked around at the three others, then back at me. "Just before the test, I came in here alone to make a few measurements. In a report to the Army, you include everything, whether it's important or not. When I finished, I did this." Jake stooped and propped the meter stick against the machine. "And I left the stick like this, leaning against the machine, over on the other side, out of sight. And it stayed there; I forgot about it."

He smiled grimly. "Then came the big test. We took off in this machine. My, my," he said sarcastically, "the places we went and the things we saw! I was never so overwhelmed in my life"—his face turned ugly—"until we got back. Rich, I happened to climb out on the other side—*and the stick was still there!* Just as I'd left it, leaning against the side!" With quiet bitterness he said, "Obviously we'd been nowhere. We hadn't moved an inch. Somehow a tremendous illusion had been created, the greatest hoax in history. How it was done, I couldn't even imagine. But there simply could not be any other possible explanation. Yet there was; wasn't there, Beauchamp?"

Beauchamp had been staring at the floor; now he raised his head slowly and looked at me. "I don't blame the colonel," he said, brows lifted in appeal. "How could I? He had to think what he did. And we were puzzled, too; undoubtedly we should have anticipated this, yet we did not." With sudden intensity, he said, "*Listen,*" and I knew his indifference hadn't been real and that he very much wanted to make me believe this. "We live with fundamentals, or at least we have always thought they were fundamental; gravity, time, space, matter, electricity. They are all linked together; they have always been unalterable and unescapable, until now. No wonder we failed to anticipate! But now we've discovered something. What happens when you succeed in tampering, for the first time in the history of the universe, with one of these linked fundamentals? *You tamper with them all!* Cut out gravity—and you cut out *time!* Incredible as that sounds, it is a fact. From the instant you begin to move in this"—he touched the machine—"you have escaped from gravity and, we discover, you escape from time; there *is* no time. And you return, you *must* return, to the very instant in time that you left."

He turned to Jake, and solemnly, as though taking an oath, he said, "We traveled as I say we did, as you saw we did, and when we returned, your stick hadn't fallen. It had no opportunity or reason to fall, because we hadn't been gone, *in time,* even the tiniest fraction of a second." He stood staring at Jake, waiting for an answer; then when Jake didn't reply, he added quietly, speaking to himself and to all of us, "He doesn't want to believe, and I don't blame him. We have gone too far; this is too much; it can destroy the world." He looked at me. "But the colonel is a lifetime officer of the Army, and he has a duty: to deliver, unquestioningly, the strongest weapon he can develop, no matter how he fears it. He is also a man, however, a member of the human race, with a conflicting duty. Whether he realizes this or not, he is desperately hunting an excuse to report that this is a failure, not a success. He has a decision to reach, and he knows in his heart that none of us will ever contradict any report he chooses to make on this machine." Folding his arms, Beauchamp stood staring at the floor.

Ignoring him and speaking to me, all Jake said was, "Ready to try it?"

I STOOD there for maybe ten or fifteen seconds, thinking. Then I said, "Yeah, but give me a minute," and I turned and walked back toward the office, fast, so that no one would come along, feeling through my pockets for my fountain pen. I was in the office half a minute or less; then I walked back and nodded to Jake.

He put both hands flat on top of the machine, then heaved himself up, and I did the same. I was astonished; this thing, hanging in the air without a thread or toothpick to support it, didn't move, didn't sway, didn't budge; it was like pulling yourself onto a rock wall. Jake stepped past me, toward the half-open dome, and down into the open cockpit.

There were two leather-upholstered seats. Jake sat at the controls: four toggle switches on a flat metal panel. I sat down on the edge of the cockpit, my feet on the seat. Jake glanced at me questioningly, but all I said was, "Can we take off without closing the dome?"

Jake nodded. I watched his hand touch a toggle. The very instant it moved, I did, too; Jake heard the vio-

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lent movement and turned. But I didn't explain; I slid down into the seat, wondering why we weren't moving.

Then I saw that we were, or that *something* was. The floor was silently moving, sliding away beneath us, the three men motionless a dozen yards off and steadily receding. I turned to see the end of the building looming up before us. A door was sliding open, revealing the bright desert sun. I was stunned. There was absolutely no feeling of movement.

SITTING in a train in a railroad station, I've seen another train beside us begin to move and, for an eerie, bewildering instant, had the feeling that, with no sensation of it, it was we who were moving instead. But this was more than a moment; it kept on. We simply did not move, but the floor—and now suddenly the desert sand—slipped silently along beneath us, the sun pouring in through the dome. Quietly, Jake said, "They say this thing has its own special field built into the floor, our own private gravity, completely cut off from the gravity of the earth. We cut off when I moved the toggle and now the world is revolving beneath us." Jake reached out, pulled the heavy plastic dome closed around us, then touched something under the seat, and I heard a faint hum. "Oxygen generator," he said. "The dome has to be pressurized and heated; we're going up." He smiled and added, "Or so they tell me," then pushed another toggle. "Now, we actively oppose earth's gravity."

Nothing happened. We sat as before, solid and motionless as a concrete wharf, but the building we had left was becoming a toy. The roof was a small, black rectangle, all the sides pulling in toward the center, and then it was a black dot the size of a thumbnail. I lifted my eyes, and the horizon circled us, miles of desert spread below, pinpointed with sage clumps, and even as I saw them, they dwindled to nothing and disappeared. Far to the left a mountain range began sprouting from the horizon.

I was horribly frightened—there *was* no such speed—and I hunched my shoulders forward, my elbows pressed tight to my sides. The mountain range grew, sliding up over the horizon, visibly swelling in size; then the surface below was suddenly peppered with clouds, far beneath us, and in that instant I realized it was no longer flat. I saw it curve smoothly up toward the center, like an inverted shallow bowl, and I knew I was actually seeing the curvature of the earth. A river slid rapidly up over the horizon, sparkled once in the sun, then shrank to a black thread. "Jake, *stop* it!" I yelled.

His hand touched the toggle, and now, hanging below us utterly motionless, was a convexity of faded tan and green, half hidden by sheets and tendrils of mist. It was terrifying. Not twenty heartbeats before, we had been three feet from the ground. Softly Jake said, "Nearly infinite speed, Rich. We are supposed to be able to move at any speed, without limit, repelled by earth's gravity, like two opposing magnets. I could smash us into the surface of the moon like that"—he snapped his fingers—"if what they tell me is true."

My eyes were closed tight. "It isn't possible."

"Oh, yes! If you grant their other premises. We are out of time, we don't move in time; we will return to the same instant we left." He shrugged. "So however far we travel, it takes no time to get there, which means infinite speed."

HE TOUCHED two toggles simultaneously, and the convexity below us began to revolve. Then, to the right, a black edge crawled up over the curving horizon and swung out over the land, pulling blackness behind it, as though a covering were being dragged over the earth. The crawling edge passed below us, and the sky suddenly deepened in color, then darkened to black, peppered with stars, and I knew we were in the night that had been hundreds of miles to the east. Now, in the blue-blackness below, there was nothing but occasional vague splotches of light, disappearing and reappearing, fading and brightening, and I realized that these were cities. Above us, the moon stood full, white, terribly clear.

"Look," Jake said softly. And now

"George has a very responsible job. When anything goes wrong at the office he's always held responsible"

COLLIER'S — LAFE LOCKE

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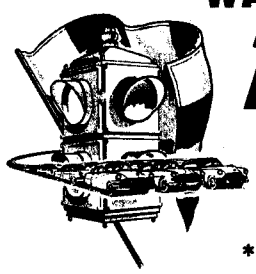

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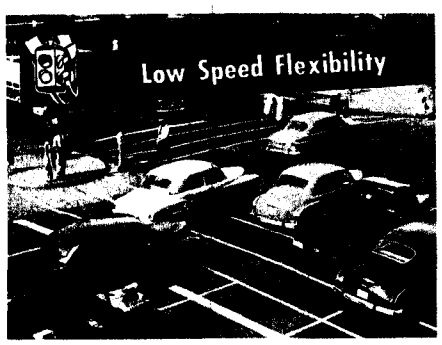
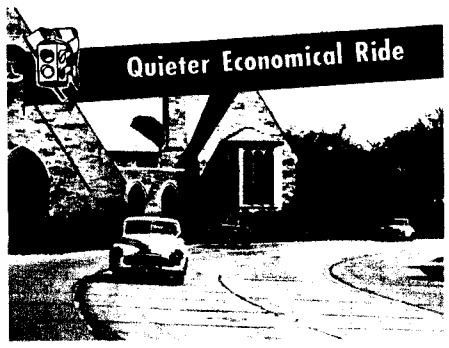
*Go-Factor means the ability of your car to get into *Quick Motion*





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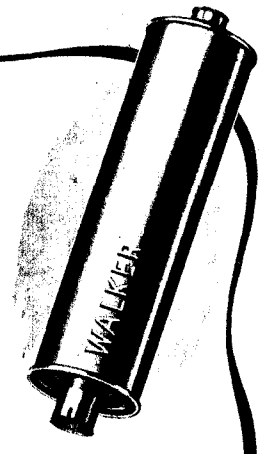

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the eastern curve of the earth had begun to flicker—a hairline scimitar of racing, wavering light. Like the thin edge of the new moon, that light hung in black space, the flickering yellow-ocher edge swelling and thickening even as I watched. "Dawn," Jake whispered. He touched a toggle, and the swelling band suddenly expanded, sweeping like the blade of a windshield wiper over the face of the earth, and the edge of night spilled off over the other side, and there was only clear sparkling sunlight below us. Jake touched the toggle; the movement below ceased, and now I saw the map of England, tiny and impossibly remote, flat and featureless. Beyond lay the east coast of Europe, then a mat of gray cloud and mist curving off over the round rim of the globe.

"My God, Jake," I said softly, staring at the mottled, basketball globe hanging in space, "what do you want? What more has to be proved? We're up here, and—"

"Who says so?"

I just stared at him.

Jake brought his face close to mine. "Listen," he said. "I haven't the slightest particle of doubt that if you sat up in space, the earth would look exactly like that." He gestured savagely at the globe below. "And that the moon, stars and the space around us would appear precisely this way. Were you ever in the Adler Planetarium in Chicago?"

"Once."

"So was I. I don't suppose they had more than a few hundred thousand dollars to build it, maybe less; but the illusion was astounding. I sat for an hour and saw the Southern Cross swing over the sky, then northern lights. I watched planets wheel above me, clearer and closer than man had ever seen them. I traveled through space, sitting in a chair. It wasn't perfect, but it was close. And if they could do *that* on a budget of peanuts"—Jake flung his arm at the black space around us—"they could do *this,* and believe me, no man could tell the difference!"

He turned, glaring at me. "So who says we're not still sitting over an electromagnet in the laboratory floor? Who says we've moved even an inch, and that Gilbert, Beauchamp and Seamans aren't standing beside us right now, snickering at the fools that we are!"

I didn't say anything, just looked at him, but Jake spoke as though I had. "I'm *not* crazy, Rich!" He stared out through the dome, then said quietly, "This may be real; I know that. It may be." He flicked a toggle. We stayed as we were, apparently motionless. But the earth turned through a quarter circle, contracting at the same time, like a closing fist. I stared at two tiny white icecaps at opposite poles of this fist-sized globe, and, in between, knew I was seeing both shores of oceans and the lengths and breadths of entire continents, in the distance between my eyes.

JAKE moved another toggle, and the ball shot off to the left, dropping out of sight, and the moon slid before us, huge, sharp and brilliantly white. Then it swelled, like a balloon on a gas jet. In a rush, the circle expanded to an immense white disk, then filled our vision, the edges moving out of sight. On that glaring white surface, craters were deepening. Now it was an immense, eroded landscape, real and solid and impossibly close, the light pouring from it in a blinding, unceasing glare. I moaned, and Jake's hand moved, and now, motionless before us, hung a pitted landscape of frozen yellow-white wax, sickeningly near. And Jake actually lighted a cigarette and handed it to me, then took one for himself.

"Yes," he said, "it may be real," and crossed his knees. "If it is, atomic bombs, artificial satellites, even space ships, are obsolete as the crossbow, to say nothing of present armies and navies. And whoever has this secret

BUTCH

"About how much is this jacket wolt'? Some nosy friend is sure t'ask me how much I paid for it"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

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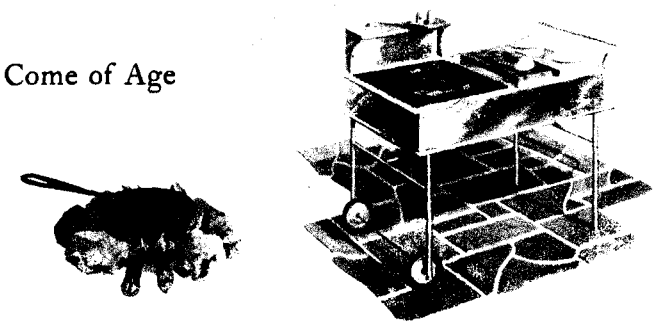

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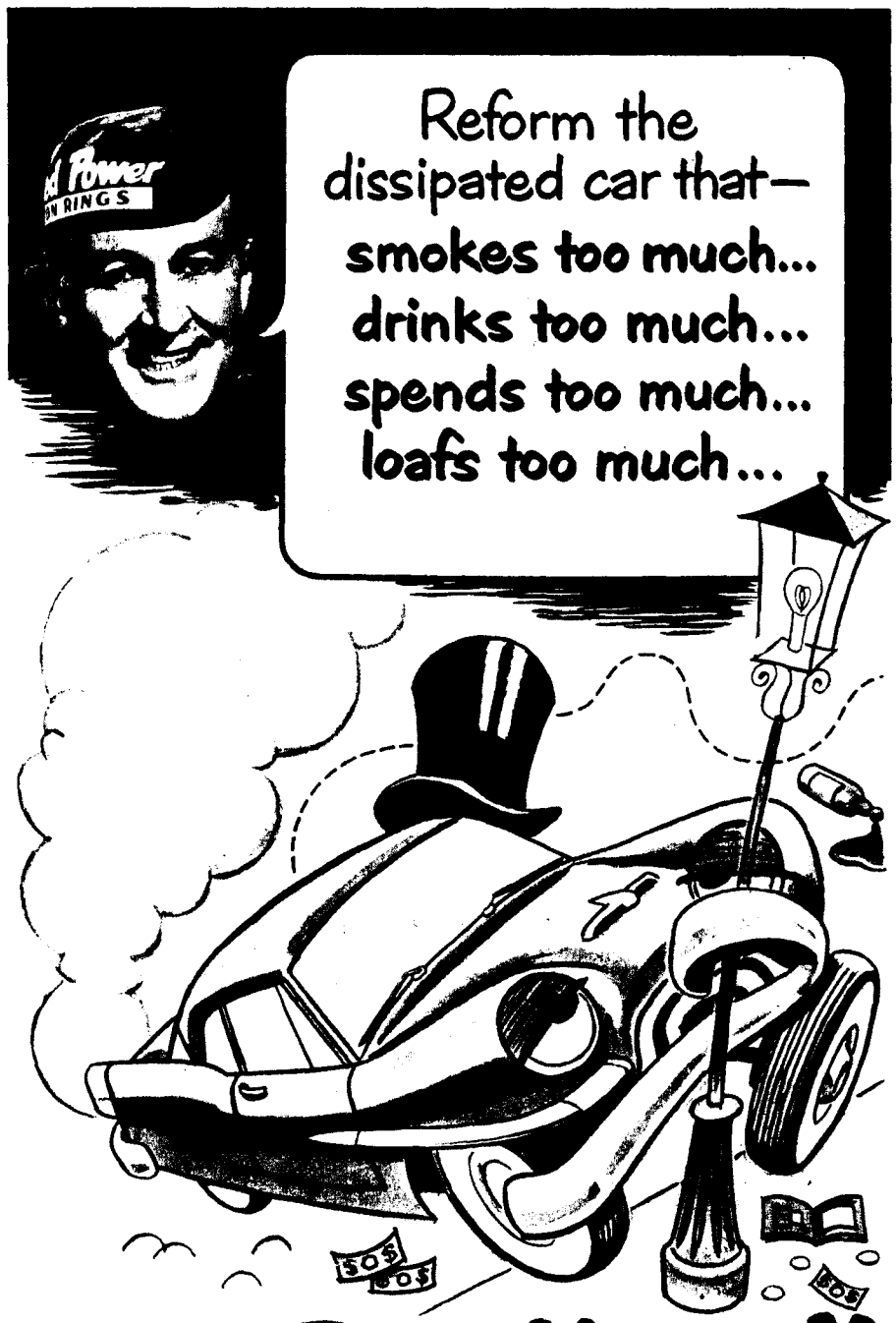

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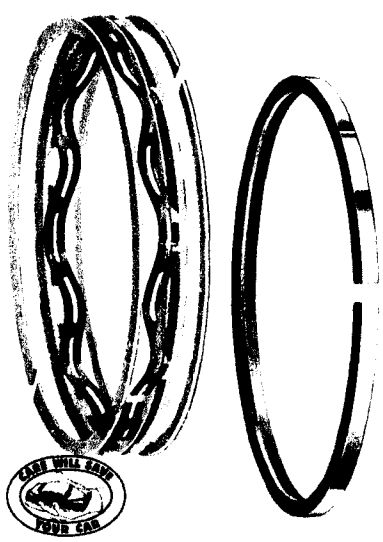

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PISTON RINGS

BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

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must immediately revise every military concept—*must*. We could no more go on as before than you could go on with bow-and-arrow strategy if someone suddenly invented the machine gun. But, Rich"—he looked at me, his eyes desperate, his face ghastly in the flood of dead light—"if this machine is a hoax and we accept it, we're lost. No suspicion can be too remote or unreal! Any effort, no matter how impossibly elaborate, would be worth while if it fooled us. Rich, don't you *see?*" he begged. "Those three have the most terrible opportunity for treachery in the history of man!"

I stared at the dead world that stood like an incandescent wall before us, then shook my head. "Jake, they couldn't possibly—"

"They could! There's been no budget on this! They've requisitioned anything they wanted, *anything!* We built a half-mile building, two stories high and lined with porcelain! They used it for a nine-second test, which turned out negative, and the building lies abandoned. It cost just under a million dollars."

He tugged at my sleeve. "Rich, at one point there were more movie cameras and equipment on the project than in all of Hollywood, most of it specially built. *I* don't know what it's all for. I read, I study; they explain; I make my reports, and—no one really *knows* what they're doing. Don't doubt they could create this illusion, if that's what it is, and that it'd be flawless. With unlimited funds and resources, it would be simple to them."

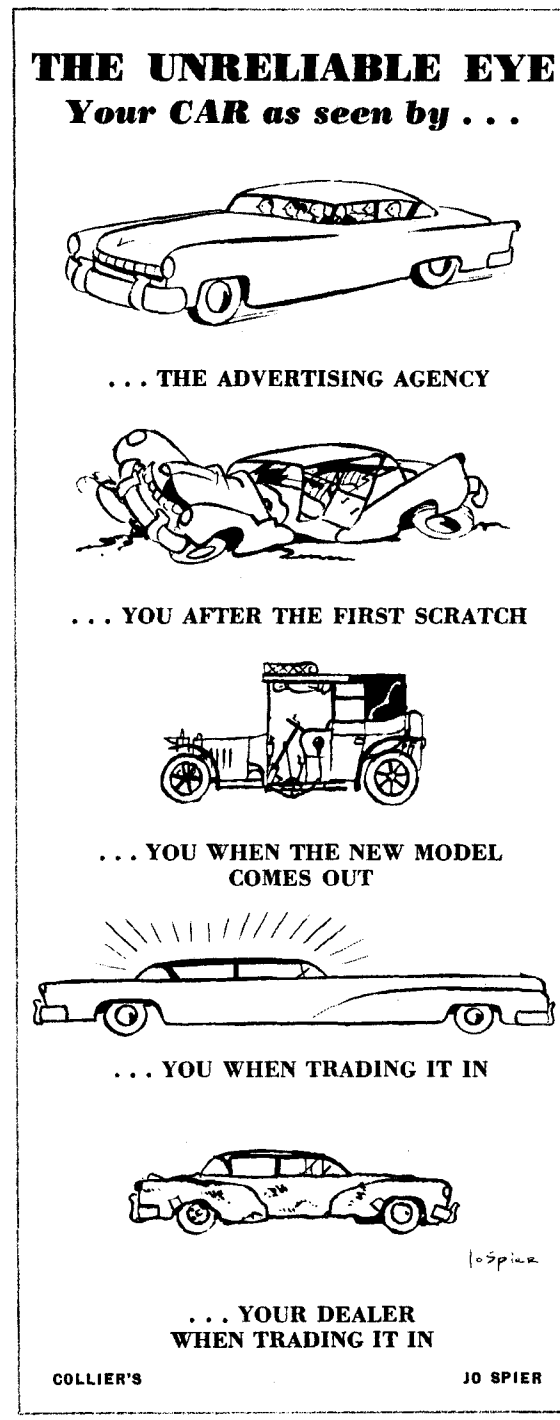
I TOOK hold of his shoulders and shook him gently. "No one is fooling you, Jake, and Beauchamp is right; you're seeing treachery where it doesn't exist, because you don't *want* to believe this. Neither do I; I think it's tragic. But it's true; this is real. You and I have traveled nearly to the moon." Stubbornly he began shaking his head, and I said, "All right, then! Get others to test it! Report that it appears successful, and—"

He actually snarled at me. *"Whom?* Get *whom* to test it! Rich, you don't realize!—some one man must always make the final decision, and I am that man. I hold the rank of lieutenant general, though it isn't officially recorded. *I'm* the man who decides, finally; who reports failure and abandonment—or success. Action will be taken, if I report success. Oh, others will test it, then," he added wearily, "but if I can be fooled, so can they."

I pointed to the blinding wasteland hanging in space before us. "Land us there, touch down on the moon. It's either there or—"

"No." He smiled wearily, shaking his head. "They've thought of that—don't worry—and explained why we can't. An utterly reasonable explanation, too." He nodded at the moon. "The gravitational force of the moon is tremendous; across hundreds of thousands of miles, it actually lifts our oceans in regular tides. And the opposing gravitational force of this thing"—he gestured at the floor—"is enormous, too; artificially out of all proportion to our mass. We *can't* touch down; we can't bring these two opposing forces into actual contact, or it would be like— Well, they explained it. It would be something like shooting two tremendous electrical currents into opposite ends of a wire; they'd meet and the wire would flame into nothing. Or shoot water under enormous pressure into opposite ends of a hose, and you'll burst the hose. Oh, no; touch down on the moon or anywhere else—any other gravitational field—and we'll flare into nothingness, they promise me. So they've got me; I can't test *that*. As for having observers on the earth"—he smiled—"we'd approach and pass them in no time, don't you see? They'd observe nothing. And whenever we return, it must always be to the one place in the universe able to receive us and neutralize our force—that ring in the floor. And once we get there, all any waiting observer would see is that we hadn't been gone for an instant. My God, they've covered everything!"

The entire interior of the dome, our clothes and our faces, were colorless; glaring white in the brilliant dead light flung at us from the silent, eroded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landscape before our eyes. "No, they haven't," I said. "God help the world, this is real and can be tested, as you'd know, too, if you'd let yourself think straight." I pushed back my cuff and pointed to my watch. "We've been gone twenty minutes," I said quietly, "and we've smoked two cigarettes. Time has passed for us, hasn't it?"

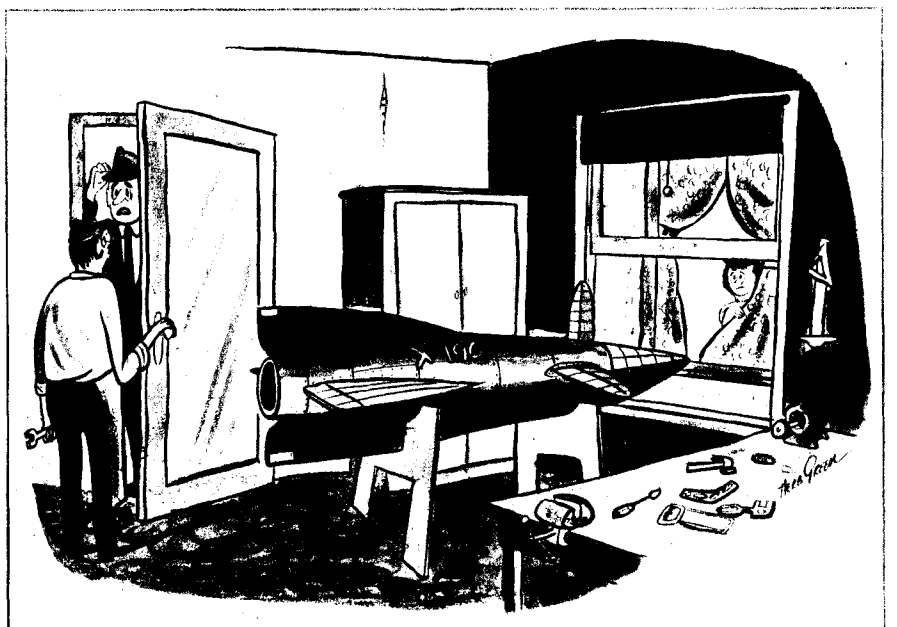
He nodded.

"Then if this is an illusion, if this is a hoax, time has passed in the laboratory, too. Am I right?"

"Yes. But they'll lie; they'll monkey with the clocks and tell us—"

I shook my head. "Take us back," I said, "and I'll show you."

WE CAME down over the Rockies and Sierras. The globe hung motionless, but its surface was expanding enormously, a cloudy mist racing up past us, and we were blind for an instant. Then the tabletop surface burst through the mist into our vision, became speckled with dots, and the dots swelled into sage clumps. A third toggle moved, and the sage raced under us in long, blurred streaks. Then we found



COLLIER'S **"I'm from the apartment across the way . . ."** HERB GREEN

our valley . . . the buildings . . . and then once again the open door of the big concrete box came gliding toward us, and I slid the dome open and stood up. The entrance swallowed us, the concrete floor slipping silently along below, the three men standing exactly as we'd left them. The copper ring in the floor slipped out of sight underneath us, and I kept my eyes on the toggle panel. Then, automatically, all toggles flipped to the upright, and I knew that we had stopped in precisely the spot we had left, and in that instant I raised my cupped hands.

I stared up at the ceiling, Jake watching wonderingly, and a falling object came rushing at my face. It struck my palms with a loud, hollow smack, and I caught and held it concealed in my hands, turning to Jake. Nodding at the cigarette stubs in the ash tray beside the control panel, I pushed one wrist out from my sleeve so Jake could see my watch again. "Time passed for *us*, Jake, and you know that. If the trip was fake, if what we saw was staged, then time passed down here. But if it didn't—*Jake, if no time has passed here!*—the trip is real!"

He nodded slowly, staring fascinated at my cupped fingers.

I tossed him the tennis ball in my hands, and he caught it, startled. "I took that from the office just before we left. I wrote our names and the date on it. At the very moment we left, I threw it straight up, as hard as I could. Jake, you *saw* it come down, you saw me catch it, right *now*. We've been to the moon; we smoked two cigarettes, and the hands of my watch measured twenty-odd minutes. Yet the ball just now came down! No time has passed *here*, Jake! The trip was real!"

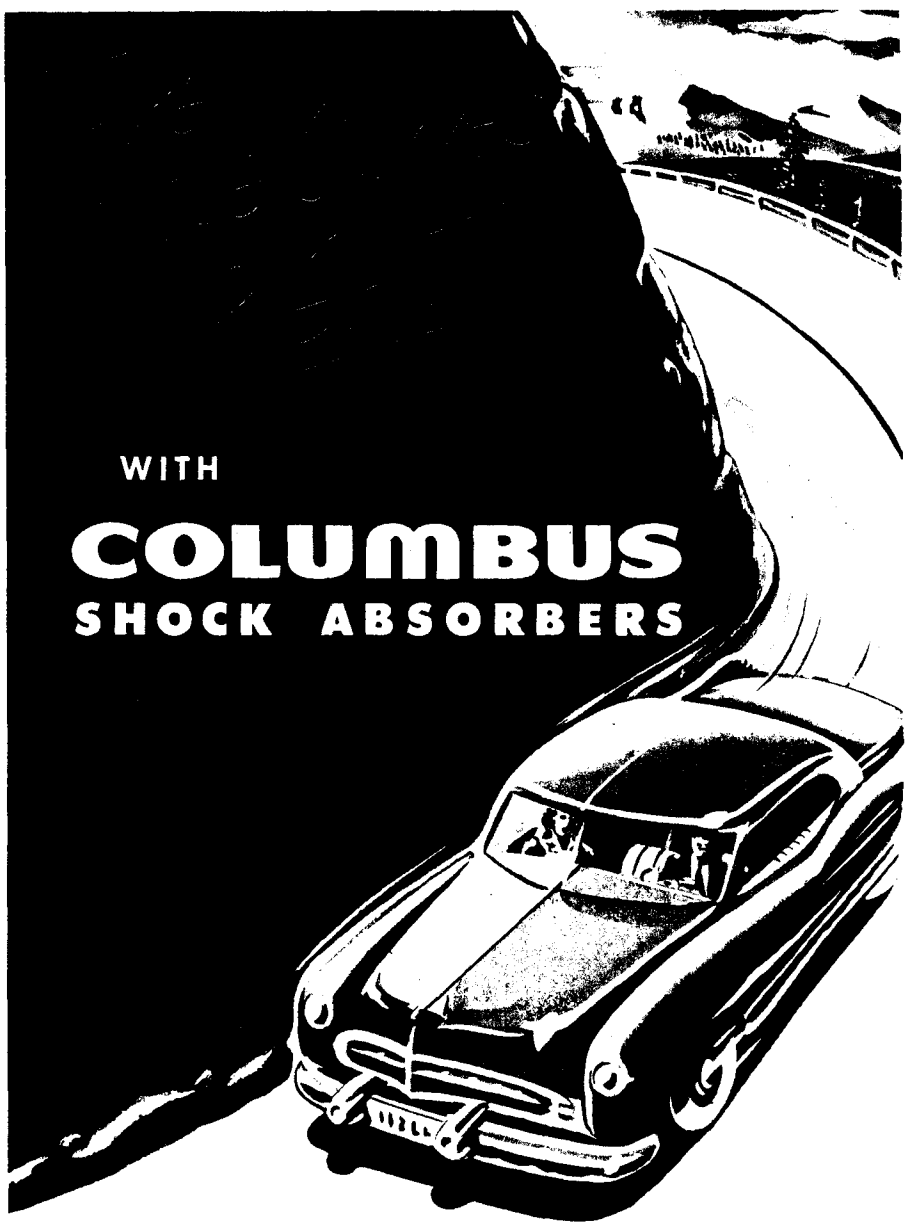
Gilbert, Beauchamp and Seamans had moved to the side of the machine, and Jake was staring at the inscription on the ball in his hands. *Jake and Rich,* it said, with the date underneath, and as though in a trance, Jake slowly extended a forefinger, touched the fuzzy white surface and saw the ink, still damp, smudge under his finger.

For several moments he sat staring at nothing, taking in the meaning of what had happened. Then his glance flicked to the three silent waiting men beside us—at their triumphant faces and eyes. And back into Jake's eyes came the old, old look, intensified now, of undying suspicion, fear—and hate.

I thought I knew why; I thought I realized the enormous difficulty of a man admitting that he has been terribly wrong. But then Jake's eyes moved to my face and held my gaze. And their look didn't change. For a moment he stared at me, in his eyes the same dead look of hostility, fear and hatred. I knew that now Jake hated me, too, because he thought I was in on the hoax. Then he let the tennis ball drop, got out of the cockpit and strode to the edge of the machine. He jumped to the floor and walked rapidly to his office, never looking back.

I NEVER saw him again. A few minutes later an MP captain appeared, led me out the big door at the end of the building, and drove me off the project, back to the railroad station.

I don't know what Jake reported. But I learned from a mutual friend, only a month ago, that Jake retired from the Army. He is living in southern California, on the coast, and—of all things for Jake—he spends his time gardening. Our friend tells me that Jake spends nearly all of his time, day after day, working and fussing with his plants and that he seems happiest with his hands deep in the dirt, feeling it in his fingers, solid and real and eternal. I don't know what he reported; I've heard nothing, read nothing, of an antigravity machine. But I do know this: I traveled to the moon. ▲▲▲



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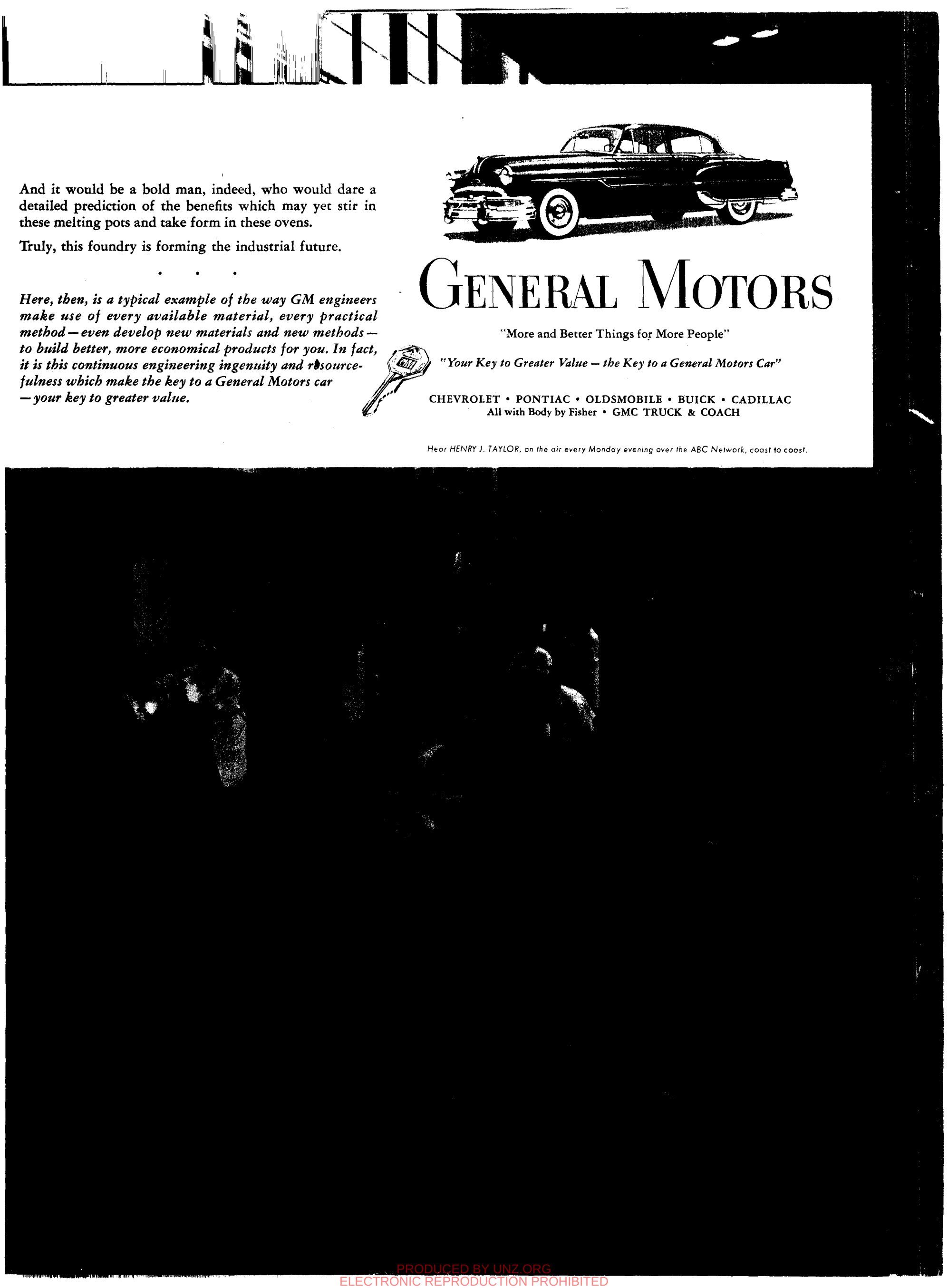

And it would be a bold man, indeed, who would dare a detailed prediction of the benefits which may yet stir in these melting pots and take form in these ovens.

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SUPERFARMER

By HENRY LA COSSITT

He runs more than 400 farms and doesn't own an acre of one of them. As a farm manager, he usually operates by remote control. But his tips on what to raise and how to raise it make the land pay off

IF YOU'VE always thought of a farmer as a man who personally sweats a living from the soil, bring yourself up to date with a look at Howard Henry Halderman, of Wabash, Indiana. Halderman can lay good claim to being the busiest farmer in the United States today; he bosses no fewer than 431 farms and rural enterprises covering 110,000 acres in seven states. Yet he owns not a single one of these acres and, furthermore, sees them only occasionally.

Not for Halderman the traditional chores of planting, plowing, tilling and sitting up with sick cattle. His farming is strictly remote-control, a streamline operation of which any military strategist would be proud. Its nerve center is not a barn, but the living room of a house in Wabash filled with businesslike desks and filing cabinets. There, like any chief of staff, Halderman telephones his lieutenants in the seven states—Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Mississippi, Virginia and Wisconsin—what to do about seed, fertilizer, the laying habits of hens and other agricultural matters.

Halderman, a towheaded, blue-eyed 210-pound six-footer of fifty-six, whose weather-beaten features testify that he once did farm the old-fashioned way, is a noteworthy member of the growing breed of farm managers who run other people's properties on a near-assembly-line basis. He is a farmer in a sack suit. He is neither first nor biggest farm manager in the field; there are enormous combinations which manage great ranch properties and vast individual farms. But few will argue about the unusual, imaginative and extensive services Halderman renders his clients. "Howie," say his admiring Hoosier neighbors, "never holds still"—a rank understatement.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

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The Halderman Farm Management Service, Inc., of which he is president (and with his wife, owner), manages Midwestern farm properties for people living in just about every state of the Union, as well as in Greece, Algeria, India and other foreign lands. From this fact alone it may be seen that Halderman's chores are not uncomplicated. Over the years he has operated thousands of farms, and, as you might expect, has had to cope with thousands of anxious, clamoring owners.

They include industrialists, doctors, bankers, preachers, lawyers, judges, newspapermen, architects, college professors, congressmen, interior decorators, religious organizations, banks and insurance companies. There are even some farmers who find Halderman's management more economical than their own; they work their farms under his direction like tenants. There are three exconvicts. There are shrewd widows and helpless widows. There are some who depend on Halderman to keep track of their funds and actually have to ask him for spending money.

Halderman's clients have come to him for various reasons. There are two sisters who never speak to each other, but get their only income from a jointly owned farm. Halderman manages the farm for the reluctant partners and acts as liaison between them. There is a widow with two quarreling sons, each of whom was scheming to get control of the family's farm properties. Halderman not only manages the widow's properties, but keeps the boys from each other's throats. And there is a Midwest utilities executive who bought his farm so as to have a refuge against atom bombs. Halderman keeps the place in good condition for him.

Some people inherit farms; others have taken over on foreclosure. They find themselves with a piece of property they know nothing about and have no interest in. Halderman bids them not worry; he'll take care of it for them. Most of Halderman's clients—about 80 per cent—buy farms as an investment. This type of client he likes. But he doesn't like the occasional client who buys a farm just for fun. "They just want a place for the week end," he booms. "Don't know no more about a farm than a hog does about algebra."

Halderman is frequently ungrammatical—doubtless an affectation, since he once taught English at Urbana High School in Urbana, Indiana. But at least you're not likely to mistake his meaning. Nor do you have any difficulty hearing him. He speaks his unequivocal mind in a voice audible at the other end of the south forty. It is a voice particularly suited to a man with the strength of a draft horse, and more energy.

His strong opinions and his readiness to express them naturally have led to occasional unpleasantness in his dealings with clients or prospective clients.. As a matter of fact, few persons who have had contact with Halderman are neutral. They like him or not. But they always trust him.

Handles Clients' Money Without Bond

This trust never has ceased to astonish Halderman. When he takes over a farm he asks the owner for anywhere from $100 to $2,000 an acre as working capital to begin operations. The owner thereupon opens a checking account in Halderman's name. At the moment there are 386 such accounts totaling $1,500,000 of other people's money at his disposal—but Halderman isn't even bonded.

True, he sends what he calls "settlements"—accountings of his operations—each month to the farm owners. But since the figures are Halderman's, the clients have to accept them on faith. Moreover, Halderman has their power of attorney and sometimes is empowered even to sell their farms without letting them know. There is a client on his rolls right now who is aware that Halderman has sold his farm and bought another with the proceeds. But the client's trust in Halderman and satisfaction with his methods are so great that the client hasn't even bothered to ask the location of his new farm.

Some of the items in Halderman's "settlements" are unusual. One farm tenant claimed $400 from the farm's owner for a "kiss and a hug." The item seemed remote from agriculture, so Halderman demanded details. The tenant replied that the owner, an elderly gentleman, had been making free with the tenant's daughter—a privilege not included in the original contract. Halderman allowed as how $400 seemed a mite high, but said he'd take the matter up. The owner paid without murmur.

Appearing each month in the settlement forwarded another client is an item marked simply, "Receipts from Lover's Lane." The receipts have been rather heavy because this particular Lover's Lane is so muddy after a rain that cars parked in it are likely to become mired. The tenant at first made no charge for hauling the cars out, but as neither tenant nor owner was prosperous, Halderman decided they might as well get paid for the tow service. Now a fee of $5 is charged for each rescue.

But most of Halderman's settlements and contracts are more routine. When he agrees to take over management of a farm, his first step is to take inventory. He checks the insurance arrangements and looks over the buildings, the machinery and the condition of the soil. He decides how many men will be needed to operate the farm economically; he contends most farm owners, even farmers themselves, are apt to hire too much help.

If there are horses on the farm, he disposes of them. He regards them as expensive and inefficient, unworthy of a place in modern farming. This policy led to one of Halderman's liveliest experiences—a "dewzie," he would call it.

The incident involved the 2,000 acres Halderman manages for the Starr Commonwealth for Boys, near Albion, Michigan. The Commonwealth, a corrective institution, was founded and is operated by Floyd Starr, who bought the farmlands over the years with the idea of using them to make the Commonwealth self-supporting. Since he wasn't doing too well on his own, Starr hired Halderman.

The flinty Halderman eye appraised the property and was not pleased by the presence of a $20,000 herd of blooded horses, including a stallion which Starr valued at $5,000. Although the horses had

Halderman studies some farm cattle. Livestock accounts for 75 per cent of profit on the acreage he manages in Midwestern states

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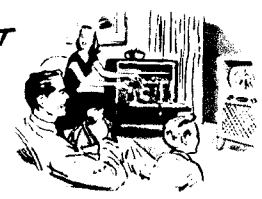

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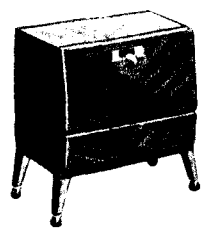

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Halderman likes an agricultural challenge. He's even mad

been donated to the farm, Halderman as a practical farmer reasoned that they were only show pieces which contributed nothing to the farming operation and were a steady drain on the Commonwealth's bank account. So he informed the startled Starr that he was getting rid of the horses "by sale or slaughter," he didn't care which. Before Starr quite grasped what was happening, the herd went up for sale in La Fontaine, Indiana.

The horses were sold for only a fraction of their real worth; even the $5,000 stud brought only $17. "Our relations were a mite marginal just then," Halderman recalls. "Mr. Starr was sort of fidgety. I had to talk right hard and right fast—but I stuck. I guess it was my best sellin' job."

Today Starr concedes that Halderman did right in disposing of the horses. The proof: freed of the burden of supporting the herd and otherwise improved by Halderman's methods, the Commonwealth farms are prospering.

After Halderman has cased a new client's farm, estimated its potential and decided on the steps needed to get the property into full production, he picks a tenant and hired hands. The tenant may be the tenant farmer already on the property or, if he doesn't suit Halderman, a new man. The tenant must shoulder half the expense of crop and livestock production, but also splits the profits evenly with the owner.

Profits Chiefly from Livestock

The chief sources of profits on the Midwestern farms which Halderman runs are livestock and livestock products. The stock alone accounts for 75 per cent of the profits, and half the stock's contribution is in milk.

But Halderman is not particular when it comes to the output of the properties he manages. Aside from the usual farm products, the acres he runs have yielded such oddities as quail eggs and chukar partridges.

Quail eggs are used to stock game preserves; chukar partridges, an Asiatic breed, are sold dressed to the elegant restaurants of the nation. Both products, incidentally, come from the 4,300-acre Indiana farm of Powel Crosley, Jr., Cincinnati industrialist and owner of the Reds' baseball team.

Halderman has taken on other odd jobs in the line of duty. The first job he ever did for Crosley, for example, was certainly one of the most unusual agricultural undertakings on record. Crosley's private airport of 193 acres on Cincinnati's outskirts lies in an industrial area that includes the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad shops. It was, of course, a dead expense. Halderman hit upon the idea of planting the spaces between the airstrips and surrounding the field with corn, beans and other crops. The airport made $7,000 its first year under this arrangement and is now nearly supported by its farm products.

Most of Halderman's operations are more conventional, although just as successful. For every 160 acres of good land he manages, he makes an average income for the owners of between $3,000 and $4,000 a year. He charges the owners only $1.50 an acre if the farm has a tenant; $2 an acre if he has to hire a tenant or additional labor.

Not that the Halderman touch is always magic. He has been fired frequently by clients—never, however, because he has failed at farming. Some clients, for example, fire him once their properties are in shape—and rehire him when they get into trouble again.

On one occasion, Halderman was fired because of his love for hunting. He has shot game, big and little, in most of the United States and Canada and visits many of the properties he manages simply because they're in good hunting country. If he himself can't get away to hunt on the land, he likes to have his hired hands enjoy the sport occasionally.

One fine winter's afternoon while in telephone conversation with the men he had hired to operate a farm in hunting country, he suggested that they take time off and go rabbit hunting. He only wished he could go with them, he said. Unexpectedly, the farm's owner picked that afternoon to visit the property. He found the hired hands banging away, farm work forgotten temporarily.

The owner of the farm was a driving type of business executive. He had told Halderman when he hired him that he thought farmers wasted too much time, anyway, and he wanted his farm worked on a clocklike schedule. So the owner straightway put in a telephone call to Halderman. "He really had a burr under his saddle," Halderman recalls.

"Did you know," the executive shouted into the telephone, "that all your hands are hunting?"

"Know? Nuts!" Halderman shouted back. "I told 'em to."

The executive fired Halderman at once.

Halderman got the idea for his farm-management service in 1930 when he was broke and out of a job. A former county agricultural agent in Wabash, he took his idea to 10 different banks which he knew had taken over farm properties on foreclosure and were finding them difficult to manage. All 10 banks turned over the management of their farms to him, and since then the business has grown steadily. At first, though, it was touch and go. Halderman and his wife, Marie, had to scrimp aplenty. "Where money was concerned," he admits, "we was tighter'n bark on a beech tree, but we made out."

A Crushing Managerial Job

Marie for a time did secretarial work and later—as now—acted as accountant and tax expert. Howard ran the farms. At one time he managed 70 farms all by himself—a crushing load. Now he employs a force of about 100, including fieldmen who are actually superintendents strategically placed around the country. They manage the farms in their vicinities and report back to Halderman.

The fieldmen are all trained agricultural-school graduates. Halderman is proud of them, although privately he feels that a little dirt between his own fingers will give him as much information as any of their laboratory tests. But whether by scientific methods or Halderman's empirical ones, the farms he manages are expertly run. Both he and his fieldmen can look at a field and tell you from the appearance of its soil and plant growth just what kind of crops it will yield.

The fieldmen receive 70 per cent of the gross profits of the farms they supervise. They make up to $15,000 a year; one has made more than $20,000 in a 12-month period.

Halderman and his wife draw $8,000 a year between them as salary and put

COLLIER'S "Naturally I seem stupid to my teacher. She's a college graduate!" REAMER KELLER

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...n airport profitable by farming it

every cent of their 30 per cent share of the service's gross profits back into the corporation. If, as Halderman puts it, he was "born low on the hog," he's high on the beast now, with an impressive Dun & Bradstreet rating achieved by such collateral enterprises as farms he operates personally, speculation in farm properties, buying and selling farms for clients, and trusteeship of farms. All these activities stem directly from the management service in that its operation provides him with intimate knowledge of farm properties over many thousands of square miles.

He still personally buys all the cattle, sheep and hogs for the farms he manages. His knowledge of livestock goes back to his youth on a Wabash County farm; as a matter of fact, he financed two years of agricultural study in Purdue University by trading in cattle and had money in the bank when he quit. It was after his Purdue stint that he tried schoolteaching in Urbana, where he met and married the former Marie Zahm. (The Haldermans have two children, Jean Anne, twenty-two, a graduate of the University of Indiana now studying fashion design in New York, and Robert, sixteen, a student at Culver Military Academy.)

The Halderman personality is plainly that of an extrovert, but he occasionally indulges in soul searching. Palm readers and handwriting experts find him an easy mark, and he keeps a file of their conclusions in his desk. The most recent of these is formidable:

". . . Dynamic, forceful, combative, kindly, strong-willed, skeptical, sensitive, jolly, openhearted, stubborn, romantic, well balanced, sarcastic, hopeful, methodical and possessed of a sense of humor."

That would seem to be adequate for a regiment of men, but Halderman remains unsatisfied; samples of his writing continue to go forth to be analyzed. Perhaps one day somebody will discern the outstanding Halderman trait: a love of the soil and of all outdoors. That trait really explains why Halderman is a superfarmer. He knows land and understands it, and his first pride is in the fact that he is a farmer.

His insistence on being known as a farmer was forcefully demonstrated not long ago when he took over a farm whose owner warned him that the tenant had vowed never to let him set foot on the property. The owner was frightened. But Halderman was calm. "Stand hitched," he said. "I'll get along."

He drove up to the farm prepared to be friendly. He was all smiles when he stopped at the gate where the tenant stood, moody and glowering.

"Howdy," said Howie pleasantly. "Anything new and different?"

But the tenant was eying the Halderman car narrowly. It was a very smart yellow convertible and the tenant jumped to conclusions.

"No," he snarled, "and no city-slickin' sumpitytink is takin' over here!"

Those were fighting words to Halderman. He leaped from the convertible and bore down on the tenant.

"Don't you call me no city slicker!" Halderman shouted.

Confronted by 210 pounds of angry Halderman and a verbal bombardment of colorful Halderman language, the tenant farmer quickly changed his mind. No city slicker spoke that kind of farm-bred lingo.

"And do you know," Halderman says, "we get on fine today." ▲▲▲

"Three good references? Oh, that's easy. Let's see, there's Hale Brothers—that's no good; and Loesser's—no good; The Emporium—there's *one* good one; Max Jewelry—no; Simon's Furniture—no; Gordon's—that's *two* real good ones; Hathaway's—no; The Golden Rule . . ."

COLLIER'S — GLENN R. BERNHARDT

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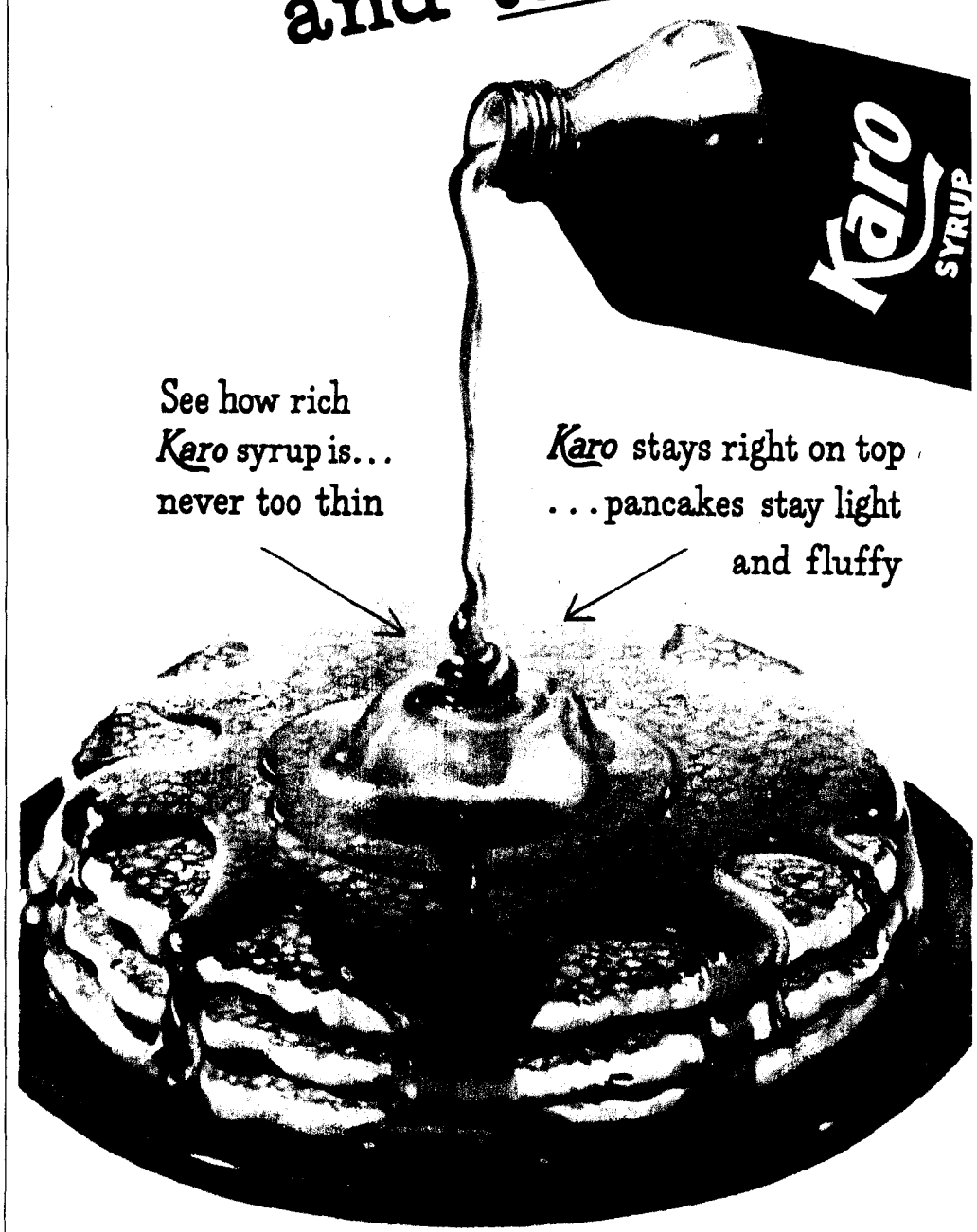

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I was swindled!

"Maybe I shouldn't feel *too* bad. Even my garageman, an expert mechanic, was taken in by *this* slicker.

"One day, I left word at the garage to have my car in front of the office at noon. It was there all right—with a note on the steering wheel saying the garageman had trouble starting the car and gave the battery a fast charge.

"When I was ready to return to town late that night, the starter would barely turn over the engine. Luckily, I was on a slight grade and got started. So I left word for the garageman to put in a new battery.

"I called for my car the next afternoon and was told that my old battery was all right—it took an overnight charge and tested okay. It seemed the trouble must be in the generator. What the garageman called an "exchange" generator cost me $26.00. Two days later my battery went dead again!

"I *think* it was the voltage regulator that was replaced next. I *know* it cost me $7.50. Less than a week later I had to call a service truck 'way out in the country to get started. It was the man on that truck who discovered that the battery cable was corroded inside. The new cable that stopped the trouble added only $2.10 to the cost of that call.

"Sure, I was swindled by a battery cable. But it will never happen again!"

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Markham's Girl

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

confused. She wasn't at all what he had expected. He hadn't been sure exactly what a girl of Will Markham's would be like, except that she'd be handsome and sleek and exciting, and Andree Mathieu wasn't like that. Or if she was, these qualities were underplayed and beneath the surface for the discerning to find, only hinted at in the deep curve of her mouth, in something in her eyes, a promise, but a guarded one. Maybe Will Markham was more discerning than Joe'd given him credit for.

THAT night he joined Doris on the porch of the rooming house where they both lived. Doris was a civil service worker sent down from Cincinnati to the federal employment office in town; she was a friendly girl and nice to talk to, and once in a while she'd go to the movies with him, or for a drive. She said, "I hear Andree Mathieu is working for you now."

"That got around fast," he said, lighting his pipe.

"I knew, through a friend of mine, that Markham paid for the course she took at the university. This friend said that Andree hadn't any school credit beyond one year in high school."

You had to admire her for trying to make something of herself. Funny thing about it, she had talent, and the site map she'd done this morning was neat and clean. She wasn't arrogant or bold as she might have been considering that Markham was guaranteeing her job; she'd watched Joe with wide brown eyes that seemed even a little afraid of him when he'd come over to check her work. He was embarrassed by that, and he'd said awkwardly, "This is okay, Andree."

She'd let out her breath in a faint sigh. "You think I'll be all right?"

He could have said: Does it matter; don't you know Markham will keep you on here anyway? but he didn't. He'd said instead, "You'll be all right," and she had leaned back and smiled at him as if he'd covered her with praise.

"Now if Markhamville were like any other part of the United States, she'd wind up marrying her boss," Doris said.

But it wasn't the same here, with the Markhams the first family in the parish for a hundred and fifty years, and a senator named Markham sent regularly to Congress; with whatever family Andree came from remaining unknown and obscure in some shack in some hamlet in the pine-and-cypress country that slipped south into the Gulf. Joe had an oppressive feeling of foreboding, and he stood up abruptly and said good night to Doris, and he went off down the road on the evening walk that was already becoming habit.

He liked to walk, and maybe he thought he would dissipate some of the strangeness of this place and make it more a part of him by faithfully covering its red, rutted roads, by memorizing its paintless sharecroppers' cabins with their spindly stovepipes and the corn and sunflowers sprouting against the pickets, and its rotting clapboard mansions sitting deep in the fields. He walked without too much notice tonight and found that he had come out on a shabby street near town, with a few shabby houses on it with *Room To Let* signs in the windows.

It was the handsome blue car that first caught his attention; it didn't belong in this neighborhood. It was Markham's car. A girl got out and slammed the door behind her, and the car picked up speed instantly and tore past him, scattering dust. The girl stood still for a moment and stared after the car, and then almost blindly she moved away from the house; as she came toward him he saw it was Andree.

He was a shy man, and it would have been more in character if he had stepped out of her way, as he could have without her even seeing him. But he stood still and waited for her, and when she looked up, startled, with tight, dry eyes, he said, "Is anything wrong, Andree?"

She couldn't answer, only shook her head, and he found himself taking her arm and walking slowly along with her until she had herself under control. He never thought until later how strange it was for them to be walking like this, as if they'd known each other for a long time.

"You mustn't think anything terrible happened, because really nothing did," she said at last. "I shouldn't have let myself get so mad and upset, but I just couldn't help it." Some color came into her face. "We quarreled. It was the only time we've quarreled."

He said, "A quarrel can really throw you."

She gave him a quick, uncertain look. "Sometimes it doesn't matter. Only if—" Her voice broke. "I don't want to quarrel with Will," she said. "I love him too much."

He was curiously shaken by her words, and moved; again it didn't occur to him until later that she had spoken to him that evening as if for a long time she had been used to sharing her feeling with him. He said, trying to speak lightly, "I wouldn't find much to quarrel about with a girl that felt that way about me."

"There are other things that you wouldn't understand, being from the North and all," she said. "It isn't easy for Will and me, but maybe you wouldn't understand about that, either."

They had started walking back toward her house. She didn't say anything more until she caught him watching her, watching the way she was peering ahead of her, her steps quickening, and then she said in a low voice, "I expect Will will be there when we get back. He wouldn't go off to his party like that, knowing I was hurt."

She really believed that, he thought, astounded; she really believed that Markham wouldn't let her be hurt. She wouldn't imagine that Markham knew that whatever time he came back would be time enough to make up, that Andree would be waiting for him. Markham didn't have to delay his party to hurry back.

They came within sight of her house. A blue car was parked in front of it, and Joe stared, confounded.

The glance she gave him was brilliant. "I *told* you he'd be there," she said, as if she'd heard his doubts. She put her hand in his, "Thanks, Joe, for being so nice." She began to run, and Markham was at the gate to meet her when she reached it. It was already too dark to see more than their vague outline, but even that was enough to make Joe feel he'd seen more than he should. He turned and went home by another road.

BUT it was funny how he began to feel about her, as if her relationship with Markham was a kind of contest, a loaded, unfair contest with nothing on Andree's side but the fact of Markham's wanting her. And so he felt he had to line up with her, pit his strength with hers against Markham. And yet what could he do? Help her see her situation as it actually was? Even if his mouth hadn't been sealed about what Markham had told him, he couldn't do that: Markham's word was worth more to her, and, besides, she *wanted* to believe Markham. Sometimes, when he shaved, his reflection in the mirror made him think a little wryly that he didn't

COLLIER'S

"Friend of the mayor's, eh? Then you won't have any trouble getting this fixed"

KATE OSANN

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COLLIER'S **"I left the key under the doormat and we left the doormat at the last place we stopped!"** FRITZ WILKINSON

even *look* like a champion; the most that could be said for Joe Kendrick was that he had a nice straightforward face and all his hair, and that he was as lean as when he had taken off his sergeant's uniform six years ago.

But champion or not, he'd begun to walk by her house every evening, and if she wasn't out with Markham she'd be there waiting for him, and she'd come down the steps to meet him, smiling at him in a way that made him wonder how she looked when she came down to meet Markham. As the weeks went on he saw her more and more frequently, and she became more and more subdued. She talked about the first time she'd seen Markham, in the Southland Café where she'd been working and about how wonderful he'd been to her, how he'd helped her to get this job; she even told him how much in love they were. But only once did she refer to rumors flying thick in town that the Pattersons, who were visiting in Chicago, were shopping for Rhea's trousseau; she just said steadily, "He won't marry her. I know."

"Andree," he said, "you once mentioned that I couldn't understand about the two of you, family pressures, social pressures, other things. But maybe I understand them better than you do."

"He'll work them out," she said doggedly. "It isn't easy for Will. The Pattersons own oil wells, and Will's uncle, the senator in Washington, wants the connection. And there's been an understanding with Rhea, long before he even met me. Will's loyal, and he feels very strongly about his family. I respect him for that. But he'll work it out, I know."

So there was no cushioning it for her when it came.

The story was in the Markhamville Advertiser and in the Baton Rouge and New Orleans papers as well. Mr. and Mrs. Thereon Patterson, it read, announced the engagement of their daughter Rhea to Mr. William Markham. It was a small item in the society pages of the big-city newspapers, but in Markhamville there were headlines on the front page saying: *Two Oldest Families in the State to be United* and *Senator Markham's Nephew to Wed.*

Andree didn't come to work the next day. She telephoned and said she was sick, and her faint voice sounded sick. Joe wanted desperately to keep her there at the telephone and talk to her, but she hung up abruptly. He sat at his desk, and he was angry and almost sick himself; and he let himself play with the thought that if Markham mentioned his engagement to him, he would haul off and knock him down. He went home that night and picked at his dinner; then he sat down on the porch steps and lighted his pipe, and it tasted bad.

Doris joined him later; she shook her head over him, and she said, "I feel sorry for her, I honestly do, but she must have known what she was getting into when she took up with Markham."

"If there was only some way to help her. But she's all alone."

"She has you," Doris said.

He grew red. "Does it show that much?" he said wryly. "Well, so she has me. What can I do for her? She can only see Markham." The miracle for Andree was that Markham should have picked her out to fall in love with: after that, anything was possible, the pressures would subside, the barriers disappear. She believed that, she held on to it even when Markham had to leave her evening after evening for Rhea; she held onto it because she had to. This could break her. She could do something crazy. He stood up suddenly and said, "Doris, come over there with me tonight. Someone should be with her."

"Sure," she said. "I'll be with you in a minute."

THEY drove over to Andree's house, but she wasn't outside, and her landlady led them upstairs into the close heat of a second-story hallway; they waited on the narrow landing with the bare, scuffed floors and the stained paper until she answered their knock. She opened the door a crack, and the shades were drawn and no light lighted, so they could see only her face in the light of the hallway. "I went to bed early," she said. "I've had such a headache."

"We'd like to take you for a drive," Doris said. "It's so much cooler in the car, I know it would do your head a lot of good."

"I'm undressed," Andree said. "I've gone to bed."

He could see that she was wearing a dark robe, and that one side of her face looked pink and crushed as if it had been pressed into a pillow, and that her eyes were heavy. He wanted to push his way inside and put his arms around her and hold her tight and tell her that everything was going to be all right, that he'd see to it; but he could only stand there quietly and say, "Get dressed and come with us, Andree."

She looked at him as if she knew

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everything he was thinking, and she said, "I'm all right, Joe. Don't worry about me."

So they went downstairs without her, and he drove Doris out along the levee where it was cooler, but he wasn't much company. He was thinking of Markham now. Markham still loved her, and Markham didn't intend for anything to come between them, not even his marriage; there was nothing in Markham's code of ethics that said he had to let Andree go. And of course Andree loved Markham. Right now she thought it was all over, but one day he'd come past her desk, and she'd be miserable and lonely, and she'd look up and see him there, and it would be just the way he had planned it. You couldn't blame her too much; she might even tell herself that this time Markham intended to throw everyone and everything over for her. And that would be the end of her.

It mustn't be. "She should get out of here," he said out loud.

"She'll need money for that," Doris said. "She probably doesn't have any."

He didn't have any to give her, either. He sent a check each month to his mother, in Bayonne, and all his spare cash had gone for the car. He said, "I'll have to work it out, some way."

"Let Markham give it to her," Doris said. "He owes it to her."

He stayed out smoking on the porch after they came back, rocking quietly in the sweet-smelling darkness, thinking of Markham probably out with the Patterson girl on one of the many parties the papers said were being given for them, and of Andree alone in that stifling bedroom with the image before her of Markham and Rhea and what they were doing tonight. If he hadn't needed the car, he would have sold it, the way he felt right now, to give her the money that would see her out of town and out of the reach of Will Markham. Hell, Markham did owe her the money, he did owe her that much, as Doris had said. But Markham wouldn't let her get away, that wasn't in his plans. He had to let her go, he *had* to.

HAGGARD and tired after a bad night, Joe went to the office in the morning and watched for Markham to come in. Markham was late and passed Joe's desk without speaking; Joe followed him into his office and closed the door behind him.

Will Markham didn't look any too happy, either; his eyes were sore-looking and his mouth was hard. "She's not here today?" he said, knowing Joe would understand whom he meant. He flung himself back in his chair. "Well?" he said. "It's about her, I know. You two have become such friends. What have you got to tell me?"

Joe said, "You can't let her stay here. You have to give her some money to get away."

Joe waited for his anger, but it never came. Markham stood up and went to the window, keeping his back to Joe. He said, "She never asked you to tell me that."

"She doesn't know anything about it," Joe said. "She never did let what was good for her come between you."

"And she wouldn't take my money either," Markham said. "What kind of a girl do you think she is?"

"She'd take it from me," Joe said. "She doesn't have to know where the money comes from. And she'll take it from me because I don't owe it to her."

"I never tried to fool her," Markham said. "She knew the way it had to be right from the beginning, about the Pattersons, about my family, about my obligations." He swung around at Joe. "Don't think you know all about us, Joe, because you don't. You're Joe Kendrick from—where's that place—Bayonne, New Jersey, and you only understand that if you love a girl enough and she's not already married, you marry her. But I'm not Joe Kendrick," he said, and he sounded angry now and even a little bitter. "A family gets stronger, or it dies. Land doesn't mean what it used to, and that's what we have. Why do you think I'm plugging away at this construction business? We need the Patterson connection, and if it wasn't for the Pattersons, there'd have to be someone like them. I've grown up knowing that and respecting it. It's what I am. And everything else that I care about or want has to give way to it."

"I can see that," Joe said. "Andree admires you for it, even; she thinks it makes you a man of principle. But what about her? A man of principle like you ought to worry a little bit about what's going to happen to the girl that gets knocked around by so much principle."

"Can't you understand there's more to it?" Markham said. "Do you think she'd go away even if she had the money?"

"I'd like to try and make her go," Joe said quietly.

"You've got it all figured out," Markham said, "all except what will keep her here. Find out for yourself," he said, and walked back to his desk and pulled out a checkbook and wrote out a check.

Joe took it, folding it neatly and frowning over it. He looked up sharply. "Are you going to get to her before I do?" he asked.

Markham shrugged. "Why? Go and see for yourself. Give it to her, and see if she'll go." . . .

He went over to her house that evening with his own check in his pocket, depositing Markham's to his account. She was sitting on the porch steps, and when she saw him she stood up and came down to meet him and for some minutes they walked silently along the country road they usually took.

"You understand about last night," she said. "I just didn't want to talk." She looked pale, as if she'd been cooped up in that airless room of hers a long time; but it was her quietness that hurt him, as if that warm promise he'd seen in her from the first had finally been defeated. "Anyway, it's nothing that talking about can help," she said.

"It might," he said. "It might help you decide what you're going to do."

"Do?" she said. "I guess I don't know what I *can* do. I know I can't very well go back to the job. I can't—see him every day," she said, her voice thickening. "It's too bad, it's such a *good* job."

SHE would cry in a moment; his own voice was rough. "You'll find another job, somewhere. Maybe in another town." At least she would not go back to the job; that was something Markham hadn't expected when he'd arranged it.

"Another town?" she said. "It'd have to be a place that could use my kind of work. And it wouldn't be easy to get a job. It'd take money, and I don't have any."

"I could lend it to you," he said. "You'll pay it back when you start working."

She pressed his arm. "I wouldn't take it from you, Joe. You don't have that much yourself, and I couldn't take it, anyway."

"You've *got* to take it," he said urgently. "The money doesn't mean a thing, and don't be childish about it. Take it and go away."

She looked up, eyes widening. He'd been too vehement, and she was startled by it. "Why do you want me to go away, Joe?" she said.

"I don't want you to go away," he said. "Don't you know that by now, don't you know I'd like you here where I can see you every day?" Color came into her face, but she wasn't surprised; he made himself go on, even though she was close enough for him to put out his arms and take her into them. "It's no good for you here. Markham's no good for you any more."

"Will?" she said. "But I don't expect to see him again."

"*You* don't expect to," he said. "What about him?"

She turned on him with sudden anger. "I guess you don't know Will,"

"Remember, sir, if you should ever change your mind it will always be here, waiting for you"

COLLIER'S — DICK CAVALLI

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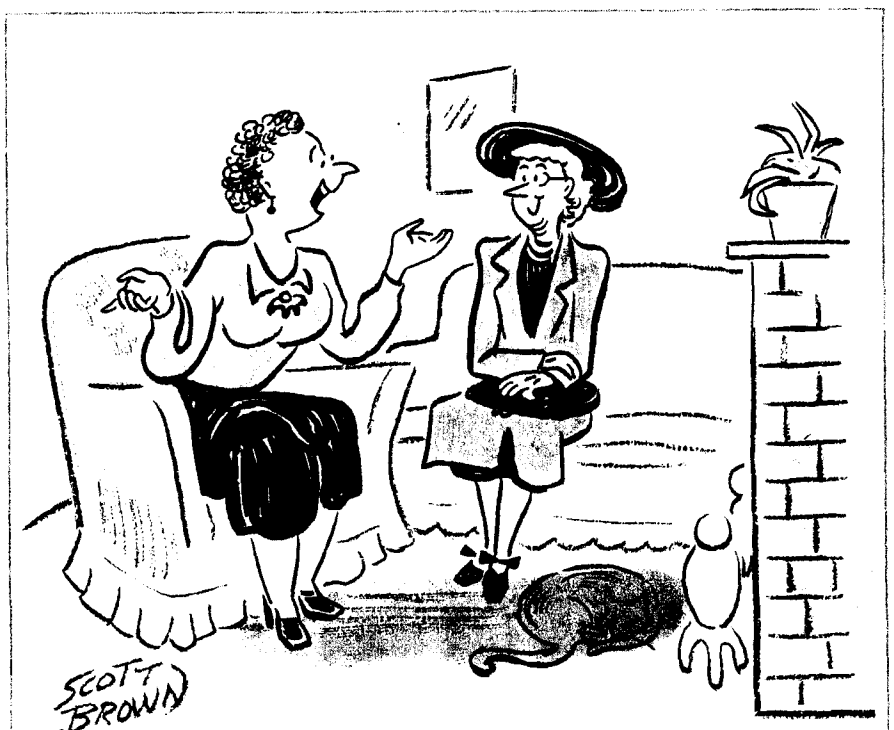


"They've got a preacher engaged, a church engaged, an organist and soloist engaged. Matter of fact, everything's engaged now but their daughter"

COLLIER'S — SCOTT BROWN

she said, her words even and fast. "If Will is marrying Rhea, then he's made his mind up that it has to be like that. Some things are more important than he is and he accepts it, because that's what he's like. He didn't want to break up with me; he feels the way I do, but he can't let himself hurt other people because of us."

She was walking so fast that he had to lengthen his stride to keep up with her. What could he say to that? "It isn't easy always to do the right thing," he began unhappily. "You can know what is right, but if you want something badly enough you could still be carried away and forget what's right."

"Not Will," she said. "He doesn't forget what he has to do. Haven't you seen that already?"

SO THERE was nothing else to say. He walked home with her in an atmosphere of strained silence, and because her landlady was at the movies and the other roomer worked nights, he went upstairs with her until she could let herself into her room. She switched on the light and came back to the hall where he stood staring at her troubledly, and she said again as she had said the night before, "Don't worry about me, Joe."

He was through worrying; he had done what he could and now he was through. He felt oppressed with a sense of ineffectuality and failure, and he said "good night" without lifting his head and went back down the steps thinking that he wouldn't see her again, that he did not want to stand by and see happen what would inevitably happen. He knew from the stillness behind him that she was still standing there at the head of the steps, watching him, so that when he heard the sound of a good motor in a good car come to a stop in front of the house he knew she must have heard it, too. He paused at the foot of the steps, knowing all at once that it would be Will Markham. He hadn't thought he would come this soon, that Markham would be that afraid she would take the money.

Markham let the screen door close behind him. He did not see Andree standing at the head of the steps, in the badly lighted hallway. "Well?" he said to Joe, tight-lipped. "Well?"

"I thought you said you would keep away."

"Only until you'd said your piece. I've given you that chance. Did she take the money?"

"No, she didn't take the money," Joe said, and because he felt hopeless and angry and sick at heart, he burst out with, "Why the hell can't you leave her alone?"

Even in this light he could see Markham whiten. "I don't have to explain to you why I'm here," Markham said, low but loud enough for his voice to reach her where she stood without giving a sign that she was there. "Andree's my girl. You came and asked me for money for her, and I gave it to you. And I told you she wouldn't take it, that you wouldn't break us up that easily. You know it now; your business with her is over, and you can get out. Or do I have to help you out?"

"Try it," Joe said. He had been a quiet, peaceful sort of man for all the four years he'd spent in the Army, but suddenly he knew he would enjoy having it out like this with Markham; he would enjoy getting in a few hard ones; maybe it would make him feel better. But he never got the chance. Markham drew back with a start, because all at once Andree was there, her face as white as Markham's.

"You gave him the money, Will?" she said.

"The damn' fool thought you'd walk out," he said, still breathing hard. "He thought the only thing that kept you here was not having the money to go. He thinks he knows so much about us, I reckoned he could learn the rest."

Her voice was faint as a whisper. "What *is* the rest?"

He reached out and gripped both her arms in his hands. "This," he said. "The way we love each other, what we have together."

She didn't try to move away, but the way she stood was as if he hardly touched her. "I didn't think we could have anything, any more," she said.

He gripped her harder. "What are you talking about?" he said fiercely. "I haven't changed; you haven't changed. Don't try to tell me you can turn it on and off, just like that. You don't stop loving someone overnight."

Joe leaned against the door a little shakily and watched them. He realized suddenly how young she was. There was shock and bewilderment and disbelief on her face, as if she had begun to see things as they were and didn't want to, as if she wanted to run away and hide. He could almost *see* the learning process, in the way she said to him, frowning, "I'm your girl, Will?"

Markham said with quick eagerness, "Don't you know that, Andree?"

She shook her head at him slowly, looking into his face as if she were trying to see him clearly, and then, unexpectedly, she pulled out of his grasp with such strength that Markham fell back a step.

"Yes, I guess I do know it now," she said deliberately, as if she were knowing it better with every word. "I'm still your girl. You meant it to be this way. You meant to marry Rhea and help out the senator and set up your family real nicely. And have me. Because you knew what a wonderful thing it was for me, loving you; that I couldn't stop for any little matter like your marrying someone else. You were so sure you even gave Joe money for me, because you knew I wouldn't take it. You didn't have to make such a show of struggling with your principles for my sake, Will. I was never a problem for you at all."

Markham said furiously, "You don't believe what you're saying. He put that idea into your head. You'd never think of it by yourself."

"Oh, no, Will," she said. "You've made it so plain, even I can understand it." She looked toward Joe. "Please," she said, "could I have that check now?"

He put it into her hand, and she held it so tight it crumbled in her fingers. "Thanks," she said to Markham. "I'll pay it back as soon as I can."

He came up very close to her and said in a low voice, "Then you're going to let him sell you that idea?"

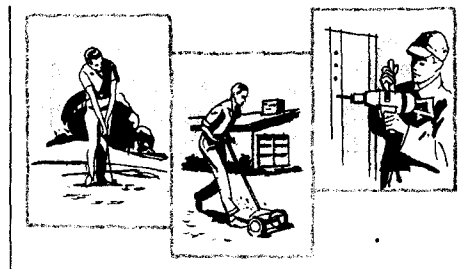
"No one could ever sell it to me," she said. "No one but you, Will." She ducked her face swiftly to hide it, and then she turned hurriedly and went up the stairs.

Markham made a half move to follow her and stopped. "Andree," he called, and his voice sounded strange with all the arrogance gone.

But Andree gave no sign that she'd heard.

MARKHAM'S eyes met Joe's. For a moment Joe thought he might get the chance to tangle with Markham after all—and just when he no longer felt like it. But the fight seemed to have gone out of Markham, too. He looked away, and almost savagely he opened the screen door and went out.

Joe stayed behind for a little while. He thought he'd go up and see if Andree was all right, but then he decided against it. It was a tough thing for her to go through, but she'd be better for it if she went through it alone. He'd get in touch with her tomorrow to find out where she planned to go. He might even suggest New Jersey; he'd probably be going back there himself soon now, and he wanted to be around when she was completely over Will Markham. When he walked down her porch steps, he felt worn out and battered and tired, as if he really had had that fight, but he was more lighthearted than he'd been in a long time; since the first time Markham had mentioned the name of Andree Mathieu. He felt somehow that this was a beginning. ▲▲▲



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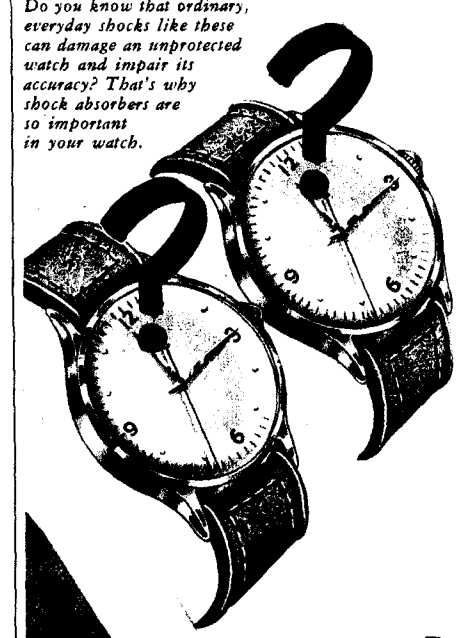

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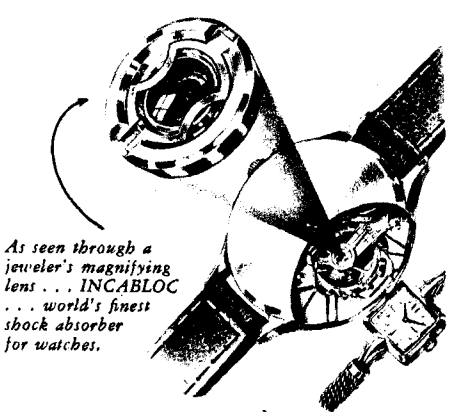

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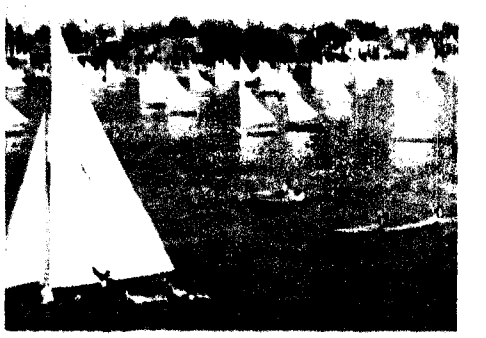

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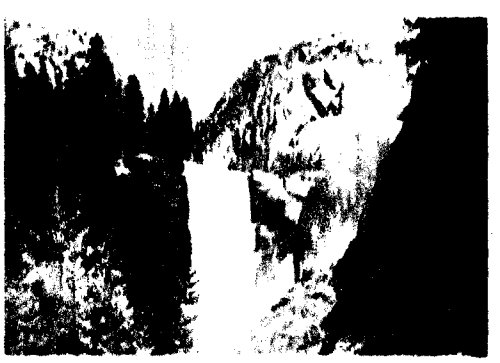

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THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING

It is sad being alone in a strange city, alone in the park on a beautiful Sunday. And nice girls never speak to strangers

By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

CONNIE woke up at about ten that Sunday morning and for a moment lay motionless in bed, her eyes fixed on the square of window, as if all her senses were stretching cautiously to see what kind of day it was. And then it came to her that she wasn't in her old bedroom back home, where a glance would reveal instantly a splash of sunshine or scudding clouds. She was in New York, in her own place, and this window wouldn't tell her a thing. The building was well kept and on a very respectable block, but her apartment was the cheapest in the whole house: just two rooms on the first floor in the rear, and the windows in both tiny rooms faced a narrow courtyard. At the beginning, three weeks ago, when she had wakened to gloom, she had dressed and gone out with raincoat and umbrella, only to emerge from the lobby into blazing sunshine. Now she had learned that by sticking her head way out the window and turning it to the right, she could not only see a slanting shaft of sunlight, on clear days, but also a small patch of sky, through some slit between the surrounding buildings.

She jumped up and went toward the window, a tall, pretty girl in crumpled blue cotton pajamas. But before she stuck her head out, she stood with her eyes closed and only her lips moving. Let it be nice, she thought; please, please let it be a nice day. If it was nice, she could get out of the apartment, do *something,* anything, if only to take a long walk or a bus ride on Fifth Avenue and along the drive. But if it was rainy or cold (and it had been a cold, rainy March so far), then she was stuck in these two dark rooms for the whole day, and she would begin to think.

She swallowed, and opened her eyes, but the lump of homesickness was still there, like a hard knot in her throat. It was bad to think about home; it was the worst thing she could do. That was why it was important to get out of this dark, tight little apartment, especially on a long Sunday.

She opened the window wider and stuck her head out. As she looked up, she held her breath. But there was the square of sunlight on the brick, very sharp and bright this morning; and as her gaze went higher, she saw the tiny patch of blue sky.

There was something else that she noticed, something wonderful, and for a moment, she didn't know what it was. And then it came to her. There was a tart freshness in the air, a sweetness, a softness. It was spring. Through some miracle, the smell and taste of it had drifted down sixteen floors to tease and beguile her senses, making her almost giddy.

She closed her eyes and inhaled deeply three times. Then she ducked her head inside again. She washed, straightened

"Spring does funny things to people," the young man said. "Their perspective changes; strange acts are committed. It might be a good idea to have people inoculated against spring fever at an early age"

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW VIRGIL

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Spring

Look around you. Greening grass, budding trees, nesting birds tell you—*it's spring!* You want to jump into your car and get going. Good! But, first, take time for inspection.

Have necessary checks, adjustments, and repairs made *now*. You can have work done at your convenience, save money in the long run, know that your car is both shipshape and *safe*. Don't put off seeing your service man.

Collier's P.S.
Spring Safety Check List

(have your service man check off the items)

COOLING SYSTEM:

	Drain anti-freeze and flush radiator
	Clean radiator
	Check fan belt, thermostat, water pump and packing
	Add rust inhibitor

CRANKCASE AND CHASSIS:

	Drain crankcase and refill with summer grade oil
	Completely lubricate chassis, bumper to bumper
	Use oil additive if needed
	Check oil filter. Replace cartridge if necessary

ELECTRICAL SYSTEM:

	Clean and adjust spark plugs
	Clean and adjust distributor points
	Tighten all connections
	Check generator, voltage regulator, and battery
	Check wires and cables

ENGINE:

	Inspect carburetor
	Test compression. Install new piston rings if necessary
	Check muffler and tail pipe

WHEELS AND BRAKES:

	Rotate tires
	Check tires for cuts, bruises, and worn treads Warning! The last 1,000 miles of rubber is not worth the risk!
	Check tires for uneven wear. Correct faulty wheel alignment or balance.
	Check adjustment of brakes. Check linings and fluid level.
	Check shock absorbers and steering mechanism

VISION:

	Check windshield and wiper blades
	Check headlamps. Re-aim if out of line
	Check bulbs in all other lamps

APPEARANCE:

	Remove dents and touch-up scratches
	Clean finish thoroughly and protect with wax or polish
	Replace worn floor mats or seat covers

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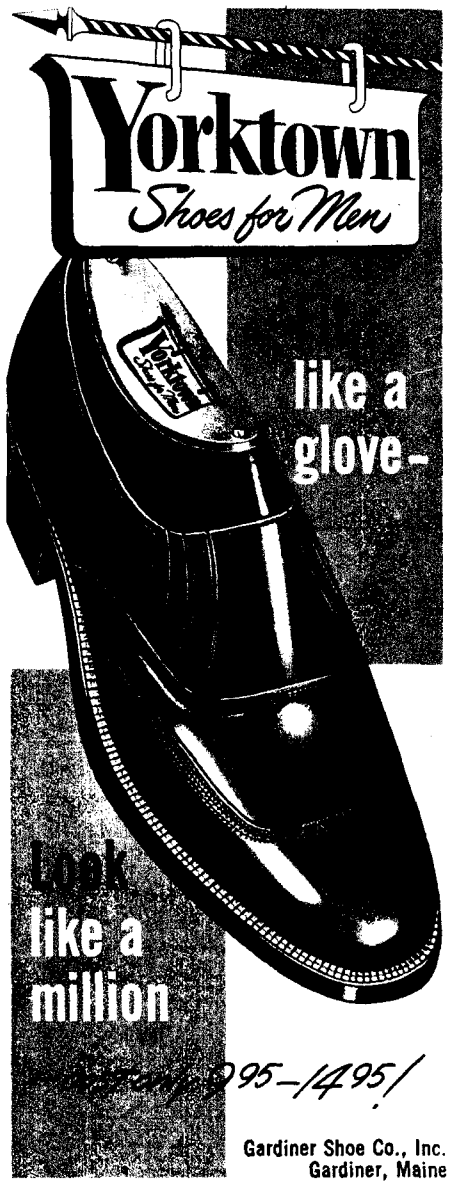

the apartment and, in the foolish kitchenette, made a combination breakfast and lunch, which she ate with a sense of urgency, almost as if there were something exciting waiting for her outside. But that was ridiculous. She was going to be alone, and what could there be exciting about a long day by yourself?

Connie looked around at the small neat room. There seemed to be a deadness in the air, a heaviness. It was very quiet. Sometimes at night, when she was reading a book, the room seemed to her to be a vacuum; the silence rang in her ears in a frightening way. And when she heard a faucet turned on in the apartment behind the wall or a faint burst of laughter, it only seemed to intensify the feeling of emptiness; she would jump up uneasily, her heart beating fast, and walk to the window, swallowing again and again, as she stared unseeingly at the blank brick wall of the courtyard.

I'M TOO alone, she thought now. She knew only a few people in New York: some elderly friends of her grandfather's, the group at the office; that was all. But at the thought of the office, Miss Bourne came into her mind. Miss Bourne was about twenty-five; she was very chic and had a dashing air. Maybe if she weren't doing anything today—Suddenly hopeful, Connie looked for the office directory in the desk drawer, found Alicia Bourne listed, and dialed the number.

"Well, hel*lo*," Miss Bourne said, when Connie had told her who it was. "How are you?" And then, in an aside: "Darling, watch out; you're spilling the coffee."

"I thought," Connie said hurriedly, "that if you weren't doing anything today, we might join forces."

"Why, I would love it," Miss Bourne said, "except that I have a rather nice husband here and what would we do with *him?*" Her voice grew faint again. "Darling, be *careful!*" And then she laughed, and her voice swelled into the telephone again. "You should see him; he has an apron over his pajamas."

"I didn't know you were married," Connie said. And, a few seconds later, when she put down the receiver carefully, she stood quite still, staring down at it. A picture was in her mind; it was surprising how clear it was. She could see Miss Bourne—*Mrs.* Bourne—in bed with the Sunday newspaper on her lap, her husband bringing in the coffee, wearing an apron over his pajamas, and both of them laughing. She turned away from the telephone.

When she had put on her new blue suit and looked at herself in the mirror, she felt better. The suit was well cut; its deep blue color made her blonde hair seem even lighter than it was. The faint feeling of excitement came back. Anything could happen on the first day of spring in New York, anything at all.

She went to the chest of drawers for a pair of gloves, and the telephone rang. For a moment, she was so startled that she stood still, her mouth dry. The ringing was very shrill; it seemed to fill the little room with a kind of excited insistence. She thought: It's the first time in these three weeks that it's rung for me.

She turned quickly and lifted the receiver. "Hello?" she said.

"Annabelle?" a man's voice said.

For a moment Connie didn't speak. Then she said, "No. You have the wrong number." She put down the receiver, turned very quickly, picked up her gloves and purse, and left the apartment.

In the dim lobby, she saw the dazzling square of sunlight framed by the open door. As she went out into the street, the full glory of the day burst upon her, affecting her almost painfully. The air was warm and sweet and still, the blue sky seemed faintly powdered with gold, the sunlight had a light, almost startling clarity.

She turned and began to walk up the block, her hands at her sides. As she passed a florist shop, she caught sight of her reflection in the plate-glass window and stood still, looking at herself. It's a nice suit, she thought glumly, and I look like a nice, average girl in it.

Well, how had she expected to look in it? She *was* a nice, average girl. Maybe that was the trouble in a city this size. She was too average. She didn't stand out in any way. When she thought of it, it was almost as if she had been invisible these past few weeks, as if she were made of air. She could pass a hundred people on the street and not a one would notice her or wonder about her or think about her for a second afterward. Whereas, back home—

Oh, stop it, she told herself; stop thinking about home. She began to walk on again, slowly, aimlessly, seeing all the people around her moving quickly, as if they were hurrying to reach their destinations.

She stopped at the corner. I must have a destination, too, she thought; I must make a plan. She saw a thin tree, whose spare branches were beginning to show buds, and it came to her that the thing to do on the first day of spring was to be outdoors, where there were trees and flowers. She would go to the park.

She felt instant relief as she hailed a bus and got inside. When it reached Fifty-ninth Street, Connie got out, and walked into the park. It was crowded. Children ran and screamed on the winding walks, baby carriages bumped into each other; old people sat on the benches with their seamed faces turned to the sun, motionless as statues.

After she had walked for a little while, she sat down there on one of the benches, next to a couple with a baby carriage nudged against their knees. Connie closed her eyes. The air was really extraordinary; it seemed to kiss her cheeks, lift her hair caressingly. There was something about the first day of spring that was like no other day in the year.

THE sun was warm on her shoulders; her thoughts drifted, became blurred. She fell asleep. It was only for a few minutes, but when her eyes opened again she didn't know how long it had been; she felt dazed. When she turned her head, she saw that the married couple had gone, and that a young man sat beside her now. He was a very tall young man with a thin, strong face, and he was looking down at her with a little smile. "You looked so peaceful," he said. "Was it a good dream?"

She said automatically: "I didn't dream at all."

"I always dream," he said. "Sometimes in color."

She was astonished, "In color?" she said, sitting up straight.

"Sure." He smiled. It was a warm, companionable smile. "Only thing is," he said, "once you've dreamed in color it spoils you for the plain black-and-white." He sat back on the bench, his arms folded across his chest. He had on a dark, well-cut suit and a striped tie; his white shirt was dazzling in the sun. He looked, Connie thought, exactly like a young man in a hat advertisement, only he wasn't wearing a hat.

A warning sign flashed on in her brain: Don't talk to strange men. She turned her head away quickly.

"It's quite a day," the young man said. "Nature in a prodigal mood, giving things away."

Connie stared with fierce concentration at a nearby tree. What shall I do? she thought. Get up and walk away? But that would be so abrupt, so rude. Just the same, if she didn't, he would

"Hello, Harrison's Bakery? This is Mrs. Grady calling!"

COLLIER'S — STAN FINE

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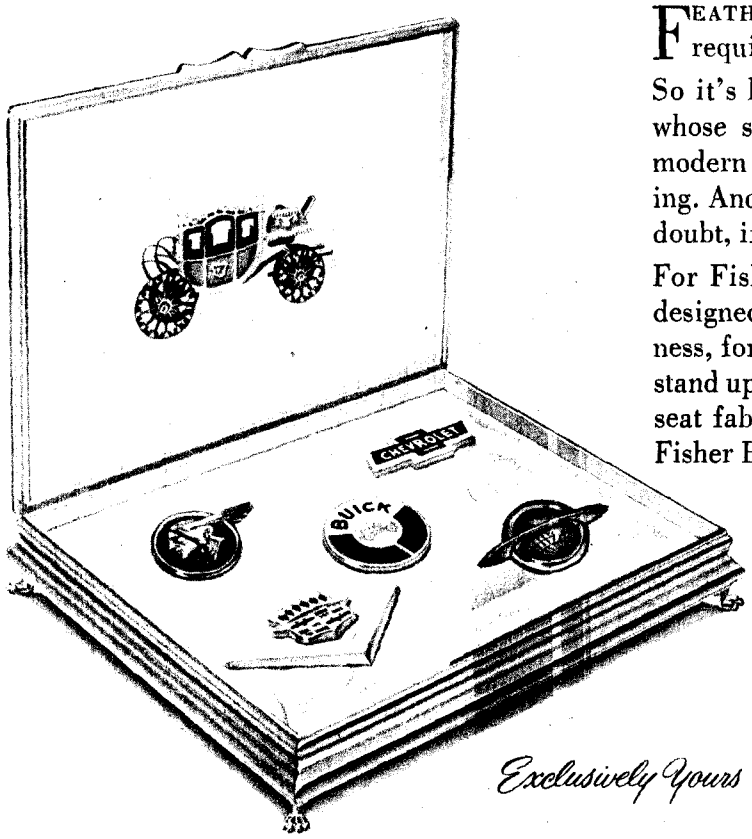

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think that she was just a girl you could pick up on a park bench. Undecided, she sat tense, staring so fixedly at the tree that her eyeballs began to hurt.

"Spring does funny things to people," the young man went on. He spoke slowly, easily, as if they had known each other for years. "Their perspective changes, their inhibitions get forgotten. Strange acts are committed." He cleared his throat. "Very strange. It might be a good idea to have people inoculated against spring fever at an early age."

The back of Connie's neck began to feel stiff as she stared straight ahead of her. A struggle raged inside her. One part of her said: You can't possibly talk to him—why, he's a complete stranger, and the other cried out longingly: But he seems so nice! The two parts argued violently back and forth for several seconds, and finally one said: For Heaven's sake, what is so terrible about exchanging a few words with a young man with a hundred people wandering around us? Connie waited, but the other side didn't answer at all.

SHE turned her head. "I always thought," she said, "that spring fever was a very pleasant disease." Her eyes were soft and serious.

"Pleasant, but dangerous," the young man said, "like a lot of other things in this world." His eyes met hers. They were a warm shade of reddish brown—a very unusual shade, Connie thought. She could not remember ever having seen eyes of just that color before.

He cleared his throat. "You have a very transparent face," he said. "I know just what you're thinking."

"You do?"

"Of course. You're thinking: I must not talk to him; we were never introduced."

"Why, that's true," Connie said. "That's exactly what I was thinking."

"And you're quite right," he said. "Very bad practice, speaking to strange men. A nice girl like you can't be too careful." He coughed. "Of course, you have nothing to worry about so far as *I'm concerned; I'm ultrarespectable.*" He uncrossed his arms. "I belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club and I have a great-aunt who lives in Larchmont."

His foolishness amused Connie; she leaned back. She felt good; she felt wonderful. "I *am* relieved," she said solemnly. "It just happens that I'm wearing my necklace of matched emeralds today, and you gave me a few nervous moments at first."

"Naturally," he said. "As a matter of fact, I don't know why the gentleman *should allay the fears of the lady in* situations of this kind. Maybe it should be the other way around." He cleared his throat. "In all the movies I've seen, it's the lady who is the more dangerous of the sexes. The poor male looks rugged, but he doesn't have a fighting chance."

"Don't you believe it," Connie said. "All those scenarios were written by frustrated lady authors." Suddenly she thought: Why, my bounce has come back. It was true. Back home, she had always been like this—gay and quick-minded and full of life. In these past few weeks of loneliness, she had lost something; she had been strangely leaden in her speech and her movement. Now it was as if a current had started again, warming her, making her eyes shine and her heart beat a little faster.

"My name," the young man said, "is Bill Watkins."

"Mine is Connie Marsh," she said. The enormity of what she was doing assailed her, and her neck began to feel stiff again. "I really think that I—"

She made a faint motion to get up, but somehow she couldn't move any farther.

"Would you like to be properly introduced?" he said.

"By whom?"

"There's a nice little guy sitting down at the end of the next bench. Looks very respectable. I'm sure he would be glad to do the honors." He leaned forward to face the neat old man and, to Connie's horror, opened his mouth to speak.

"Please!" she said in a frantic whisper. "You mustn't!" And when he leaned back again and looked at her inquiringly, she let out her breath and said: "You weren't *really* going to ask him, were you?"

"Sure," he said. "Why not? An introduction is an introduction. You think this one would be less valid than one you might get at a cocktail party?" He shook his head. "It would not. Suppose you joined some big group at this

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COLLIER'S — DAVID PASCAL

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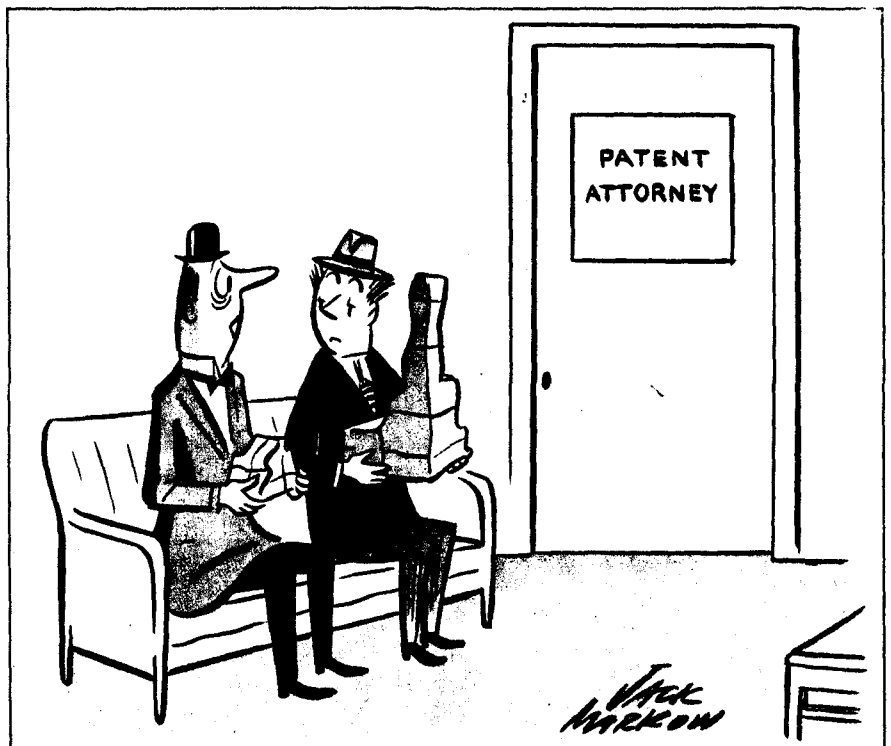

COLLIER'S

"I expect the world to beat a path to my door. Does that give you a clue?" JACK MARKOW

party and someone you had just met—someone you'd never see again—introduced us. It wouldn't mean a thing, really. Just an exchange of names."

"Well," Connie said, "maybe you're right; I never thought of it that way. I suppose there are ways of getting around introductions, anyway. If two people could just think of one person that they both knew, for instance, it would be practically the same thing."

"Okay," he said. "I'll go first. Do you know Joe Holmes from Chicago?"

CONNIE'S face was solemn with thought. "It just happens," she said finally, "that I never heard of him. Do you know Barbara Appleton of Centralia, Ohio?"

"The name," he said, "doesn't quite ring a bell." He sighed deeply. "So much for mutual acquaintances."

He's really awfully attractive, Connie thought. At that moment, he turned his head and caught her looking at him. She blushed and looked away.

"Is that where you're from?" he said. "Ohio?"

"That's right."

"Did your family move East with you?"

"No," she said. She looked down at her lap. "I came alone. My mother died three years ago, and my father married again this year." She looked up, feeling her cheeks grow warm. "She's an awfully nice woman, but somehow I felt—in the way." Why am I telling him this? she thought. He's a stranger. But somehow the words came easily and naturally. "After I got out of college, I thought I'd try a big-city career, so here I am." Suddenly she smiled. "All ready to make an indelible imprint on industry."

"What industry?"

"Fashion. I studied design in school," she said, blushing again. "I seem to be giving you a thumbnail sketch."

Bill smiled. "I happen to be in one of the allied fields. I work for a magazine. Promotion department."

Her eyebrows went up. "Allied?" she said.

"Sure. It's a fashion magazine."

Connie laughed. "Are you a native New Yorker?" she said.

"Born and bred," he said. "But this is the first time in years that I've been in Central Park. There was something in the air this morning that gave me a hankering to visit the zoo. I haven't gone since I was a kid." He took out a pack of cigarettes, looked at her inquiringly, and when she shook her head, he put one in his mouth and lighted it. "What brings a girl like you to a park bench on a Sunday afternoon?"

She hesitated. She wanted to say: I was lonely, terribly lonely. I couldn't think of any other place to go. But it sounded so pathetic, as if she were a misfit, a social dud.

She said lightly: "Oh, I had an hour or two to waste, and I thought I'd get a little sun."

"Do you know a lot of people in New York?"

"Quite a few."

"You must be kept pretty busy."

"Oh, I am," she said. She looked away without seeing the people milling by. A picture had come into her mind; she saw her tiny, empty apartment, very dark even on a dazzling day like this; she saw the telephone lying voiceless in its black cradle; she saw herself at the small table, chewing and swallowing her dinner in the terrible silence.

"Will you go to the zoo with me?" he said. "It would be so much nicer if you came along."

IT WAS as if she could still see her little flat and feel the overpowering emptiness inside her. She turned her head slowly and met his eyes. He was smiling a little; there was a gentleness in his face.

She drew in her breath. "I would like that very much," she said.

They got up and walked along the winding path. Neither of them said anything. But for Connie, looking around at the strolling people, the children swooping and laughing, everything had changed. The scene seemed astonishingly alive with color and movement; the bright air, although it was motionless, seemed to breathe with a life of its own. There was something exciting, she thought, about the tall young man at her side; she wanted to steal a secret glance at his profile; she wanted to hear him speak again. He had such an unusual way about him, abrupt and yet gentle; his thoughts were so surprising. You never knew what he was going to

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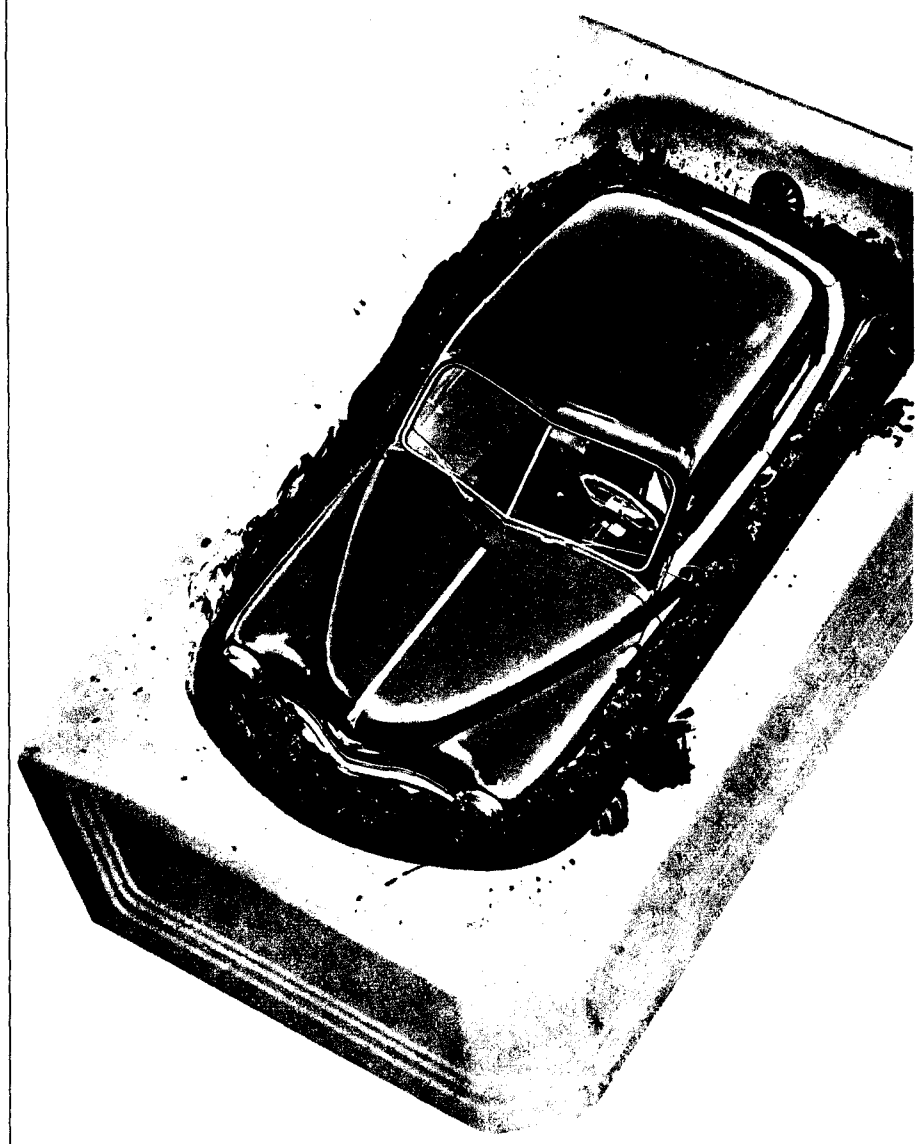

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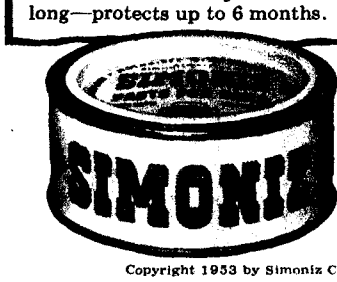

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say next; oh, he was a very unusual young man! And while she thought all these things, she looked about with a little smile on her mouth and a flush on her face, seeing everything around her and yet not seeing anything at all.

Finally she said: "New Yorkers look very happy."

He flipped away his cigarette. "That's just Sunday release from pressure," he said. "They'll look different tomorrow. Most of them are just whistling in the dark, anyway."

"Whistling in the dark?"

"Sure," he said. "Plenty of them are scared and worried. Insecure. Some of them haven't got a spare nickel. But they put up a good front because they're ashamed to have the next one find out. It's like a kind of game that everybody plays."

I play it when I'm in the office, she thought; why, I'm playing it right now.

For a while, they were silent again. Then they began to talk. He lived, he told her, with another young man in an apartment not far from the park; his mother and father and younger sister had moved to Connecticut; sometimes he went there for week ends. He liked the country; he hoped someday to settle in a small, friendly town—within commuting distance, of course. "Publishing," he said, "is a big-city profession." He looked gloomy. "Sometimes I think I should have taken up tattooing."

"Don't you like what you're doing?" she said.

"Sure. And I give it all I've got. But I'm with a big outfit, and sometimes I think I'm getting nowhere fast. I have terrible visions of myself at seventy, with a long white beard, still thinking up new promotion schemes and breaking down circulation figures." He smiled at her. "What does a girl like you dream about?"

LOTS of things, she thought, only I can't tell you of them. She dreams of love and getting married; she dreams of living in that house in the country you were talking about, with her husband coming up the walk at dinnertime every night, the newspaper under his arm and maybe a little present somewhere in his pocket—something foolish that they can both laugh about.

She blushed and looked away. "Just nice, average dreams," she said. "I'm a nice, average girl."

"Oh, no," he said. "You're not average."

She looked at him again. "I'm not?" she said.

"Lord, no," he said. "You're not average at all."

She waited hopefully for him to explain why she wasn't average, but he didn't say anything else. She walked on beside him, feeling warm and happy. She was part of the pageant now; she was one of the players, and it was all so different when it was like that. She wanted to smile at the strolling people and say: Do you see? I'm not a stranger any more. I'm just as much a part of this city, this park, this crowd as you are.

They reached the zoo, but they didn't go inside right away; they sat down on a bench again and talked. It was as if they could not stop talking. They talked about books and jobs and politics and movies. They played a little game. Every few minutes, he would suddenly say something like: "Maybe you know Fern McWastebasket from Round O, South Carolina. Her head comes to a slight point," and Connie would go into deep thought and shake her head; or she would say suddenly: "It just occurred to me—you might know a friend of mine—Herkle Pike, from Wounded Knee, South Dakota. An old Indian scout." And he would concentrate and then say regretfully: "No, but we'll hit someone yet." They played it solemnly, making the names and places sillier as they went along. The sunlight, coming through the thin March green of the trees, made wavering splotches of gold on his face. The more she looked at his face, the more she liked it; it was such a *nice* face, she thought; not handsome, maybe, but very attractive.

An hour passed, or was it two or three? Connie had lost all track of time. When they got up at last to go into the zoo, she had the queer feeling that if he took her hand now it would feel easy and natural to walk with him that way. But he didn't.

The zoo was jammed. People stood two and three deep in front of the railings; children darted everywhere. The bright air streamed down, and the sun was warm on their shoulders as they moved from one cage to another. In front of a wallaby's cage, Bill seemed thoughtful. Finally he said: "She looks just like my landlady."

Connie threw back her head and laughed. When she looked at him again, there was a softness in his eyes, his mouth. "You have a little-girl face," he said.

Something caught at her; for a moment she could not take her eyes away from his. They stood motionless in the sun, looking at each other as the people milled around them.

Then Connie turned away. "Let's look at the monkeys," she said. Something wonderful is happening, she thought; something beautiful that I will always remember.

They walked, stopped, moved on again. Suddenly she saw the elephant cage a short distance away. "Look," she said. "Oh, look!" And she moved away from him quickly and ran to the elephant moat to lean with the others against the railing. For a few seconds, she stared up at the huge creature with its tiny, ridiculous eyes. "Elephants," she said, "always look as if they needed pressing." She turned to Bill. He wasn't there.

She turned around. She looked in one direction and then the other. She couldn't see him. But of course he would appear any second. I guess, she thought, he didn't see me move away.

The seconds ticked by, and finally she began to walk uncertainly back and forth. For the first time, she felt uneasy. There were so many people! She had come from the right, hadn't she?—where the monkeys were. But when she walked that way, there were no mon-

Spring Fever

How do I feel?
Down at the heel—
Going to seed . . .
What do I need?
Rose-colored glasses?
Iron and molasses?
Just a new hat?
No, no, not that!
Wel-l-l, a new hat . . . Yes,
But also a dress,
A coat and a suit
And new shoes, to boot.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

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keys; there were the camels and antelopes.

She wandered around. People pushed against her, laughing and talking. Finally she sat down on a bench and turned her head from side to side, as she looked for him. Her throat was dry. He'll come, she thought; he'll find me.

She sat there for a long time. When she finally looked down at her watch, she was shocked to see how late it was. She might just as well get up, she thought, and go back to the dark flat. She would pick up something for her dinner at the delicatessen store and take it home. There was a library book to be read and a blouse that had to be washed.

A feeling of emptiness swept over her, so deep and powerful that she closed her eyes. Oh, God, she thought; he was so wonderful; he was everything I ever wanted.

SHE got up and walked toward the Sixty-fifth Street entrance. The sun seemed to have lost its strength. Most of the baby carriages had disappeared, and the benches were half empty. She walked slowly, because she was very tired; it seemed a terrible effort to put one foot in front of the other.

On Fifth Avenue, she caught a downtown bus. As it lurched ahead, she stared at an advertisement on the opposite side. It showed a boy and girl in bathing suits; they were running out of the surf, hand in hand, and looking very happy about something.

Connie looked down at her lap. I'll never see him again, she thought; never, never. Tears glazed her eyes. They had had such a good time together, their minds had fused. They had made each other laugh. How had they lost each other in the crowd? Oh, but they should have thought of such a possibility! They should have said beforehand: If we get separated, I'll be at—

She looked up quickly. It was as if she had stopped breathing. Maybe, she thought; maybe—

At Fifty-ninth Street, she got out of the bus and went into the park again. Down this path—yes, this was the way she had first come, right around this bend. But of course he wouldn't be there. What had she meant to him? Maybe less than nothing; he knew a dozen girls with whom he could have just as good a time. He was back in his apartment already; he was with his roommate, and they were planning a double date for later.

Her steps slowed, and she walked around the bend as if she were moving toward disaster. Then she looked up, straight at the bench. She stood motionless, her breath coming light and quick in her throat.

He turned his head and saw her; he jumped up.

"Bill!" she said, and suddenly she was full of joy. Everything was wonderful again, the way it had been before.

When he was in front of her, he shook his head slowly. "I was beginning to think that I dreamed up the whole thing," he said.

"We—got separated," Connie said. It was hard to speak. The sun, which had seemed so weak and watery a little while ago, had grown quite dazzling again. She thought: He came all the way back here to find me.

"Could you have dinner with me?" he said. He hesitated. "I suppose you have a date?"

"Oh, no," she said, "I don't have any dates. I really don't know anybody in New York. I've been here for such a little while." The words came easily; she wondered why she hadn't told him before. And she wondered why she wasn't worried that he might think her forward in coming back to find him. It seemed simple and natural that they had both come back to find each other. "It's been lonely. You can't imagine how lonely," she said.

He looked at her for a moment, and then he said: "Let's get out of this place."

They began to walk silently back to the entrance. Connie moved lightly, dreamily; the tiredness seemed to have slipped from her. Everything around her—the thin green of the trees, the jagged city sky line in the distance, the long, slanting shadows on the grass—seemed inexpressibly beautiful. Oh, New York itself was beautiful—beautiful and exciting!

They came out onto Fifth Avenue and the Plaza. Without either of them knowing how it had happened, they were holding hands. ▲▲▲

"We find the defendant guilty and recommend that he be sentenced to jury duty"

COLLIER'S — CHON DAY

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SHAME

PERHAPS this is more a story of my mother than of Cousin Willie, of Mother, who encouraged Willie just as long as he seemed to possess no single redeeming characteristic but who told him off in no uncertain terms the very instant she discovered that he did, in fact, possess something which to many people might have seemed almost endearing.

He was small, scrawny, Scottish. He was opinionated, cantankerous, disagreeable. In addition to these charms he was, or claimed to be, hard of hearing. About this there were two opinions, since he was completely deaf when asked a question he did not want to answer, yet was easily able to catch the faintest murmur about, for instance, a second helping of roast beef.

He was not my mother's cousin. My father's side of the family had the honor of kinship. And yet it was only because of Mother's support of his cause, Mother's sympathy for the man, that we kept seeing him that year when I was ten, during the depression.

Cousin Willie had been known to us only by hearsay until one very hot June Sunday in the summer which was known forever after in our family as the-summer-we-lived-at-Aunt-Nettie's. Uncle Fred, Aunt Nettie's husband, had given us a fanciful biography of him, telling us how he earned a modest living selling other Scotsmen his six-lesson correspondence course on thrift—schemes like that. And this Sunday, as we turned up the walk on our way back from church, we saw a stranger on Aunt Nettie's front steps, a spare man with a face like a turtle's and a look like a turtle's, too, as if he were peering out of his shell and might decide to pop back in at any moment. His nose was an eagle's beak. His dark suit was shabby and looked too warm. But the really captivating thing about the man was the brown derby he wore. It had a look of having turned brown as a despairing last resort after having tried other shades with less success. As we came toward him, he arose from the steps where he had been sitting and tipped the derby.

"And who arre you?" he demanded, settling the hat back in place. His voice was raspy as a file, and he burred his r's.

Cousin Willie, I thought, awed.

"I'm Mrs. McKinley," Mother said in a low, composed tone. "And these are my daughters, Virginia and little Helen."

"You'd be Bob's widow." The little man nodded. His voice had softened. "I was sorry to learn about Bob's passing. It was a terrible thing."

None of us had heard my Uncle Fred's car pull up under the porte-cochere. We all jumped when he roared out, "Hello, there, Willie! Thought you'd turn up today." In the same loud voice, he added to my mother, "You'll have to shout at him, Aggie! He's deaf as a post!"

Mother had not shouted, and he had certainly heard her. I looked at him speculatively. Perhaps I could get him to show me how to read lips.

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THE DEVIL

He was a crusty old man. He was also a wicked one, who knew very well which side his bread was buttered on. His deceptions were bound, sometime, to be exposed

By MARJORIE CARTER

We were at Aunt Nettie's that summer for the simple reason that there was nowhere else for us to go. After my father's death, Mother began a process called being reinstated in the school system. Being reinstated went on and on, and meanwhile Mother did substitute-teaching, which paid very little. In the summer months, it paid nothing.

Aunt Nettie was my father's oldest sister. She invited the three of us—Mother, my baby sister and me—to spend the summer with her, and she told people that poor Agnes was visiting her to rest up and to get her feet under her. Actually Mother had her feet under her a good part of the time. Aunt Nettie prided herself upon being a fussy housekeeper; and as she had no maid, she did the fussing and Mother did the work. The house was big, old and overfurnished. Mother earned our keep while she "rested up" at Aunt Nettie's.

She was a little thing, my mother, with dark, shiny hair and topaz-colored eyes which turned black when she was excited. She was very young-looking. Aunt Nettie was in her fifties at that time, about twice Mother's height and about three times her width. During all the time I have known Aunt Nettie, she has had only two ideas: one, that she always gets the short end of the deal and, two, that children should be seen and not heard.

COUSIN WILLIE remained for dinner that Sunday and Aunt Nettie fussed and wriggled all through the meal. After dessert, signaling Mother to follow her, she marched through the kitchen and into the breakfast room, which was on the other side.

"Agnes," she hissed, "this is too much!"

I eavesdropped, afraid I had misbehaved. Usually, when it was too much, I had done something, or had left something undone. I stopped scraping dishes in order to hear.

"Presuming!" I heard, and "absolutely no claim on us—a sort of a cousin of Mama's," and "perfect nuisance, having him barge in like this, and he has done this sort of thing for years, cadging on 'em, and on Sister Ella, and my Aunt Ruth, too, for a while back there!"

This was all sputtered out with terrific indignation, and hooray! this time it wasn't me! I summoned the courage to walk across the kitchen to the icebox with the butter, and peep in at Mother. Her eyes were black, and her hair was ruffled, and she had her hands stuck deep in her apron pockets. But she was smiling.

"Oh, Nettie," she said, and the smile was in her voice, too.

"I'm going to tell him not to come back any more. I'm going to tell him we don't want him." Here Nettie had a mistaken inspiration. "I'm going to tell him it makes too much work for you."

She turned to go, but Mother stopped her. "He's come around like this for years," Mother said. It was half a question, half a statement. "You can't do it. You can't order him off. You musn't think about sparing

We saw a stranger on the steps, a man with a face like a turtle's. As we came toward him, he arose from the steps and tipped his derby. "And who arre you?" he demanded

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

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me, Nettie. I'd never forgive myself if that influenced you!"

Nettie looked astonished.

"You're—you're a refuge for him," Mother said. "I can see that. You are a heaven-sent blessing. He's a trial, and he's—he's sort of awful, I guess, but don't you see that's all the more reason for letting him come here? Don't you see that it's more than food? He gets companionship here and the feeling of belonging." Mother added in a whisper, "He must be terribly lonely!"

"We-ell." Nettie spoke slowly. It takes time to change from being hot and cross into being heaven-sent and a refuge. "Well, I'm glad to help him, of course. And I must say, your attitude is commendable."

So Cousin Willie kept on coming to Aunt Nettie's all through that summer. He always came unexpected. He always came at mealtimes. And he always had something about which he complained in his awful voice. He was at the age where everyone he saw reminded him of someone he had known years before, and I, unhappily, reminded him of someone named Janet who had been bashful. "Bashful!" he'd bellow triumphantly at me. "Don't be bashful, Janet! Speak up, girl, and shame the devil!"

"Some ketchup for the chicken à l'angélique au vin blanc Anjou?"

COLLIER'S HANK BAEB

EARLY in September we found a place to live. It was tiny, a shack by the river, but it had a good roof and a wood-burning stove in the kitchen and a fireplace in the living room, and there were two other rooms besides. The owner said no one had ever tried to live through the winter there but we were welcome to it, if Mother would promise to drain the water pipes on especially severe nights. Mother promised, we took our furniture out of the shed at Aunt Nettie's, and we had our own home.

I look back now and think of Mother, then only in her twenties, moving into that place with a four-year-old and a ten-year-old, with a living to make, and the depression sweeping the country like a plague; and I marvel at how happy and secure she managed to make us feel. She had a thousand plans, and if any of them did not work, I never knew it. The woman next door took care of Helen while Mother was at school; the high tide, which sometimes nibbled at the outer edge of our back yard, deposited driftwood for our fires; and another neighbor let us use his rowboat so we could go crabbing or fishing in the little creeks close by.

Winter, with its storms and its storm-driven gulls which swooped low and close to our windows, came to an end and it was spring; then it was summer, and we were what Mother called "living on the interest of our debts." She was still substitute-teaching.

Poverty never rode lighter on any shoulder. We scrimped and saved, we gardened, swam and fished. When it was August, Mother said, "Virginia, we've made it! We're not going to have to ask anybody for help. We're going to scrape through until our first payday." She smiled at me. "Let's make fudge," she said gaily, "to celebrate."

The next day was a Saturday, and Mother had just finished tying Helen's napkin around her neck when someone knocked at the door.

Mother looked out of the window, gulped, and exclaimed, "My stars, it's Cousin Willie!"

Neither he nor the derby had changed a bit.

"Agnes," he said, as if he were surprised to see Mother standing in her own doorway. "Well, Agnes."

"Come in, Willie." The laughter in Mother's voice would not be hidden, but her face was straight. "We're just about to sit down to eat," she said. "Will you join us?" He said he would. "You remember Virginia," Mother gave me a little nudge as she spoke, and I asked softly how did he do.

"Bashful!" he began, at once.

"Sit down here, Willie," Mother said.

We had a lima-bean casserole, which was something special the way Mother made it, out of dried beans, a tiny bit of salt pork, and tomatoes and onions and carrots we had grown ourselves. It was to have been our Sunday's dinner as well as our Saturday supper, but it vanished right down to the last bean, and Willie, mopping up the last drops of gravy with a bit of bread, explained that his action complimented the cook.

He visited for a while after supper, long enough to be shown around. "And now I must go," he said, regretfully. "I'm sorry to eat and run, but beggars can't be choosers."

My mother and I stood and watched him disappear into the summer dusk. "Poor man," she said. "Poor lonely little man. But Virginia, aren't you glad that *we* can choose?"

I said, "He ate our Sunday dinner."

Mother said, "We chose to share it, because we're free to choose."

HE CAME a second time, and a third. It was getting embarrassing, because now we were squeaking through only by courtesy of Charles Dickens. Somehow Mother had managed to find a buyer for the leather-bound set of Dickens' works which we had always had. Cousin Willie's fourth visit was just before Labor Day, and he was talkier than ever. He had come from dining with Nettie and Fred, he told us, and he added, "Agnes, Nettie surprised me. She said you and the children could have spent the summer there and it wouldn't have cost you a cent."

"Um-h'm," Mother said absently, tasting a little of the potato soup to see if she'd added enough salt to balance the extra water.

"Should have taken her up on it," he croaked. "Saved what this"—he glanced at the stove, the pile of driftwood, and up at Mother—"cost you. You can't afford this. Extravagant. *I* couldn't afford it."

Mother only said, "See what Helen's doing, please, Virginia."

When I got back, he was talking about opera, about a great singer who had known what it was to be poor.

Mother said, silkily, "And where did you meet this charming, talented lady?"

"At a dinner." He always sees everybody across a table! I thought.

Mother said, "Really?"

"Yes. I get around, Agnes." Disapproval, even implied disapproval, from Mother was something new to Cousin Willie. "This was a meeting of people interested in the Metropolitan Opera's budget."

"You are interested in the Metropolitan Opera's budget?"

"Why, yes. I can afford to take an interest in it, and—"

"Surely you're joking." Mother's voice was faint.

"I'm a well-fixed man," he said, almost grudgingly. "It's been a pull. But as I tried to tell you just now, thrift is what counts. Thrift," he said, "a knowledge of what I could and could not afford has brought me to where you find me today."

"Well." Mother smiled. "Now, that's nice." She stood up. She never acted like a schoolteacher at home, but this time you might have thought she was sending a child to the principal. "While the soup simmers," she said, "you will come with me, Willie. We have something to do. To *afford*, Willie." . . .

When they came back, they both had their arms full, and the boy who sometimes delivered for the little Italian store where we did our shopping was trailing along behind them, with his wagon loaded.

"Give the boy ten cents, please, Willie," Mother said when everything was spread out on the kitchen table.

"I spent seventeen dollars and forty-four cents for you, Agnes," Cousin Willie said. "And a dime to the boy makes seventeen fifty-four."

That was in the depression time, when prices were low and seventeen dollars' worth of food made a big heap in the kitchen.

"So you did, Willie, and I thank you. It came to me clearly while you were speaking"—she was putting cans on shelves and talking over her shoulder—"that under certain circumstances even very modest hospitality is an extravagance. Now, Willie, any time you want to come for a meal and a visit, you're welcome, from now on the same as you ever were. The visit is free, but until my finances improve—you understand—you'll have to pay for your meals. Not as much as this time, of course; this is sort of a back account."

There was silence. I know I felt shocked at Mother.

"And now, if everybody's ready," Mother said, "we'll start with soup."

"You're a gold digger, Agnes," he said plaintively.

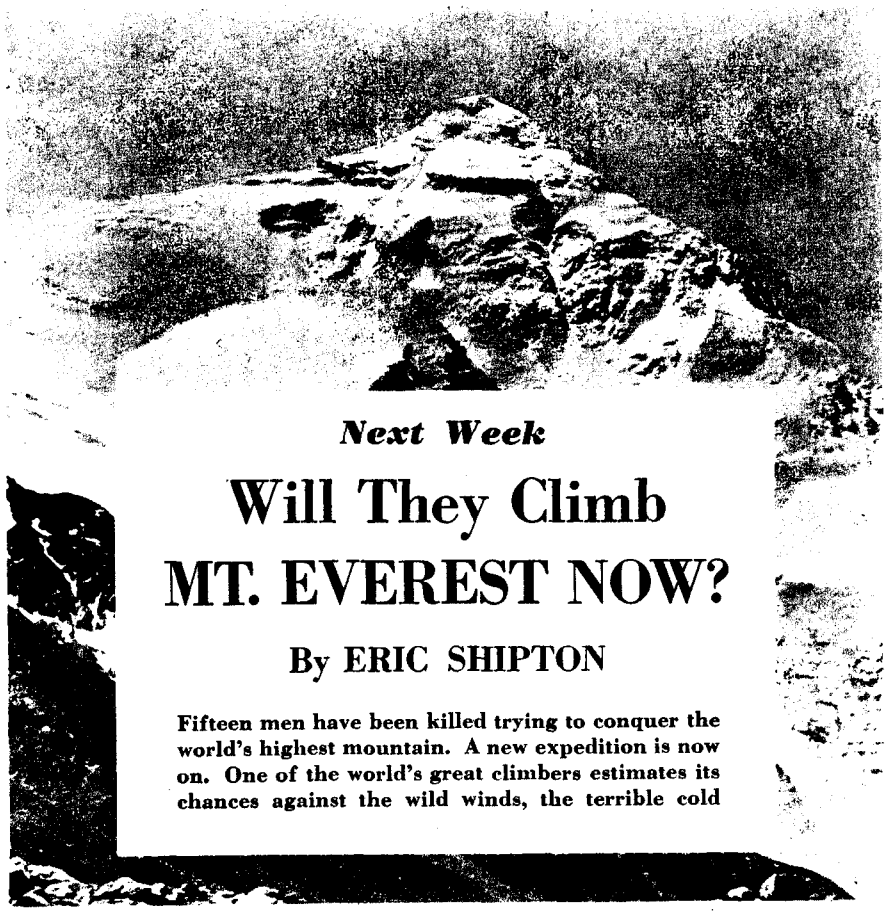
Cousin Willie ate without a word. At the end of the meal he said, "But you're a dom' good cook." He sounded regretful.

HE NEVER came again. Somehow Aunt Nettie learned the story. I think he must have told her. Since his money was no longer a secret, he was very welcome there; he became Aunt Nettie's Eccentric Cousin and figured in her anecdotes. It was clear that Aunt Nettie had a poor opinion of Mother's judgment. And of course, we never saw Cousin Willie and we never heard from him.

Until his death. Then it turned out that, except for small bequests to Aunt Nettie and the Met and some man we did not know, he had left everything he had to Mother, *for whose integrity*, the will read, *I entertain the profoundest respect*. It came to what the lawyer called a "tidy sum."

Mother said, "Poor Willie. Poor man."

What Aunt Nettie said is not properly part of this story. ▲▲▲



Next Week

Will They Climb MT. EVEREST NOW?

By ERIC SHIPTON

Fifteen men have been killed trying to conquer the world's highest mountain. A new expedition is now on. One of the world's great climbers estimates its chances against the wild winds, the terrible cold

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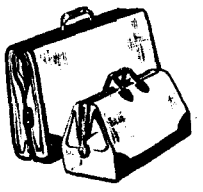

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SEE IT ISN'T SO

It's easy to see that you don't see what you think you see at all. See for yourself

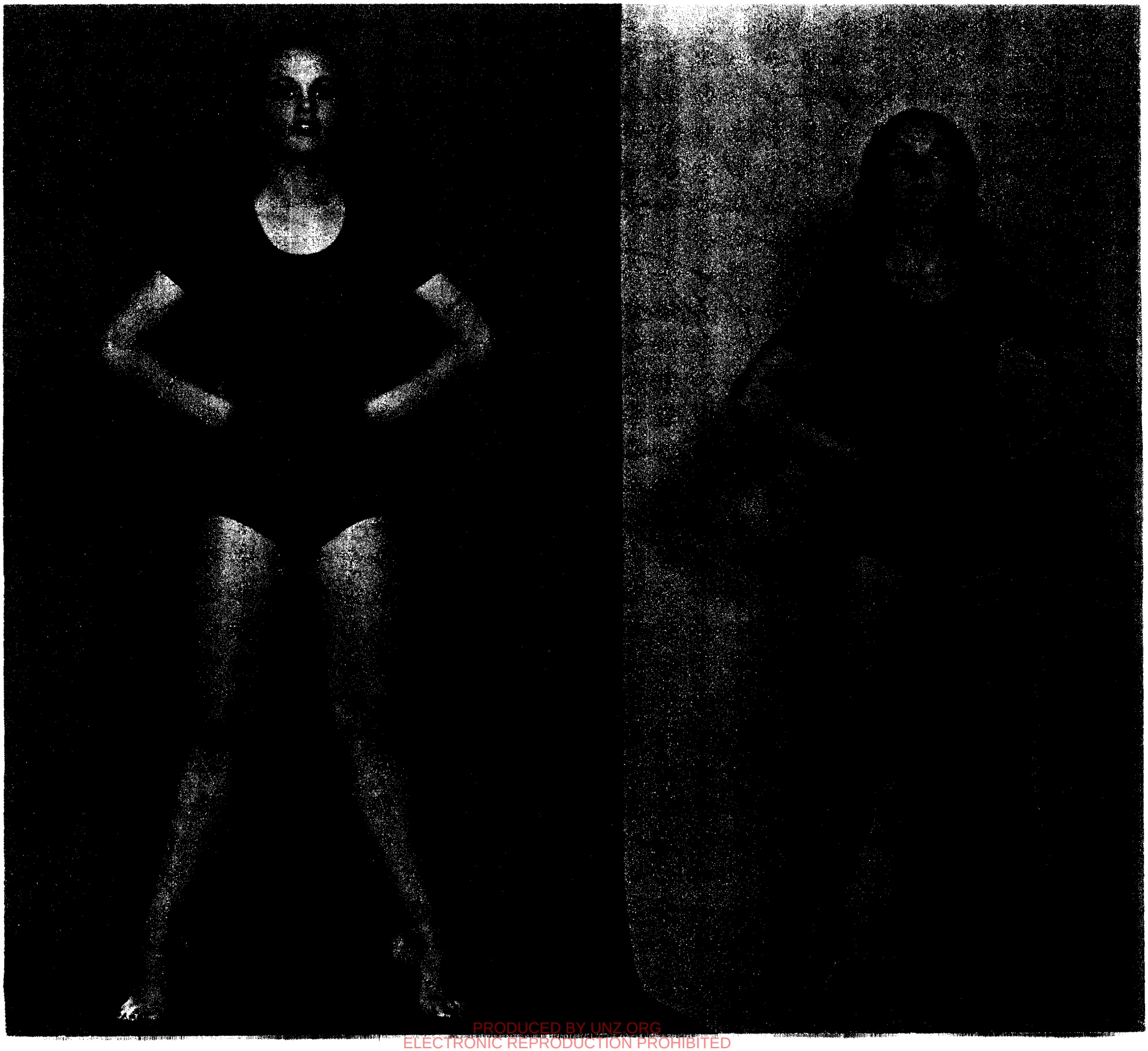
AS WONDROUS a mechanism as the human eye may be, it often behaves like a blatant liar. It can—and frequently does—trick us out of the truth.

There are two general kinds of optical illusions. First, reality may be distorted by a purely physical response of the eye to outside stimuli. For example, a white object appears larger than a black one of equal size. It's simply because bright light stimulates more of the eye's retina than is actually lighted, and you "see" more. Or else a pair of parallel lines is so crossed by diagonals that they appear to tilt. They don't, but the diagonal lines create many angles, which your eyes can't judge accurately.

No mental process is involved in such deceptions. But often the mind does influence the eye, and we have a second kind of illusion: we see what we *expect* to see, rather than what is there. If you turn a picture of a hole in the ground upside down, it looks more like a bump. Why? Because you're used to seeing the shadow of a hole fall in a certain position. When the shadow's position is reversed, the whole image changes.

Sometimes your mind protects you from illusions, instead of creating them. You see a snapshot of a man, with a mountain in the background. The man, as your eye plainly shows, is far larger than the mountain. But your brain knows better, and translates what you see into true perspective. Seeing is believing? The pictures on these pages will tell you that it's just a quaint old adage—and about as dependable as a desert mirage. ▲▲▲

See two shades of blue? The girls are wearing the same color—but your eye's sensitivity to it is affected by the change in backgrounds



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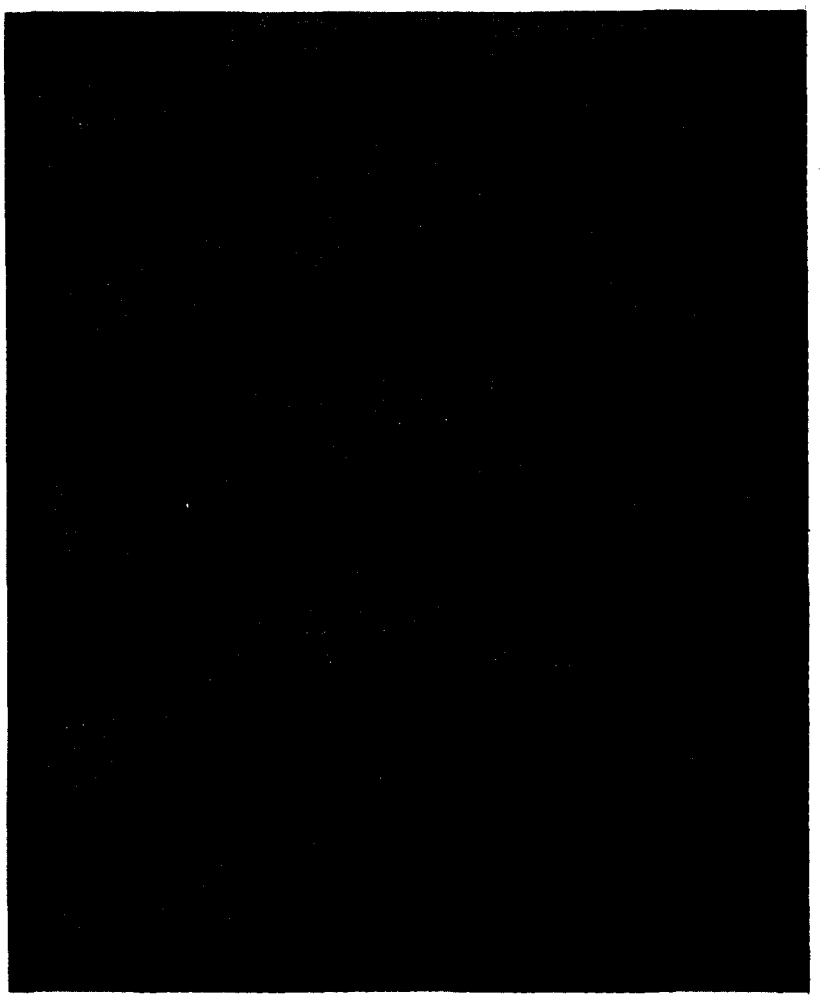
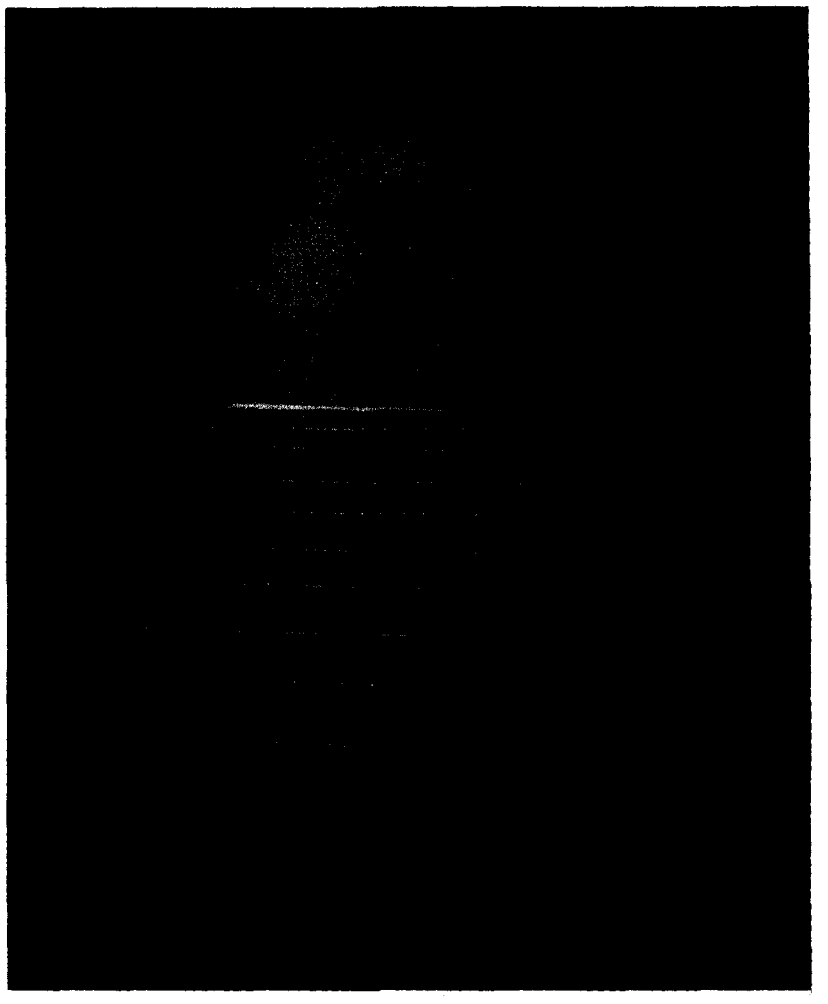
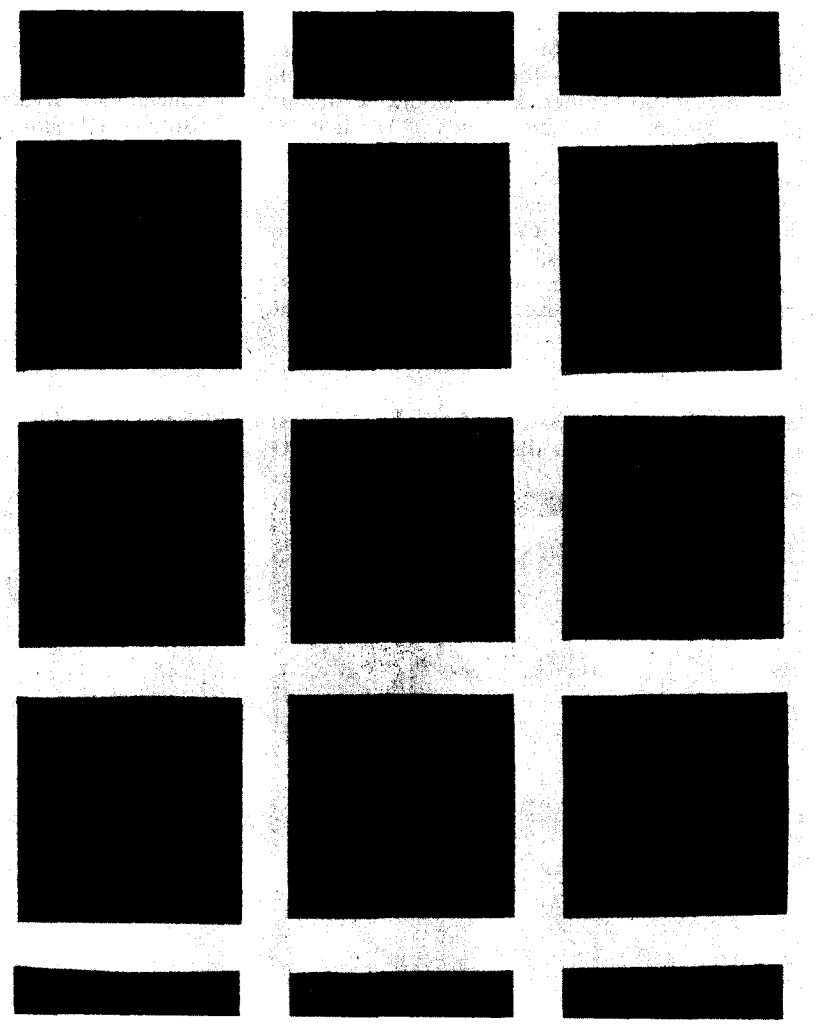


Do the vertical lines tilt? Actually they're all parallel, but the shape and placement of orange blocks distract your eye from following vertical patterns. For proof, test the lines with a ruler



Is it a subway entrance? A prison staircase? It all depends on how experience has taught your mind to respond. You're looking through a camera bellows, toward spot where lens ordinarily is

Looking at bumps? Turn picture around. Now—are they bumps or holes? It's the reversal in position of shadows that throws you off. The object—as upside-down view illustrates—is a sponge



Seeing spots? Light lines are bright when seen against the red. But at points where lines cross each other they look duller by contrast, and you have illusion of pink spots in intersections

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DOUGLAS GRUNDY

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I WAS CALLED SUBVERSIVE

She was a housewife doing a civic duty. Then suddenly came a nightmare of bigotry

By DOROTHY FRANK

WHEN the telephone rang, I was wrist-deep in cake dough, a usual occurrence in my house, where I always seem to be three chores behind the deadline. I glanced through the kitchen window toward eight small boys who seemed at that moment to be re-enacting Custer's Last Stand. In a half hour they would stampede into the house demanding cake and refreshments. If that cake was not ready, Heaven knew that I, no less than General Custer, was expendable. For an instant, I thought of letting the telephone go unanswered; then it rang again, irritably. Sticky-fingered, I picked up the receiver.

"Dorothy? This is Jeanne," said a familiar voice. There were the usual greetings and inquiries about each other's children, then the subject I knew was coming: "The education committee still needs a chairman. You simply have to take it."

Feebly, for the fifth time in the past months, I groped for an excuse. But Jeanne's voice went on, closing the doors on escape: "I know you're busy with your home and the children—but so are all of us. We all have to find time. We can't hide in our kitchens while someone else decides what our children will be taught."

Time was passing. My six-year-old daughter, Ellen, was playing with the cake frosting. Soon her nine-year-old brother, Justy, would be stomping into the house with his friends. "All right," I said, more in an effort to get away from the phone than anything else. "Yes. I'll try."

As I returned to my cake, I had little time to think over my decision. Certainly I didn't realize that my single word "yes," that afternoon in May, 1952, would mark the beginning of the most turbulent period I had ever known, that I should be thrust into a battle of conflicting civic forces in Los Angeles, a battle for which I was grossly ill-prepared. I did not know that I should become involved in a fight to keep instruction about the facts of UNESCO on the curriculum of our city's schools; that I should find myself, and the oldest American traditions, abused and jeered at; and that I should be hounded and threatened, and smeared with that readiest of current epithets —"subversive."

Looking back, I can see that the unexpected struggle forced me to take on, for the first time in my life, the hazards and duties of citizenship which I had all too often lightly dismissed. In time, my friends, parents, doctor-husband and children were all involved. My life was changed, irrevocably. It will never be the same again.

The beginning was deceptively simple. By temperament and inclination, and because my family life has been both demanding and rewarding, I have never been a joiner. I have always shied away from the usual women's organizations, having a secret disdain for many of them and for their ineffectual social chatter.

But at the beginning of 1952, I overcame my reluctance and became a member of the Women for Legislative Action, a new nonpartisan and nonsectarian community organization. Brief contact with this group had convinced me that it was not merely an elaborate excuse for tea. Most of the members were mothers, with some teachers and professional women, and all of us shared a desire to learn more about government and how we could participate intelligently as citizens.

As new chairman of the education committee, I cast about (rather casually) for a group project. I remembered a back-page newspaper item several months earlier saying that the study of the aims and policies of UNESCO program had been discontinued in the Los Angeles schools pending an investigation into protests. The dropping of UNESCO from the curriculum had been done quietly and with slight attention from the press. It had caused no stir. To me, months later, it still seemed a minor local issue—just the kind of subject which would not be an overambitious project for my committee.

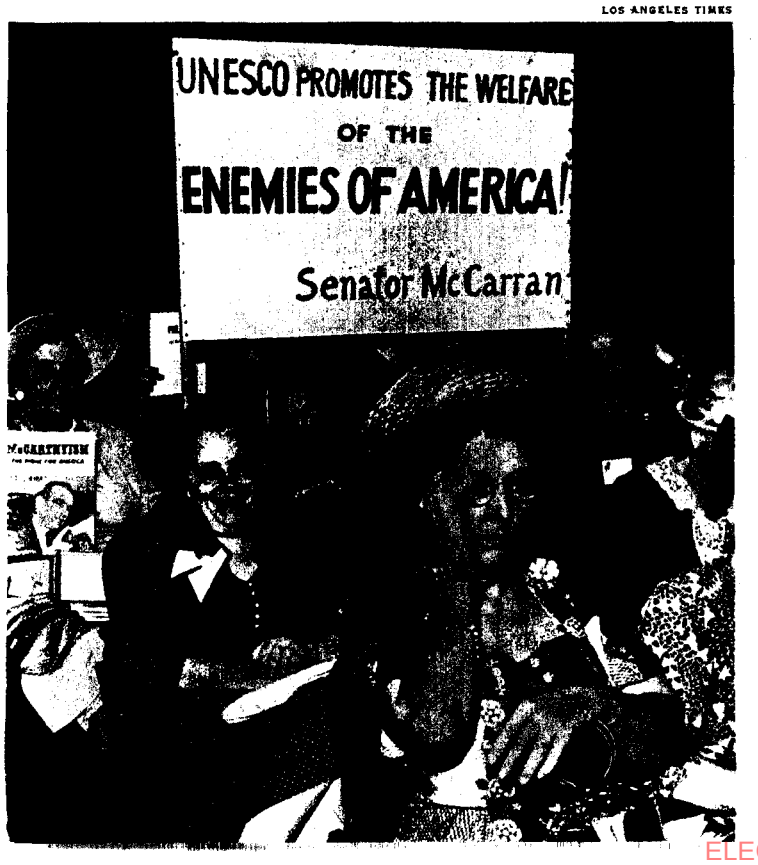
But when I looked into it, the whole matter seemed shrouded in secrecy. It took me days to learn that the protested material was a teachers' manual called The "E" in UNESCO (the E standing for Education). It took still more days to get a copy of the book.

Today, when I regard myself more as a fact sheet than as a woman, my early ignorance seems inconceivable. It amazes me to remember that I had to call a school principal to ask what the initials UNESCO stood for—United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, one of the 10 specialized agencies of the United Nations. During ensuing weeks I further discovered that the goal of UNESCO is peace in a free world through the spread of knowledge, that its 68 member nations are trying to lay the groundwork for international co-operation by combating ignorance, illiteracy and prejudice.

Already this infant organization had a record of accomplishment. The first public library had

Partisans crowded Los Angeles school board hearing on classroom discussion of UNESCO

LOS ANGELES TIMES



Florence Fowler Lyons helped spark attack against study of UNESCO in public schools

LOS ANGELES DAILY NEWS

Paul Hoffman, then head of Ford Foundation, defended UNESCO over the boos of opponents

INTERNATIONAL

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been set up in India. Scholars and scientists were being exchanged to collaborate in reducing illiteracy, spreading new agricultural techniques, developing desert regions, giving all humanity the benefits of modern scientific developments and technical skills.

My leisure for study ended abruptly early in June, when I made my debut in the civic arena completely unheralded. Four members of our committee attended a meeting of the Board of Education of Los Angeles. Statements from the public are permitted upon appointment, and we were given three minutes. I had butterflies in my stomach at the thought of speaking before an assemblage. Driving to the meeting, I thrust my written statement at our president, an eloquent orator, and pleaded: "Here, *you* read this, please!" She refused. "You wrote it, and I know you can do a good job," she said. I am grateful to her now, although then I was terror-stricken.

Nervous Speaker Urges Tolerance

Clutching my statement with clammy hands, I made my first public address, pleading for the continuance of the UNESCO program within our schools. "We want our children to know and have tolerance for peoples of all parts of the world, to understand that all people do not live, look, think or believe alike," I said. "Participation in the United Nations is a vital part of our nation's program. We can't allow Los Angeles to become the ostrich city of our country!"

We expected a routine acknowledgment. Instead, we were suddenly a hub of excitement. Reporters were writing down our names, asking for copies of the statement. Apparently we were the first organization in many months to speak in behalf of UNESCO. The superintendent of schools, Dr. Alexander J. Stoddard, thanked us. People in the audience gathered around us to commend what they called our courage.

Later, I received many telephone calls and letters, also praising me for courage. Bewildered and a little frightened, I asked myself what could be going on here—in our very own city? After all, the United States, by act of Congress, *is* a member of both the United Nations and of UNESCO, and the 1952 platforms of both the Republican and Democratic parties reaffirmed their support of the United Nations. And how, I wondered, can a mother be praised for defending her children's right to the teaching of understanding and tolerance? It was like receiving a reward for being honest!

Although quotations from my statement appeared next to the obituary columns in the papers, the publicity seemed to be a signal for the small but well-organized anti-UNESCO faction to respond with more pressure on the board of education. There was a sudden spurt of heated accusations against UNESCO and against the patriotism of the school administration. Each accusation was magnified in several of our newspapers. The heat was really on.

My home became a clearinghouse for people wanting more information. My phone rang continuously—not, as in the past, for a recipe or a friendly hello, but for data about UNESCO. Over and over I repeated the same answers to the same questions—often discouraged by how little individuals could do against the flood of flagrant misinformation pouring from the pressure groups. No, I would say, UNESCO does not abridge a single American right. It is specifically prohibited from intervening in any nation's domestic jurisdiction. No, it is not a world government. It has no power except its appeal to the reason and conscience of man. No, it is not Communist. The Soviet Union has never even been a member of UNESCO (more recently, two Soviet satellites, Poland and Hungary, also have withdrawn).

The confusion of my callers stemmed in large part from stories carried by some local newspapers. What were people to think when they read such headlines as "Huge Protest Halts UNESCO in L.A. Schools," and "Foes of 'One World'-Teaching Battle for Americanism"? Aside from their biased news reports, certain elements of the press also carried on an unrelenting attack in their editorial columns. They also played up the unfounded charges hurled by anti-UNESCO minority groups without giving comparable space for refutations. In one case, the papers gave great prominence to an attack on UNESCO by the Los Angeles Junior League; later, when the league retracted, not a paper printed the story. On another occasion one newspaper described UNESCO as "a program which would substitute the teaching of foreign isms for the teaching of patriotism and American history."

Such distortion of truth can almost make a savage out of a decent woman. The simple fact is that our children were not even taught about UNESCO until they had received a thorough grounding in basic American history and its great heroes.

I was sickened to realize that people of reason and intelligence had so little access to the truth—and so little backbone when they got the truth. Although two local papers, the Los Angeles Mirror and the Daily News, were encouragingly fair in their coverage of the issue, fear and intimidation were doing their deadly work. By innuendo, anyone who supported UNESCO became a Communist, a betrayer of his country. Of the people who phoned me for facts, most agreed that information about UNESCO should be taught, but many were afraid to support it publicly. Even friends and acquaintances, outspoken to *me* in praise of UNESCO, feared to bring up the subject among their friends or organizations. Among a few of my friends, a new coolness began to appear.

Nonetheless, deep-seated uneasiness was spreading through great segments of our Los Angeles population about the growing peril to academic freedom.

Word came in June that soon the board of edu-

JOHN FLOREA

Mrs. Dorothy Frank thought it couldn't happen here. But it did—when she tried to defend studying of UNESCO in Los Angeles schools. With her are her children, Justy and Ellen

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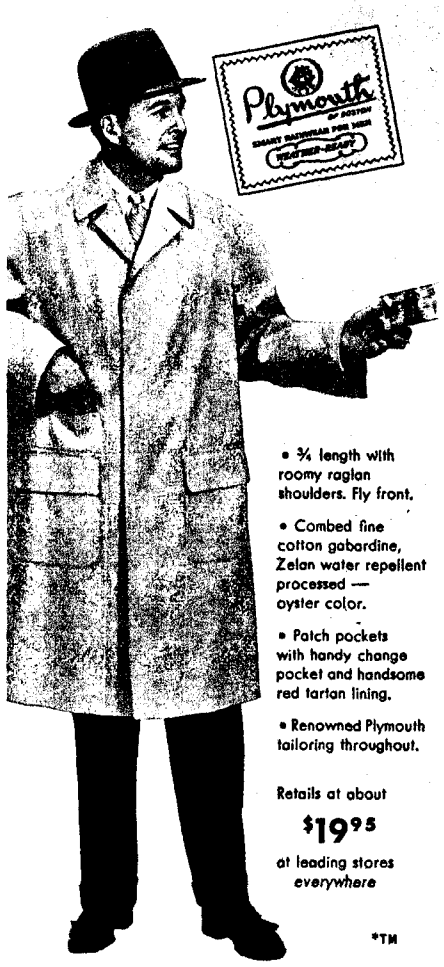

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

"'That's a beautiful color,' he said about my red dress. 'Maybe

cation would make its final decision on continuing the study of UNESCO.

Many representative organizations awakened almost overnight to the appalling realization that UNESCO was only one point of attack, that many of the UNESCO foes also vehemently condemned the teaching of such subjects as anthropology, intercultural relations, mental hygiene and even current events. An education committee launched by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce set up a censorship subcommittee to study subversion within the schools. The subcommittee received much newspaper publicity. Its main purpose was to remove any material considered suspect by its own volunteer reviewers. The attack had reached such proportions that demands had actually been made to eliminate from the history books any mention of Franklin D. Roosevelt!

Because of the acceleration of public interest, a local television station decided to present a forum discussion on the subject, Should UNESCO Programs Be Taught in Our Schools? Still self-conscious because my voice quivered even in a parlor group of six, I reluctantly agreed to take part in the program. My colleague was Cyrus P. Barnum, for many years with Rotary International. Our opponents were Ed Gibbons, editor of a monthly magazine, Alert, filled with sweeping charges of Communism; and Florence Fowler Lyons, who had described herself as the mainspring of the local attacks against UNESCO.

I was introduced to Mr. Gibbons while we were being made up for the television show. I was wearing my favorite outfit, a brilliant red coat-dress. He grinned and said, "That's a beautiful color—maybe I should look into why you are wearing it." I had a sudden fantasy of Mr. Gibbons eagerly surveying all the flowers in the gardens of California, clucking with apprehension at the red roses unpatriotically called American Beauty.

Ready for the Lions' Den

The last minutes of stage fright were terrible. I drank water and assorted and reassorted my papers. Although I was armed with facts and governmental sanction, I knew I was about to be tossed publicly into the lions' den.

And then we were on the air. Waving his arms, Mr. Gibbons attacked Joseph Stalin, the Korean situation and the Red menace, and ignored, for the most part, the subject of the program.

Miss Lyons, however, was a more formidable opponent, and while she poured forth her torrent of words, her hands were busy finding pamphlets and lists of alleged Communists to hold up for the horrification of TV observers.

Miss Lyons flooded the airways with so many charges against UNESCO that it would have taken hours to refute them, one by one. When I could break through her words, she would turn on me with standard phrases like: "That was the idea Stalin had" or "That was the idea Hitler had." Or she would plunge in, "This Eleanor Roosevelt Bill of Rights that is being sold to the children in the Los Angeles schools every day—put it side by side with the constitution of the Soviet Union and you'll find an amazing parallel."

It was impossible for me to get out the words, without interruption, that the magnificent Universal Declaration of Human Rights simply affirms for people of all colors, races and creeds the very rights we in the United States have through our own Constitution and Bill of Rights. When I mentioned an article on education I'd seen in a magazine, Miss Lyons quickly said, "Sure, the Daily Worker liked that, too!"

With effective innuendo Miss Lyons referred to the 60 national organizations represented on the United States National Commission for UNESCO as "unidentified." It was unbearably frustrating not to be able to shout, "Stop! These are some of your unidentified organizations: The U.S. Chamber of Commerce, National Catholic Welfare Conference, National P.T.A., B'nai B'rith, National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, the CIO and the AFL."

Our team was outshouted; we were rank amateurs at this kind of knock-down-drag-out debate. The moderator was helpless, and often all the audience could hear were the unintelligible sounds of four people speaking at once.

Such television and radio programs became more frequent as the board of education hearings grew more tense. I was deluged with work, having also started to speak before small groups which were eager for the facts.

Our home suddenly had taken on the appearance of crisis. United Nations pamphlets showed up on the dining-room table. Textbooks and Congressional Records invaded our bedroom. I became a lending library for the few copies of The "E" in UNESCO which I had located. In my sleep, I could repeat the pattern of innumerable conversations explaining the content of the disputed teachers' guide.

Another kind of phone call was becoming more frequent. One night, the phone rang and I picked up the receiver. "You're the kind of subversive that should be run out of the country," said a shrill, woman's voice, and the line went dead. Similar calls jolted what had once been a peaceful household. Condemnatory letters arrived in the mail, accusing me of disloyalty to my country. My husband began to worry whenever I got home late.

Domestic Chores Looked Good

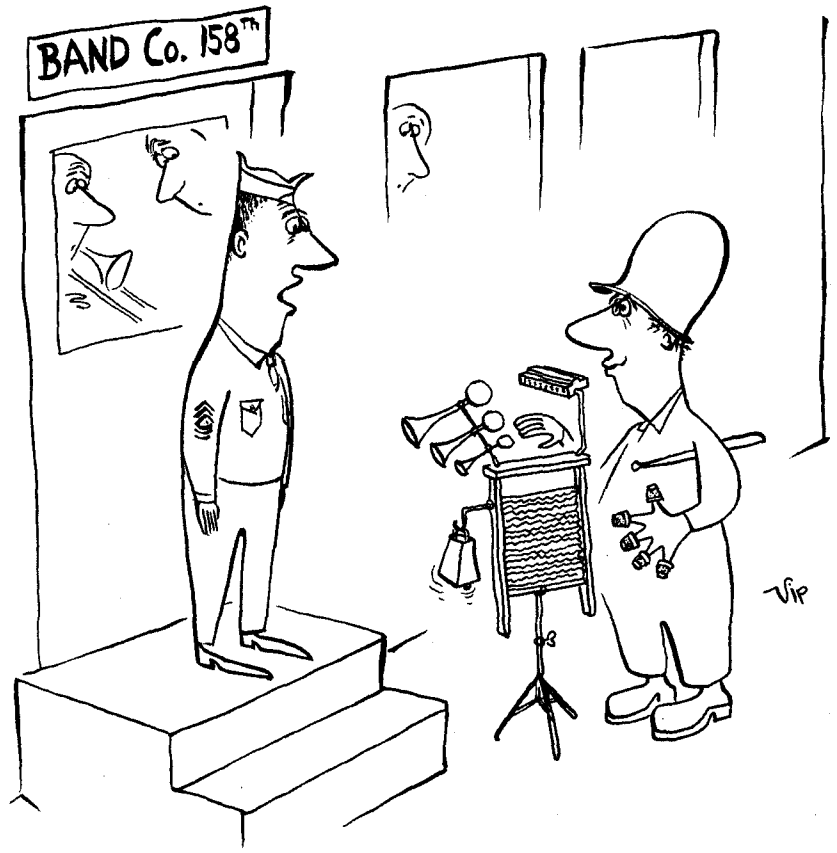
I was at war with myself, wistfully remembering the quiet comfort of anonymity. Each day I would say to myself that I would have to stop this frantic work and return to my good private life, stay home and enjoy my family once again. I felt guilty at imposing constantly on my parents, who were called into service to cook, to help with the dishes, and act as sitters. My mother tried to restrain me. "Stay out of this. You can't afford to hurt your husband's reputation." Then she added, studying my face, "You look worn out. What's the use?"

The most compelling argument was the children. More than once, Justy looked at me in exasperation, "What —UNESCO again! Why can't you finish with it so we can have some fun?"

Yet somehow I felt that I was committed. Gradually I had come to know, deep within me, that *now* was the time to act—now or never. This growing fear spreading throughout the land, this reluctance to follow the dictates of one's own conscience, frightened me.

Curiously, it was an act of God that really helped me decide my course of action: the Los Angeles earthquake of

VIP'S WAR



"It was excellent, Filstrup, but I'm afraid we're full up"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

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ould look into why you're wearing it' "

July, 1952. I still remember the feeling of helpless terror at 5:00 A.M. when our two-story house shook, our front door chimes started clanging wildly, and a huge chandelier in our entry hall careened from one wall to the other. We brought our children into bed with us, and in those early hours of the earth's trembling I found, at least for myself, an answer: there is nothing we can do about an earthquake except huddle together and pray, but there is no excuse for remaining helpless in the face of war and man-made destruction.

During the remainder of July, the UNESCO furor increased. Aided by inflammatory headlines in the press, the anti-UNESCO forces were demonstrating the power than can be wielded by a persistent and vociferous minority. As an observer, I attended each meeting of the board of education. Before my eyes paraded the opponents of UNESCO. The one characteristic they had in common was a fanatic belief that theirs was the only true patriotism.

Some were local members of The American Flag Committee of Philadelphia, which is led by W. Henry MacFarland, Jr., former director of the Nationalist Action League, cited by the Justice Department as a Fascist organization.

Among the most vindictive groups was the Small Property Owners' Association, which urged Dr. Stoddard, the superintendent of schools, to get himself another job elsewhere. To them he was treasonous, because he was one of the 100 Americans (along with theologian Reinhold Niebuhr, Senator Margaret Chase Smith and actress Myrna Loy) honored with membership on the United States National Commission for UNESCO. Vivien Kellems' Liberty Belles announced that they opposed UNESCO because "we in the Liberty Belles have dedicated ourselves to upholding the Constitution and to *driving out all foreign ideas and methods.*"

Minister Broadcasts Attacks

In the vanguard of the attack was the so-called Freedom Club of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, whose minister, Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr., has used his weekly television and radio programs to blast UNESCO (a stand contrary to that taken by a number of the other Congregational churches). The Freedom Club had stated, absolutely falsely, that Congress had cut off funds for UNESCO. Despite proof offered by the Congressional Record and by telegrams direct from the State Department, members of this group continued publicly to repeat such falsehoods and to get their charges in newspaper headlines.

Also in the battle against UNESCO was the Southern California Republican Women's Club, actually a splinter group, completely dissociated from the rest of the Republican Women's Clubs of California. Another group, The American Public Relations Forum, was trying to get Catholic support. Many sincere but misinformed individuals jumped on this band wagon of hate. Whipped to a fever pitch by Miss Lyons, the National Convention of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, meeting in Los Angeles, passed a resolution violently condemning UNESCO. The California American Legion did the same.

Later, as other community organizations tardily mustered their strength, the forces in defense of UNESCO were to include such groups as the Young Women's Christian Association, the League of Women Voters, the California Congress of Parents and Teachers, the General Department of United Church Women, the Council of Jewish Women and a number of highly respected individual citizens. Also rallying for freedom in the schools was the Los Angeles County Conference on Community Relations, which represents 45 organizations and a membership of more than half a million.

Teachers' Guide Wins Approval

The furor reached a new pitch when the school board's curriculum department, after six months of study, gave its long-awaited evaluation report, eloquently affirming the need to continue the teaching of world understanding and strongly recommending that the now-famous teachers' guide, The "E" in UNESCO, be retained, with minor revisions.

The school board itself, the agency which was sitting in judgment, had an unusual composition. Only recently, several former members had quit under heavy attack—but first they voted on the appointees to fill existing vacancies. One of these newly appointed members, Mrs. Ruth Cole, was endorsed by the anti-UNESCO Small Property Owners Association. Mrs. Cole herself had nominated another appointee to the board—Dr. Hugh Willett.

In spite of all I had seen during the previous weeks, I was completely unprepared for the afternoon of August 14, 1952. I was quietly sitting in the audience of the board of education as an observer, when the anti-UNESCO group launched a series of scurrilous, demonstrably untrue attacks.

I looked around me at the wild cheering accorded each speaker. The room was packed. There must be one articulate supporter here, I thought, just for the record. In almost intuitive foreboding, I had requested a place on the agenda but had specified I might not care to use it. Suddenly I found myself standing up to claim it.

As I, by then a notorious supporter of UNESCO, walked to the front of the room, I shuddered. The air was thick with hate. Snickers and sneers followed my progress. I had a blurred picture of angry, flushed faces. My legs trembled as I braced myself against the speaker's stand. I was shaken at being so surrounded by hate, but I was furious, too. I shouted with all my strength above the din of the boos and jeers. Accompanying my words was the insistent rapping of the chairman's gavel, trying to silence the crowd.

This must be a nightmare, I thought. These are my fellow citizens. This is my beloved country. I couldn't believe my eyes and ears. What awful thing was I doing, what dreadful betrayal, to become an object of loathing, the target of glares and catcalls?

I had been allotted two minutes to speak, but I did not need a watch. At exactly two minutes I was stopped by shouts: "Her time's up. . . . Get her off the stand!" For a moment I stood there, helpless and humiliated. Then, trembling, I walked through their ranks back to my seat. The meeting ended. Re-

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"Never in my life had I felt hate fro

porters came up to ask for the names I had read aloud; the noise had made it impossible for them to hear me accurately. Two members of the school administration, walking up the aisles to the exit, reached over the heads of the now standing crowds to shake my hand.

But I knew I was surrounded by hostile glances and I heard venomous remarks about my character and patriotism. Two elderly women, tight-lipped and flushed, edged in on me exclaiming loudly, "*You* don't belong in this country! Why don't you get out?"

Afraid of Physical Violence

I got out—out of the auditorium to the parking lot as fast as I could. I was sufficiently afraid of physical reprisal to ask a friendly male teacher to stand by my car until I started the motor. The meeting had lasted so long it was dark, and I still could feel the waves of hate.

As I drove homeward, the once familiar Hollywood freeway appeared strange and ominous. Never in my life had I felt hate from strangers, people I'd never seen before, who knew nothing about me except that I believed in the teaching of world understanding!

I don't even remember how I got off the freeway. But finally I was in our own driveway. I hurried up the walk, and at last I was back in my own home —my bright world, warm with lights and familiar things, the smell of dinner and the shouts of the children tearing down the stairs to greet me. I hugged them extra hard that night, taking strength from them, taking reassurance from their eager, grinning faces. Looking at them, I could almost believe that the afternoon had not happened, could almost believe that my home—and the home of many another American parent—was not under siege.

But the newspapers next day confronted me again with the grim truth of what was happening. The headline, "Group Jeers Speaker at Board Meeting," made me feel soiled. I knew that to be the object of ridicule inevitably brings suspicion to the minds of many people—perhaps my neighbors, even my children's teachers. Still, I had no regrets. I knew that I had done what my conscience had told me to do. I realized with utter finality that this was no child's play—this was a fight for keeps and we were approaching D day.

It came all too quickly, amid such a fury of battle as the Los Angeles school system has never seen. The climax came on August 25th, when the last public hearing was held before the board was scheduled to begin its considerations. Because of the throngs present, the meeting was held in a special auditorium in the Board of Education Building, with policemen stationed at each of the four exits. Enthroned upon the stage sat the members of the board and their special secretaries. Solidly lined up behind a huge table, they loomed in splendor, each member with his own microphone.

Below them unfolded the drama, with its potpourri of actors—tense-faced elderly ladies, wearing huge picture hats and carrying quantities of pamphlets; clusters of gesticulating men and women; bright-faced school girls, there to plead for a complete education. Men wearing overseas caps, uniforms, American Legion hats gathered in groups. Reporters and photographers hustled up the aisles, stopping here and there for interviews or poses.

Down the aisle marched two men in veterans' uniforms, carrying a gigantic placard upon which was printed "UNESCO Promotes the Welfare of the ENEMIES OF AMERICA!." It was signed with the name of Senator McCarran. Elderly men, with flushed and militant faces, formed a guard around the McCarran banner, brandishing copies of The "E" in UNESCO and the booklet, McCarthyism—The Fight for America.

President Paul Burke's gavel hammered a monotonous accompaniment to the continuous milling of the crowd. The first pro-UNESCO speaker of the day was Paul G. Hoffman, former ECA administrator and then head of the Ford Foundation. In view of Mr. Hoffman's prestige, I had thought he at least would be accorded the respectful attention of the listeners. But he had hardly begun to speak before his words were obscured by the rising clamor.

The gavel, unheeded, intoned its order for silence, as Mr. Hoffman, his face pale and drawn with the tension of trying to speak reason in an atmosphere of unreason, shouted above the hooting and jeers: "The United States supports UNESCO. That support symbolizes the determination of this country to help bring about world understanding and peace. It also symbolizes our determination to have no Iron Curtain within these United States against freedom of inquiry, freedom of discussion and freedom of debate. It is these freedoms which are the dynamic of our society . . . All history shows that without them a society must stagnate and die."

Snickers continued to drown out the pro-UNESCO pleas of clergymen, of the men and women speaking for the AFL, for the CIO, Rotary and other service organizations. Veterans who resented attacks on UNESCO made by veterans' organizations were hissed. Handbills announcing a meeting of Gerald L. K. Smith followers circulated through the crowd.

Man Who Wouldn't Stop Talking

Pouring out his invective against UNESCO, a thin, sour-mouthed man refused to leave the speaker's stand; he shouted for almost 30 minutes, although Mr. Burke had recessed the meeting and most of the board members walked off the stage. An old lady sitting next to me plied me with inflammatory racist pamphlets, which I sent up to a board secretary. Boos and cheers mounted when the meeting resumed. Until the last light was turned out, at 8:00 P.M., menacing hate held dominion.

Three days later, with member Arthur F. Gardner the only dissenter, the board of education voted to remove permanently from the curriculum the manual, The "E" in UNESCO. Only then did it develop that the board wasn't sure just what it had voted on. For its next move was to name three of its own members to learn—in the words of one member, Dr. Willett—"exactly what the UNESCO program is, and what it has been doing during the past year."

The confused, vacillating steps that followed would have been comic if the consequences had not been so crucial to the youngsters of Los Angeles. Last January 15th, the three-member com-

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...angers, people I'd never met before"

mittee brought in its long-awaited report. It surpassed all our hopes. The board committee specifically cleared the UNESCO program of all charges of teaching world government or of destroying the patriotism of the school children; it found no evidence of Communist direction in the instruction of the program; and it recommended that a modified UNESCO teaching project be reinstated in the schools.

That was on a Thursday. Instead of voting immediately on the report, the board bowed to the demand of Mrs. Edith K. Stafford, who said she wanted to study the matter until the next meeting, on the following Monday.

On January 19th, the board dealt our hopes a stunning blow by abolishing the UNESCO program, once and for all. To be sure, the board's unanimous policy statement recognized the value of school activities "designed to further the ideals of peace on earth and good will among nations," and it said there should be impartial instruction concerning the "history, organization, purposes, activities, achievements and weaknesses" of the United Nations and its agencies. But it didn't set aside any time in the curriculum for the teaching of those subjects. At least one board member, Mrs. Cole, and a number of the newspapers exulted that the decision had effectively halted UNESCO instruction in the schools.

On the night of the board's decision, I reread a letter I had received:

"Madam:

"I have read your statements in the Los Angeles Examiner concerning the teaching of American history, and have formed a very definite opinion of you and your fitness to be called an American. In my estimation you are not fit for American citizenship, and I feel safe in saying that you were not born in the United States of America and have no background of American ideals. I have two grandchildren and you may rest assured that, if I live, they will be taught the 'nationalism' that you besmirch, *and* they will be taught to hate the United Nations just as I do, and to spit upon its flag at every opportunity."

To this woman—who wrote me not one, but two such letters—I was a real subversive!

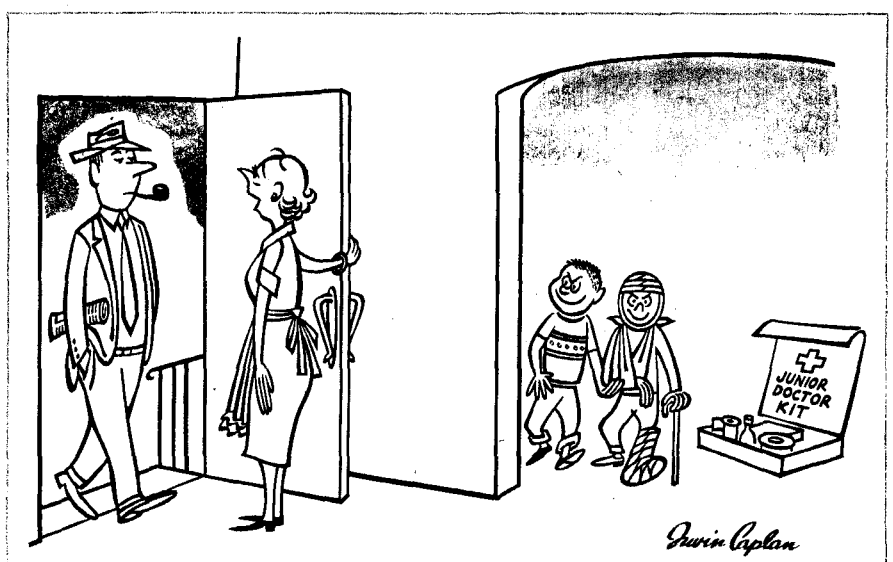
What could she be like, this woman? Would it be possible to sit quietly with her and go over every fact, slowly, accurately? From experience, I knew the answer. There could be no common meeting ground with people who could insist that black is white and try to get away with it by name calling and besmirching. Many of these violent opponents of UNESCO had admitted they had never even *seen* The "E" in UNESCO, and it was impossible to penetrate their bitterness with facts. Theirs was blind hatred, and in that there is no hope. But there is hope, I felt, in the thousands of open-minded people who have never seen the facts, and in the thousands who, though frightened by the attack, will still listen and learn.

A Nation-Wide Forewarning

I am writing this story not as an answer to a hate-ridden woman, but in the hope that an eyewitness record of what happened in Los Angeles may serve as a forewarning to other communities which may be similarly attacked, a forewarning against the splendid-sounding symbols with which the foes of democracy surround themselves, and their perversion of word meanings. Los Angeles is but a sector on a front that stretches across America.

Even here, we have lost an engagement, but not the battle. We have seen, in this city, a rising from apathy, a reawakening of thousands of representative Americans. Abruptly, many of them have realized that we defend democracy not only on distant battlefields, gun in hand, but here at home with only reasonable words as weapons. We at home sustain casualties too, not in dead and wounded, but in lost jobs, and blackened reputations.

And yet I know, for myself, that if I had quit the fight I would in truth have betrayed my country. I would also have betrayed my children. I felt guilty often during these past months because of my neglect of them. I feel better now. For I know that I was helping to keep for them something more important than the occasional hours I robbed from them—the inalienable American rights which I must hand down to them intact and living, the truths and freedoms for which they too may one day have to fight. ▲▲▲



"I tried controlling my temper with the children today but I did have to spank Bruce once this morning"

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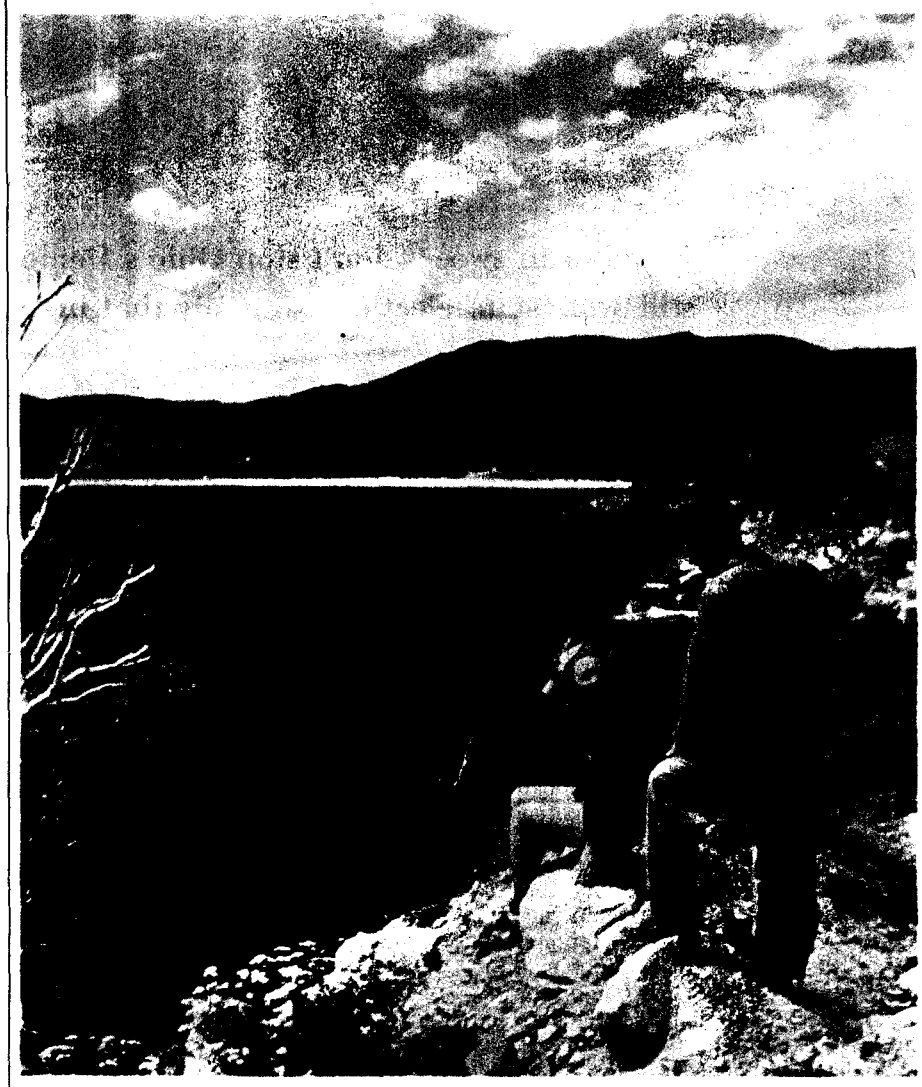

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LAUSCHE OF OHIO

How to Survive a Landslide

By KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER

Republican sweeps don't stop Ohio's Democratic governor. He breaks all the rules and still wins state elections so easily that his unorthodox methods may get a national test

SMART politicians know a number of sure ways to get kicked out of public office. Offend your own party. Alienate your state's labor leaders. Blast the powerful lobbies. Battle the entrenched rackets. And if that doesn't do it, try campaigning as a Democrat in a strongly Republican state in an overwhelmingly Republican year.

Governor Frank John Lausche of Ohio has committed all these political sins and a few more. The result? He not only won re-election to a fourth term last fall, but is being mentioned as a possible Presidential bet for 1956.

Lausche's feat was impressive any way you look at it. Ohio has sent six Republicans (and no Democrats) to the White House. It is represented in the Senate by two Republican invincibles, Robert A. Taft and John W. Bricker. At the polls last November, it gave Republican Presidential candidate Eisenhower an edge of almost 500,000 votes over Democrat Stevenson, packed the state House of Representatives with 102 Republicans to 34 Democrats, elected 23 Republicans to the state Senate and only 10 Democrats—and gave G.O.P. candidates every other top state office, from lieutenant governor down.

Furthermore, Lausche's opponent for the governorship was Senator Bob Taft's highly respected younger brother, Charles. Charley Taft could not even carry his home county; Lausche won it with 20,000 votes to spare. His vote margin across the state was an amazing 425,000.

How did he do it? Lausche himself says he doesn't know. Speaking in the grandiose style that is one of his political trade-marks, he says: "I frankly do not discern all the far-flung factors that contributed to this overwhelming vote. Up to the last minute, in fact, I did not believe I was going to win."

He gives no open encouragement to speculation that his victory may have carried him a giant's step nearer the White House. "I am content in my own domain in Ohio," he declaims. "My wings are not strong enough for me to fly to those lofty heights which others are bespeaking in my behalf. I cannot keep my eyes on the stars while stumbling in the mudholes of my present path."

In a Strategic Position

His present path, mudholes and all, might very well lead to the stars. At the very least, it probably will lead to a fifth term as governor in 1954—and that, astute political leaders point out, would put Lausche in a highly strategic position when 1956, the next Presidential year, rolls around.

There are many people in Ohio who would like to see Lausche competing for the White House, and some of them are Republicans. Their reasons help explain the secret of the governor's political charm. In a plush office in Cleveland's Terminal Tower, a powerful financier told me: "Frank is a good governor because he keeps things stirred up. He keeps the people interested in their own welfare. At the same time he fights the reckless spending of our tax money and builds up a healthy surplus in the state treasury."

In Columbus, the state capital, a lady taxi driver said, "Frank is no phony. He *likes* people—even taxi drivers." In the headquarters of Ohio's biggest labor union, an official said: "I have never understood why so many of the rank and file vote for him. But they do. We couldn't beat him if we tried—and we have!"

But the best answer to the riddle of Frank Lausche, I found, lies in his past, in the unorthodox political route he has traveled during most of his 20 years in public life. Called The Man Who Walks Alone, he has chosen his own path and followed it in his own way. Sometimes he has parted company with people who stood by him in crises and linked arms with unexpected new companions, causing even close friends to question his sincerity.

The most celebrated instance of Lausche's political unorthodoxy occurred in 1950, when Senator Taft, then the Democrats' number one target for oblivion, ran for re-election against "Jumping Joe" Ferguson, the state auditor. Lausche plainly did not consider Ferguson of Senatorial caliber—and made no attempt to hide his feelings. "I will not allow my party interest to overcome my interest in my country," he told reporters.

Mr. Truman's Irate Words

The Democrats, from ward heelers to the White House, were enraged. President Truman, it was reported, fumed, "You just can't trust the—!" Yet a few months later, Lausche told reporters that Truman was his choice as the party's Presidential candidate in 1952.

Lausche's hero is Abraham Lincoln, and he constantly repeats in his speeches the Lincoln credo that government should be of, by, and for the people. Yet one cynical Ohioan who has watched Lausche operate for 20 years says:

"Frank thinks he is Lincoln, all right. But while today he may be pleading the cause of the laboring man, tomorrow he will be thor-

GENE BADGER

Lausche, who plays the violin himself, enjoys musical evenings with his wife, Jane. Golf is another pet hobby. He shoots in low seventies

INTERNATIONAL

Governor, who beat Charles Taft in last election, once enraged his party by not coming out against Robert Taft (1.) in a Senate race

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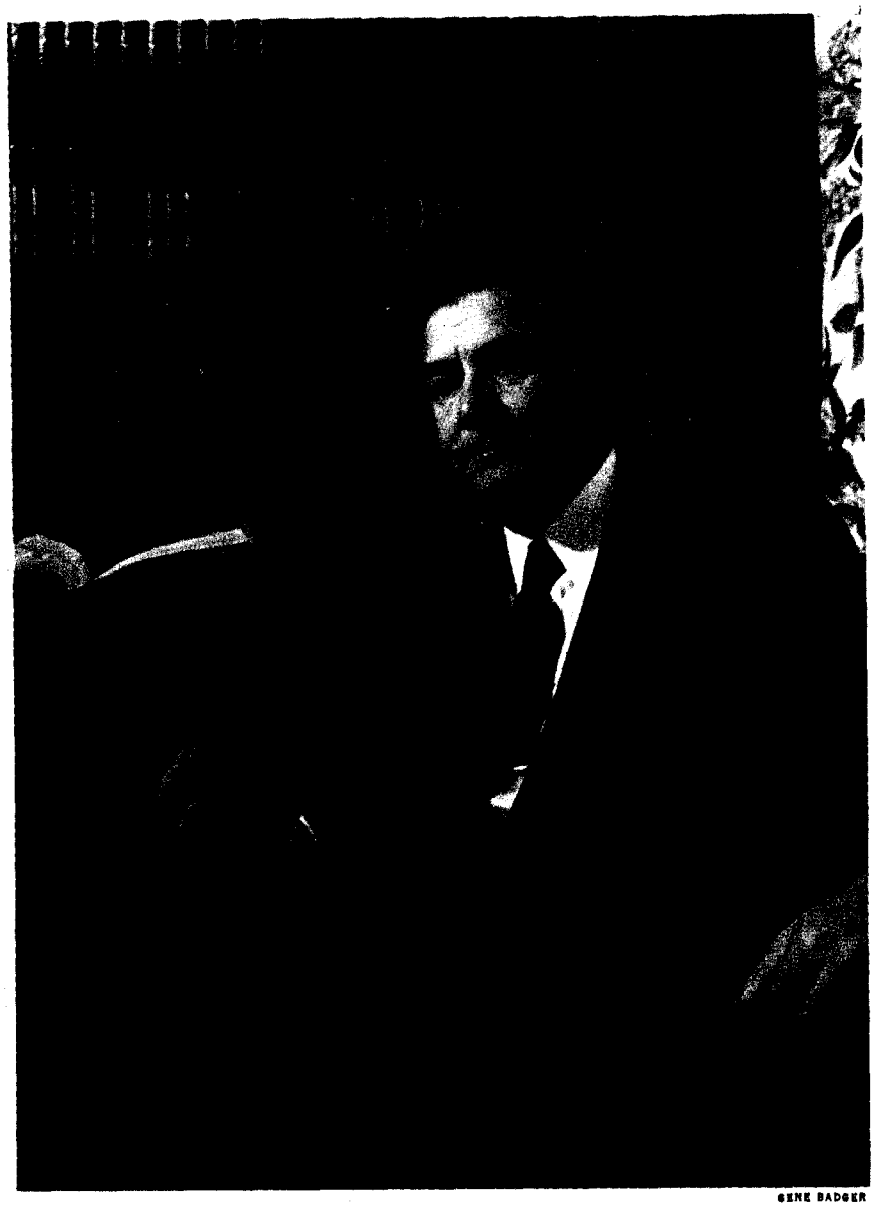

GENE BADGER

A natty dresser, Frank Lausche relaxes in the library of the Ohio governor's mansion. He is the state's first four-term chief executive

oughly enjoying a visit to Cleveland's Union Club. Which side he really prefers is debatable."

He has known both sides. Although Lausche often plays golf with the nabobs of Cleveland's Shaker Heights (and plays it well, scoring in the low seventies), his fans insist that his heart is still on the city's East Side—that, at fifty-seven, he has not forgotten his origins on the rough pavements of Cleveland's foreign and working-class quarter.

Frank's parents, Louis and Frances Milavec Lausche, came to Cleveland from Slovenia, now part of Yugoslavia, in 1885. Their son still waxes emotional about them.

"They came with vision," he says. "My father worked long and hard for little pay in the steel mills. He raised 10 kids, but even with them to feed he was eventually able to go into business for himself. He believed in the tried-and-true American virtues of honesty, thrift and opportunity."

Louis Lausche died when Frank was thirteen. The youngster worked at lighting street lamps for $2 a week, and also helped out in his mother's restaurant. Later, he helped put his brothers through school with his earnings as a semipro baseball player. After serving as an Army second lieutenant in World War I, he was offered a professional baseball job as a third baseman with Atlanta of the old Southern League, but turned it down to study law. He passed his bar examinations with a grade of 97.7, and the late Senator Cyrus W. Locher of Cleveland, one of the city's leading attorneys, took him under his wing, made him into an excellent trial lawyer—and turned his thoughts toward politics.

A Hot Mayoralty Campaign

From the start, Lausche shaped up as a political maverick. In 1931, Cleveland ditched the city-manager plan and the Democrats went all out to win back city hall. "I shall not forget that fight," he recalls. "Adam Damm, Democratic leader of the old 23d, my ward, supported Peter Witt, a Republican, for mayor. I directed the ward campaign for Ray Miller, the Democratic candidate. We carried the 23d, and Miller won the election."

As a reward, Miller, long the powerful Democratic boss of Cleveland, offered Lausche a choice of jobs: secretary to the mayor, safety director or utilities director. Lausche declined all three. A year later, he got what he wanted: appointment to a municipal court vacancy. At the next regular election, he easily won a full term on his own.

At thirty-six, Judge Lausche appeared just the type of young man the local Democratic machine needed. He was unpretentious, gregarious, popular. He had married, in 1928, charming Jane O. Sheal, and they lived with her father in an old frame house in the unfashionable 23d Ward.

It looked as if Lausche was going

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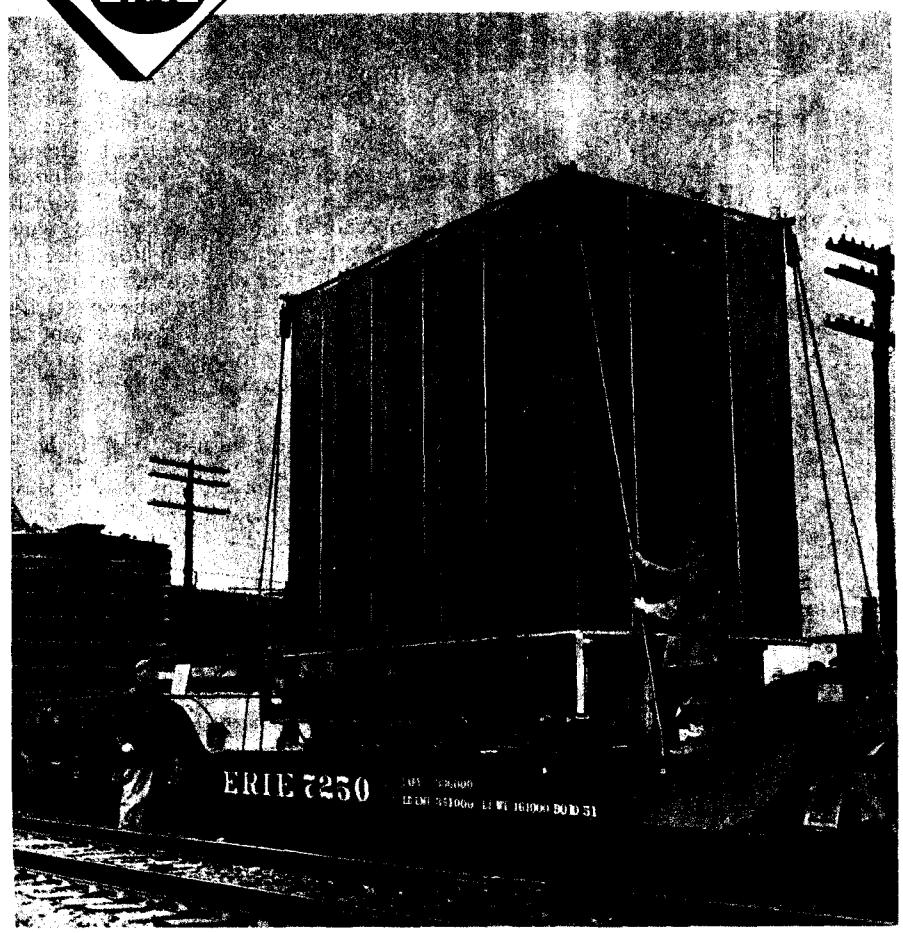

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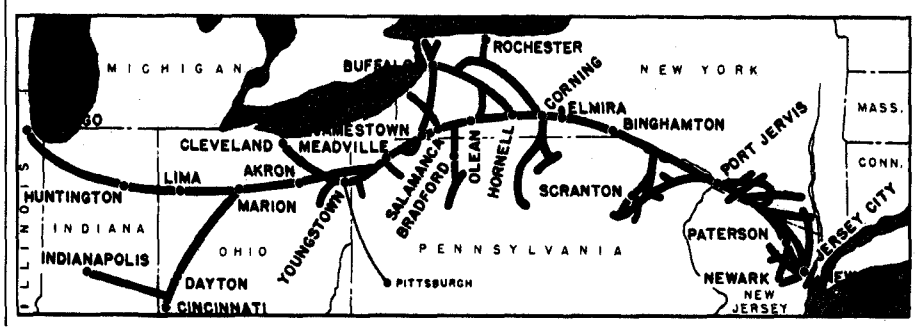

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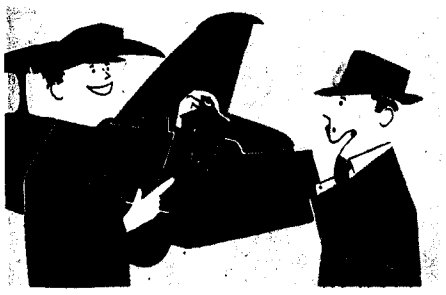

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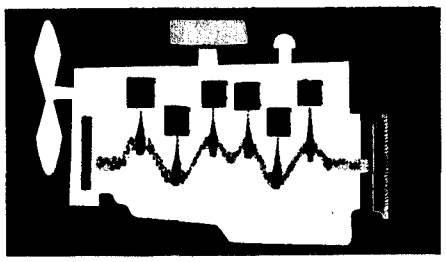

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places in 1935, when the Scripps Howard Cleveland Press splashed across its front page a signed editorial by its influential editor, Louis B. Seltzer, urging that the youthful judge run for mayor. Lausche turned the suggestion down: "I was enamored by the dignity and respectability of my judicial position. Although my ambition suggested I ought to respond to that appeal, I finally concluded I would make my career that of judge." (He has never really changed his mind. In Ohio it is said that the one sure way to remove Lausche from the governor's mansion and politics would be to offer him a federal judgeship. It is not likely that such an offer will come from Washington in the next four years, but statehouse gossip is that certain powerful Republicans in the state would not stand in his way.)

The First Step of the Climb

In 1936, the citizens of Cuyahoga County (Cleveland and its environs) elected Lausche to the higher Court of Common Pleas, and here began the spectacular ascent that within eight years brought him the governorship.

"I soon found that most of the other judges were loath and reluctant"—Lausche seldom uses one word where two will do—"to hear cases tried by a judge without a jury, the usual equity cases," he recalls. "I decided I would not follow the easy way and let myself be fixed in a rut." He took every case, regardless of its political ramifications, ranging from touchy labor disputes involving violence—which in industrial Cleveland other judges avoided like the plague—to the most complex business transactions.

Lausche won wide respect. His special talent for attracting publicity found full scope in 1940, after he became presiding judge of the court's criminal branch and played the star role in a crime-busting drama which disclosed an alliance between crime and politics that anticipated the Kefauver Committee's revelations by a dozen years.

As Lausche melodramatically tells the story, it all started with the case of a Polish butcher. "He was a man who had developed the habit of going to the Harvard Club, a large-scale gambling joint just outside Cleveland in Newburgh Heights. There he eventually lost all his life savings and his two butcher shops. When he sued to recover his gambling losses, the club owners called on him in a large black sedan. They threatened his life and the lives of his wife and children if he did not drop the suit.

"Should he testify in court and have protection of his own body and his family? Or should he yield to the gang threat and stay away from court? Well, he yielded to the gangsters and dropped his lawsuit.

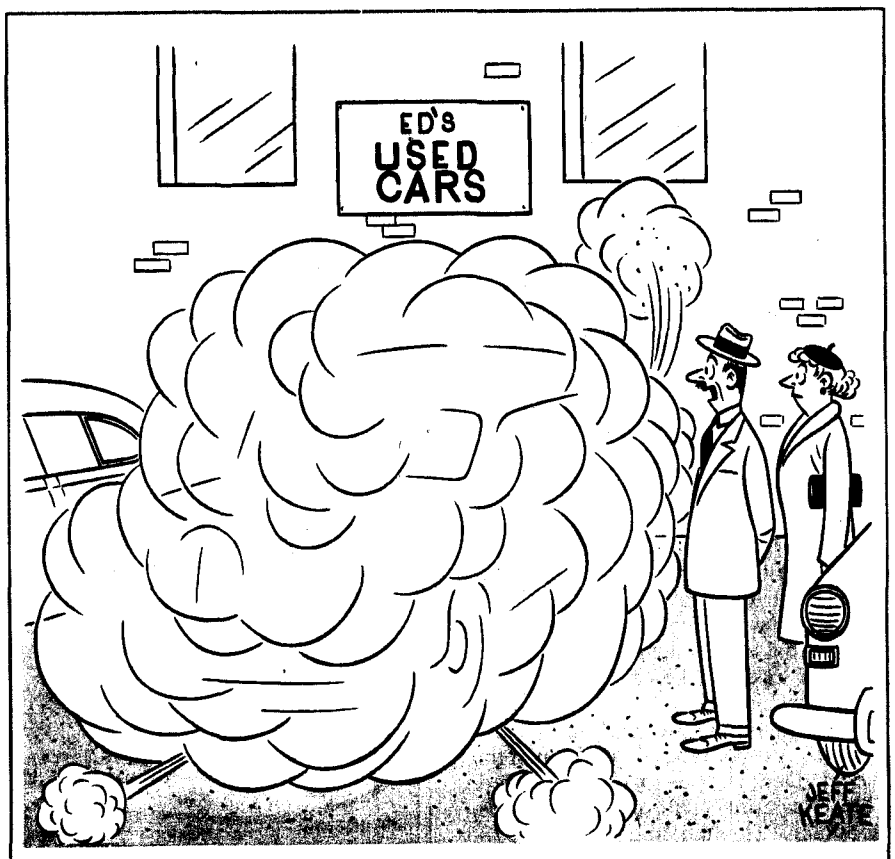
"Then this thought occurred to me: The *individual* who commits a crime isn't the man to fear in our society. The threat and the danger to our society is from the organized gangsters and racketeers.

"Following the butcher in quick succession were other victims of the gambling racket.

"One man in particular, a school superintendent, was before me. When I sat back to pass sentence there was in the rear of the room a lady who began to sob, and children who began to weep. And there and then," says Lausche, unabashed in his sentimentality, "I said, 'What a travesty! *This* man I am sending to the penitentiary—but the racketeers, who have his money, these kids' money, are free!' "

Lausche got busy. Disregarding recalcitrant and corrupt sheriffs, local prosecutors, highway patrolmen, and even mayors, the judge issued secret, hand-written warrants to a Cleveland police officer in his confidence and closed down every gambling spot in the county. Later, after he became governor, he went far beyond Cuyahoga County in his crusade—as far as any governor could in cleaning up gambling in his state. The places he closed stayed closed. They will stay closed, he vows, as long as he is chief executive.

Lausche, an adept poker player him-



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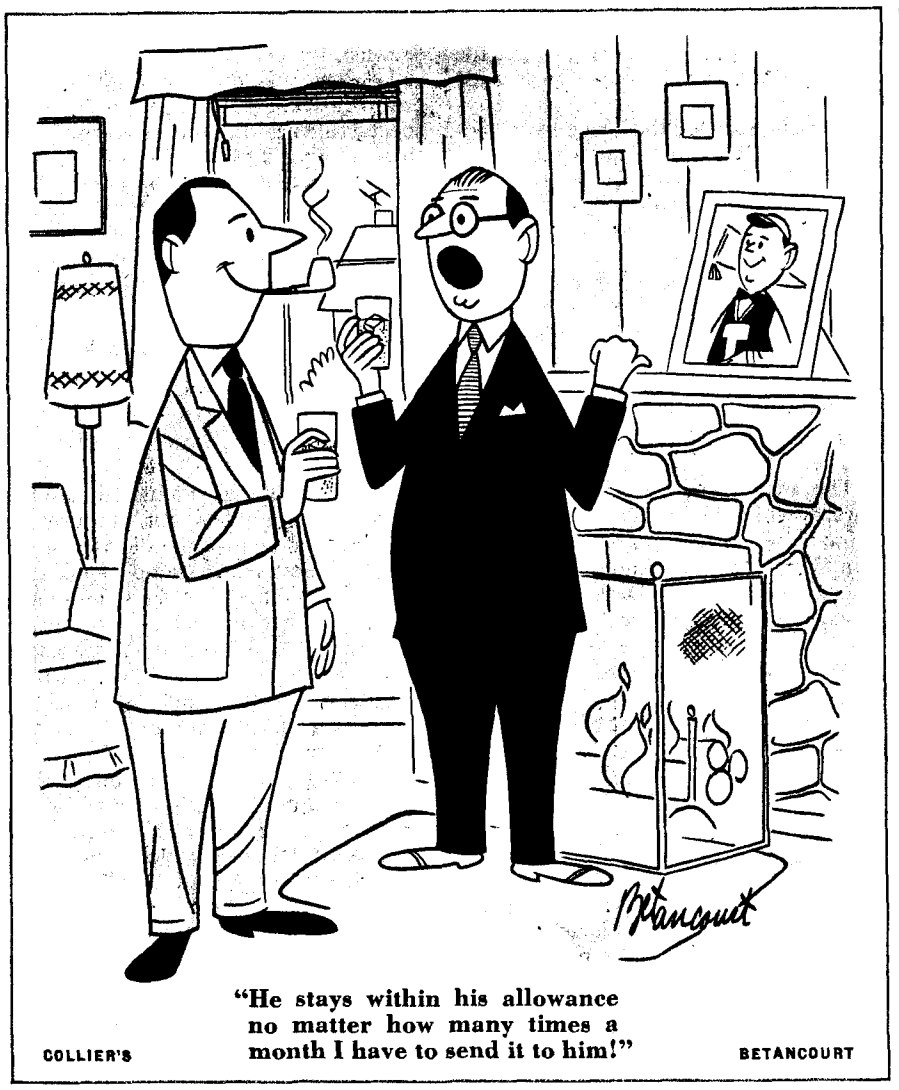

"He stays within his allowance no matter how many times a month I have to send it to him!"

COLLIER'S — BETANCOURT

self, declares: "Not for a moment have I directed my efforts against the weakness of the human flesh and the human mind. There have always been these human frailties. But I am against the organized gambling racketeer, the dynasty whose powers with the law-enforcement officials and agencies can be greater than those of the citizenry itself, the government within the government which can be more powerful than the sovereign authority of the community."

From the gamblers, Judge Lausche turned to labor racketeers. He won the lasting enmity of many labor leaders for issuing an unprecedented injunction against secondary picketing in the celebrated Crosby restaurant case. He was to remain consistent on this point. A few years later, he indicated that he thought the Taft-Hartley Act should be greatly amended, but that its enjoining provisions against boycotts and secondary picketing should be retained.

The Gamblers Didn't Want Him

In 1941, the reluctant Lausche became the target of a concerted drive to make him mayor of Cleveland. Ray Miller's organization wanted him, so did the bar associations, the Cleveland newspapers—almost everybody, in fact, except the gamblers. Lausche wistfully remembers: "With Jane, my wife, I went on a vacation to California. There, one beautiful day, I visited one of those old monasteries where the swallows fly around you, and in the quiet of that lovely place meditated on my situation. I went back to the hotel and wrote my declination."

But back home the pressure to run was too great, and Lausche succumbed. A member of the regular Democratic organization for 20 years, he ran as a Democrat, and was elected—with 62 per cent of the vote cast—mainly by the party's organized efforts.

The very first action he took as mayor, however, was to mark him as The Man Who Walks Alone. He turned on Ray Miller, so long the boss of the city, refusing Miller's demand that he oust Eliot Ness, a Republican, from the post of Cleveland Safety Director. The Democratic old guard exploded. The old-line party professionals have looked on Lausche with suspicion ever since.

The rift with Miller, now virtually retired from politics, never healed. It was the inevitable result of a clash of strong personalities. In Lausche's mind, Miller, who had helped launch his political debut, was nevertheless a machine boss of the old school. Lausche accurately figured that if he could get away with defying Miller he could move a long way toward achieving real political power himself.

Pearl Harbor came a month after Lausche's inauguration as mayor, and without waiting for directives from Washington, he set up a 12-man Mayor's War Production Committee, consisting of himself and representatives of management and labor, which won wide acclaim for its swift settlements of labor disputes.

Other committees dealt with racial strains and conflicts, transportation problems and the health needs of workers and their families; this last group got the war-crowded city 16 new playgrounds and a new juvenile squad in the police department.

"Until Russia became our ally," Lausche recalls, "we had to deal with some recalcitrant, shortsighted—and, in some instances I am sure, subversive—labor leaders who precipitated work stoppages for some pretty doubtful reasons.

"The crucial event in my public life came in the late summer of 1943, when I was running for re-election. Seven thousand workers at a plant making

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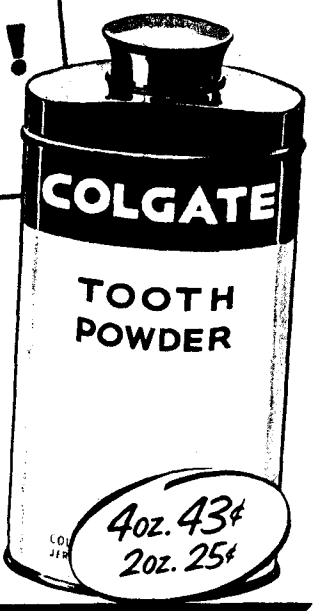

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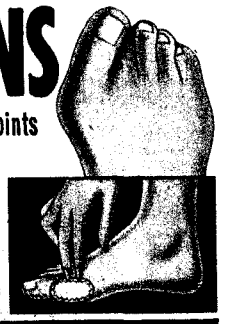

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ball bearings for airplane engines went on strike. I was determined to get the workers back and production started again."

Lausche stopped the strike by broadcasting an eloquent plea to the workers—and by ordering out Cleveland's mounted police to clear a way for those workers who responded and returned to their jobs.

"The howls of the labor leaders were loud and strong," Lausche admits, still grimly remindful of the circulars calling him "strikebreaker" that flooded Cleveland almost before he had ended speaking. Despite the propaganda barrage, he polled 71 per cent of the votes cast on Election Day, 1943.

The next step, obviously, was the governorship. John W. Bricker, the white-thatched ex-farm boy from Madison County, was ending his third term. There had been no Democrat in the post since 1939. Lausche entered the 1944 primary, and five other Democrats, all backed by the party regulars, entered against him.

Up and down the state the bosses of city, town and county machines ganged up on Lausche.

Religious Issue Dragged In

"One day at the Cleveland Athletic Club," he says, "a down-state leader boldly, cruelly and realistically told me that, if nothing else did, my being a Catholic would defeat me.

"When I went down to Lawrence County, I was met with a scurrilous attack on me in the newspapers there. It was rough, but I threw away my speech, wrote another on a typewriter borrowed from a friendly reporter, and sailed into the bigotry with everything I had at my command.

"My name, too, was against me. Outside of Cleveland few knew how to pronounce it." (It rhymes with "now-she.")

The city-bred Lausche stormed country towns and county fairs, and found that people responded to him as enthusiastically in rural areas as they had in the old 23d. He beat the stuffing out of his primary opponents, winning more votes than all five combined. That November, while Franklin D. Roosevelt, seeking his fourth term, was losing Ohio to Thomas E. Dewey by 11,500 votes, Lausche defeated *his* Republican opponent, James Garfield Stewart, by 112,000 votes.

Lausche was the first Catholic governor of Ohio, and one of the most successful; he's the only governor ever to serve four terms. His program, all during his tenure, has been based on four points: law and order, equality of treatment among conflicting economic blocs, economy, and unity between urban and rural interests.

Impartial in His Attacks

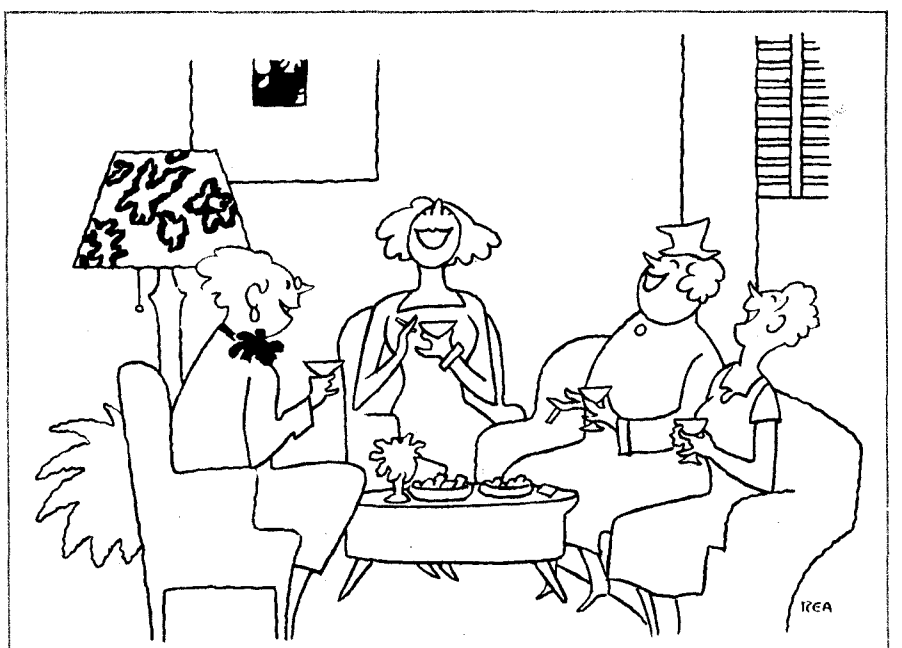
It is on the second point that Lausche has been most articulate, and most embattled. At one time or another he has taken on almost every big lobby in the state, both good and bad. He has thrown the gamblers out of business. He has stood against the dictates of organized labor. He is proud of his still-unfinished fight against the strip-mining interests which, he claims, have disfigured and eroded much of northeastern Ohio's terrain. He has cracked down on manufacturers (although labor leaders say not very hard), and on a combination of interests which tried, with partial success, to beat his program against stream pollution. He has vetoed a pay increase for schoolteachers, to the loud anguish of that potent bloc.

"I have never had any entanglement," he says, "with any economic group wanting state favors—business, labor or what have you. You ask me what is my secret of success? Well, I'd say it has mostly been due to the enemies I have made.

"Lobbies? Of course I'm not against a lobby just because it is a lobby. Many lobbies, when they restrict themselves to their legitimate functions—such as furnishing true information about their interests—are a necessary part of our governmental process. But when they convince me that they are striving for special favors at the expense of other groups or of the people of this state, then I'll fight them."

Lausche has never failed to find half a dozen such groups active in the halls and cloakrooms of the state Capitol, and he has battled them with gusto.

Much to the disgust of Ohio Democrats, Lausche did not fire all the Republicans who held state office when he became governor. He even kept one on as director of finance, a high posi-



"David always gripes because I leave the punch-lines out, but I knew *you* wouldn't mind"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

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tion which should, by all the usual rules, have gone to a Democrat. He snubbed the Democratic State Committee and hardly ever consulted with leaders of his party in the state legislature.

Up in Cleveland, Boss Ray Miller waited his chance to slap Lausche down. The governor, in turn, served notice that he was looking forward to the day when he could rid the Democrats of Miller. When the 1946 election rolled round, Miller struck.

Word was spread through Lausche's old strongholds in Cleveland that he had gone high-hat, preferred the opera to the polka, had forgotten his old friends and spent too much time with the country-club set. To make matters worse, Lausche suffered that year from the national "beefsteak rebellion"; voters, blaming Democrats for the meat shortage, swept Republicans into office across the country.

Former State Attorney General Thomas J. Herbert beat Lausche by 40,500 votes. The defeat hurt Lausche's pride; "I was heartbroken," he says. Back in private law practice, he became counsel for railroad tycoon Robert R. Young's Association for Railway Progress, itself a powerful lobby.

Lausche nearly decided to quit active politics. Then Ray Miller, still his enemy, announced that he would seek the Democratic nomination for governor in 1948. Lausche changed his mind. Ray Miller then lined up every Democratic leader in the state, and a bitter fight was on.

In his two years as governor, Lausche had built up a party following—as Miller learned when, in the primary, he lost all but one county to his one-time protégé. Lausche then went on to defeat Governor Herbert that fall by more than 200,000 votes. In that year of the Great Surprise, most Ohio observers believe it was Lausche who pulled President Truman through to his 7,100-vote triumph over Dewey in the state.

Lausche now put his own man in as chairman of the Democratic State Committee and was at last undisputed boss of the party in Ohio. When he next faced the voters, in 1950, he was strong enough to withstand without difficulty the anguished screams of Democrats who wanted him driven from office for his friendly remarks about Bob Taft. While the electorate was returning Taft to the Senate, Lausche defeated Republican Don H. Ebright by a healthy 151,697 votes.

It was during this third term as governor that Lausche was offered the $65,000-a-year job of Baseball Commissioner, to succeed A. B. (Happy) Chandler. Lausche, whose gubernatorial salary is a comparatively pallid $20,000 a year, says: "It was a very tempting offer. The salary was more than I could ever expect to make in public life. I gave it a great deal of thought, and decided it was not the way I wanted to spend the rest of my life. So I told them no."

COLLIER'S — *"Please* go to bed! Daddy won't dance around with my hat on for hours yet!" — PERRY BARLOW

Two Critical Opinions

Despite his apparently solid position with the voters—demonstrated again last year—Lausche leaves little to chance when running for office. An experienced Ohio editor told me: "Why shouldn't he be successful? He works at making Frank Lausche successful 24 hours a day."

Another observer who has watched Lausche in action many years says: "He is a great actor. The public only sees him on the stage—the red-white-and-blue patriot, the political maverick, independent, dedicated to the cause of humanity. What they do not see is Lausche shrewdly moving pieces on a political chessboard—self-centered, throwing over his party's faithful, a man of ruthless ambition."

Tall, slimly athletic, tanned from the golf course, his rumpled black hair streaking gray, his brown eyes equally capable of quick tears or mischievous sparkle, Lausche is magnetic and ap-

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pealing. A moving public speaker, given to oratorical extravagances, last autumn Lausche also mastered the less flamboyant technique of television and used it frequently in the campaign.

His way of speaking stems to a considerable extent from his reading. He keeps a Bible, a worn volume of Shakespeare, Will Durant's Story of Philosophy and the poetry of Keats and Burns beside his bed. Whenever possible he retires early; often he wakes up and reads during the night.

Recently he has been re-reading an old favorite, Boswell's Life of Johnson.

"I am enamored," he says, "by the beauty of expression and the depth of thought of both Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell, and by the delightful insights the book gives into such giants as Goldsmith and Swift."

All in a Routine Day's Work

Up at daybreak, he sips warm coffee, works on his private correspondence and speeches until about eight o'clock, then breakfasts at the mansion with his cabinet or other department heads. At the office by ten, he often lunches off a tray at his littered desk, although sometimes he walks to a nearby restaurant for light food and heavy talk with friends. A congenital handshaker, he will often say to strangers: "I'm Frank Lausche," and then stand grinning delightedly when they recognize him.

Added up, Lausche appears to be a conservative Democrat and a genuine democrat who wants to conserve what is best in America, as he has known it, against what is happening today in Central Europe, whence his parents came. By nature and background he suspects all extreme measures, whether by capital or labor. When he finally acts Lausche does what he thinks is best.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer—which, like most conservative newspapers of the state, supported him in November while backing Eisenhower—has commented that Lausche's "refusal to govern by expedience has confused his critics and confounded his enemies. They have tried to depict him, with singular lack of success, as confused in policy, when it is only their own confusion over his political unorthodoxy that they are reflecting."

Early in 1952, it was reported that Lausche had been offered strong backing for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Instead he gave his open support to his neighbor governor, Adlai Stevenson, whom he has known and admired for several years, especially for his drives against organized gamblers in Illinois.

On the day during the late campaign when Eisenhower, accompanied by several Republican big shots, went to Columbus to make a speech from the Capitol steps, a tall, bareheaded man pushed his way through the crowd before the official greeters could get to the car. It was the uninvited Democratic governor. His simple act, perfectly timed, almost stole the show from the general. They shook hands and grinned at each other, then Lausche strode back to his office to listen to Ike's speech.

"He's a great American and it was a great speech," Lausche later remarked.

Soon after, I spoke to an outstanding Cleveland businessman, a Republican, who returned the compliment:

"Ohio has been good to Frank Lausche, but he has done much good for Ohio. If we must have another Democrat in the White House, he is the only one I know of for whom I would vote."

▲▲▲

COLLIER'S "He has my confidence, admiration, and respect . . . in other words, I don't like him" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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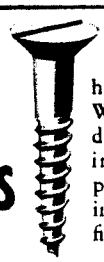

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CHAS. SHARMAN

"Am I the 100,000th person to get a ticket?" I asked

I Want a Recount!

By PARKE CUMMINGS

PRACTICALLY all my life I've hoped, in vain, to become a *th* man. A *th* man—you should be so ignorant—is, for instance, the 5,000,000th passenger to ride on the South Central Valley Railroad, and, for this accomplishment, the company presents him with a free lifetime pass on it. A *th* woman is the 25,000th woman to order blue point oysters at McGillicuddy's Seafood Restaurant. She gets all the oysters she can eat for the rest of her days plus a pearl bar pin, an orchid corsage and her picture in the paper.

Winning your *th* is the only honor that counts. There is no future—and no reward, either—for becoming an *st*, an *nd* or an *rd* person. By this I mean that you remain in total obscurity if you happen to be the 871,941st patron of the Bijou Theatre, the 9,652nd person to buy a pedigreed boxer puppy or the 46,843rd patient admitted to the alcoholic ward at Consolidated Medical Center. It has to be *th*—and not some messy fuzzy *th* like 99,847th, either.

I was brooding about this the other day when I got pinched for speeding on the Tri-State Superhighway. "I was wondering—" I told the cop, "I mean, it occurs to me there's just the bare possibility that—"

"Don't try to tell me my speedometer's wrong," he interrupted.

"No, no," I said, "it isn't that. This highway has been open for ten years now. An awful lot of motorists ride on it, and a good many get arrested. It just might be possible that I've become the 100,000th driver to receive a ticket. In that event, in return for seeing my name displayed in the papers, I would be glad, proud even, to pay the—er—modest fine you—"

"Fifteen bucks," he said.

"That doesn't answer my question," I objected. "Am I or am I not the 100,000th person to get a ticket on this parkway?"

"How would I know?" he demanded, glaring at me.

"You mean you don't keep track?" I demanded. "You mean there isn't *somebody* who keeps track and knows whether I'm the 100,000th or only the lousy 99,998th—"

"Look, bud," he snapped, "get going, or I'll slap on an additional charge of delaying traffic."

"The 25,000th to be handed out?" I inquired hopefully.

"See the judge Monday," he retorted. "And then, after that, see a psychiatrist. Now scram!"

I do not intend to see a psychiatrist. I do demand, however, to see some competent statistical authority who can tell me just how various firms and institutions keep track of all those huge round numbers. I'm beginning to have my suspicions.

A customer comes into a sporting-goods store, and buys a box of Speed-Straight golf balls—the 1,000,000th dozen of this popular brand. Speed-Straight, Inc., has been on the alert for this momentous occasion, planning to print the customer's picture, along with an interview, in its promotional literature. A photographer, camera readied, steps in front of him. A Speed-Straight official thrusts a No. 5 iron toward him.

"Congratulations, Mr.—er—" he begins.

"Flench," says the customer.

The official nods. "We'd like a few shots of your stance and grip," he continues. "What club do you play out of? What's your average score, and what—"

Flench pushes the proffered club away with one hand, and holds the other up for silence. "I got these balls for my brother-in-law," he announces, "for a birthday present. For my money, golf is for the birds!"

There is a shocked gasp, but Flench continues. "Strictly an old man's game. What I go in for is tennis—a sport that calls for real action. I don't like to boast, but once about 15-16 years ago, I got to play a set with Don Budge, and he said if I changed my backhand to an overspin one he didn't see why I couldn't—"

What happens, I ask? Does Speed-Straight (which specializes exclusively in golf equipment) go through with the interview or does it mutter that there's been a miscount, edge Mr. Flench out of the picture, and wait for a more satisfactory 1,000,000th customer? Well, I have my theory, and you can guess what it is.

Moreover, I'm skeptical in general on just how well *th's* are kept track of. And, that being the case, I hereby claim that I am exactly the 100,000,000th person in human history to have eaten an olive. You got any figures to prove different? Know of anybody who has? Okay; my statement stands.

And I'd like some free olives, please. ▲▲▲

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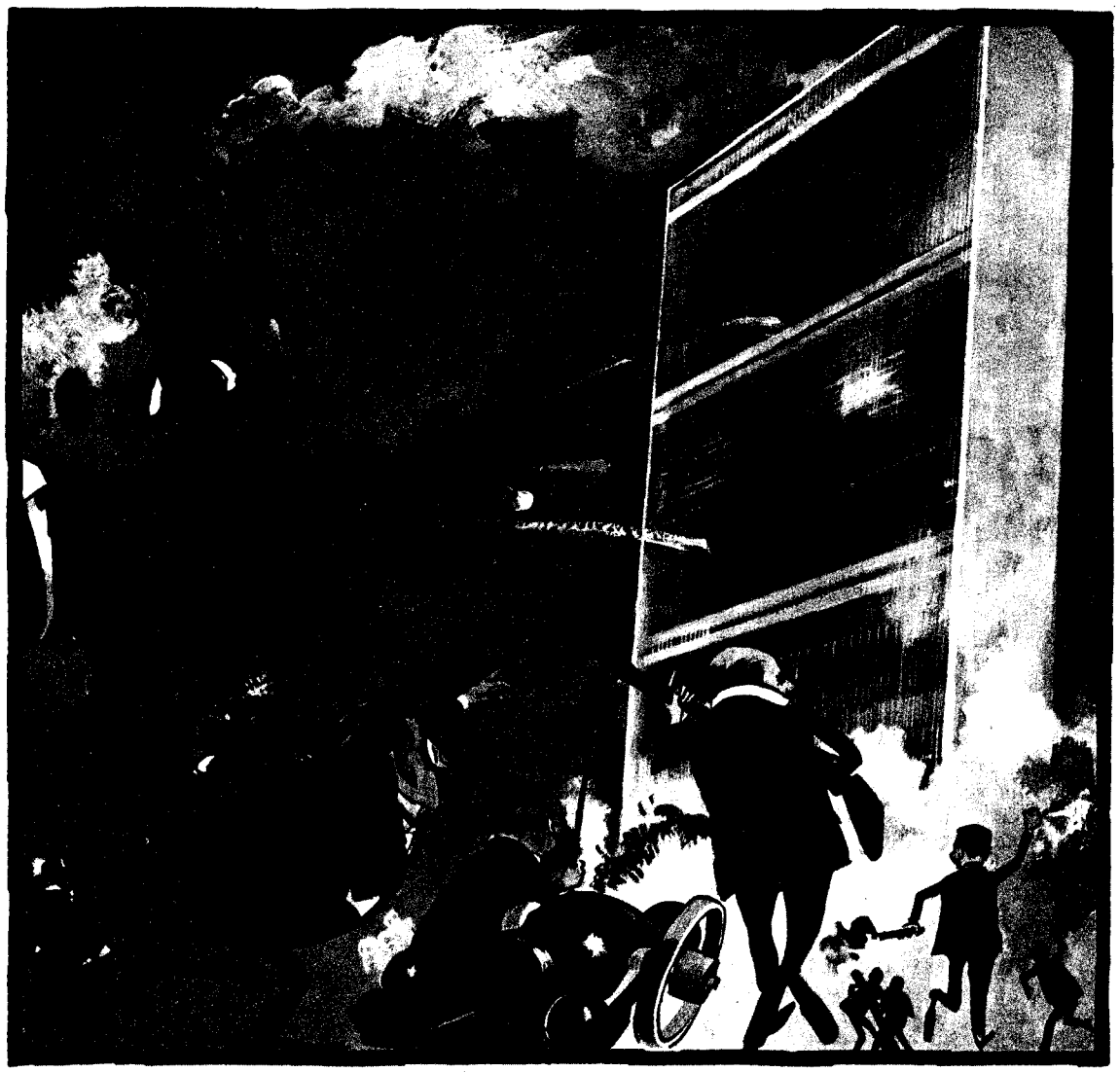

HARRY DEVLIN

It's Too Big for That, Men

THE UNITED NATIONS, like any institution created by fallible human beings, is not perfect. It is subject to criticism. But we believe strongly that the imperfections are in its operation rather than in its structure. And so we feel that the intemperate critics who would have the United States withdraw from the UN and banish its headquarters from our shores are unjust, destructive and dangerous.

These critics have been protesting almost since the day that the United Nations was organized. Their protests continue unabated. And while we would not dispute their right to speak out, we think that they are laboring under misapprehension and confusion. In our recent reading we have come upon several fault-finding articles, ranging from the mild suggestion that perhaps the old-fashioned, secret, dinner-table diplomacy was best, to the charge that the UN violates the Constitution of the United States, that it is a creature and tool of the Soviet Union and that it is a tragic failure.

We heartily disagree. The UN does have one obvious and serious flaw which stems from the policy and function of the Soviet delegation. Where the Russians have not actively objected, the UN has done a good deal toward promoting international understanding and the health and well-being of mankind. Where they have objected actively, the UN has failed to achieve atomic control and international disarmament, and has partially failed to halt Communist aggression. But is this the fault of the organization?

Some may say that the inclusion of the veto in the UN charter is a fundamental and fatal structural weakness. But experience and common sense suggest that world peace cannot be a fact, with or without an international organization, unless the great powers will it and agree upon it. Experience and common sense also suggest that neither the United States nor any of the other democratic governments would wish to be left without a curb on Communist proposals and actions in the world council.

It is idle and self-deceptive to blame the organization of the UN for Soviet policy, or to seek to destroy that organization because one does not like the way the Russians are behaving.

The United Nations is as nobly conceived as any human undertaking. Its goal is peace on earth. The great majority of its personnel, we feel sure, are striving toward that goal. We on the outside should not thwart their efforts through shortsightedness and cynicism. The Russians may shout and vituperate, but open diplomacy is still better than closed-door deals. So let us support the United Nations and the people who work to achieve its end. The forum in which they speak is built on the solid foundation of man's highest earthly aspiration.

We're Only at the Beginning

LAST SUMMER Collier's published a remarkable series of five articles on Big Business for a Big Country, by David E. Lilienthal. His text has now been expanded to book length and published by Harper's in a neat volume which deserves a place on the desk of every businessman, politician and thoughtful citizen.

It is significant that a man with Lilienthal's background and training should rise up as the champion of Big Business. He was brought up, like most of his generation, to be suspicious and distrustful of things that were big. His father and his father's friends were small businessmen in an Indiana rural community, who spoke with deep apprehension of the "trusts." They thought the world was in a bad way when the five-and-ten bought out a local family business and started the chain-store influx. At home and at school his generation heard the same refrain of fear and antagonism and distrust of Bigness—though at the same time they bragged about things that were big.

Yet by the time Lilienthal was forty, he found himself directing the biggest power system in the world, the TVA. For more than a dozen years, the lad from Indiana helped develop a region almost half the size of the British Isles, embracing parts of seven states. And in 1946, he was made head of the biggest industrial monopoly in history, the Atomic Energy Commission.

Since his boyhood, profound changes have taken place in this country. The United States now produces as much as all the rest of the world put together. And Lilienthal keeps pointing out that "we are only at the beginning"—current production will be multiplied over and over again in the next 10 to 25 years. This technique of productivity, he insists, is a combination of poetry and sweat. It calls for imagination, vitality and faith, as well as the skills of science, management, distribution, human relations and modern governmental techniques. "It is the most exciting spectacle in history—this unfolding of American productive and social genius."

When General Motors reprinted a 16-page summary of the Lilienthal articles last fall for distribution to its employees, suppliers and customers, it prefaced the booklet with a significant paragraph from the text: "We can accelerate our progress toward the goals of America in a way that takes one's breath away to contemplate. The wonders Bigness has been able to accomplish, despite having one hand tied behind its back, gives some inkling of what benefits it could bring if we changed our policies and permitted and encouraged it to work with both hands."

It was Collier's purpose, in publishing the Lilienthal articles, to hasten the establishment of a more realistic attitude on the part of government toward Big Business. We said: "We do not consider these articles as something to be read and forgotten. Rather we regard them as the beginning of a campaign which will continue until something has been done." What stands in the way of the greatest productive benefits of Bigness is chiefly an obsolete pattern of thinking and feeling. In the past, Americans have been preoccupied with restraints and prohibitions. This is negative thinking. The times now call for a rousing affirmation that Bigness can be made the means of promoting not only our nation's productivity, but the freedom and well-being of its citizens.

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